

A hand holds a smartphone. The screen shows a woman with long dark hair, wearing a light blue striped shirt, looking down at a white smartphone she is holding. The background is a blurred green plant. The phone's frame is visible, and a thumb is seen at the bottom right corner of the screen.

WISHr v1.0

by Dan Standing

Wishr v1.0

Created, Written, and Collaborated on by Dan Standing

For transformation comics and stories please join me and my wonderful Patrons at

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Thank you.

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UNCAGING THE CAGED BIRD

FOREWORD

I'm very excited about the possibilities of the Wishr app.

I always love wishes-gone-sideways stories, but I also try to find ways to limit the McGuffins used so that the characters still have to deal with the results of their wishes in a recognizable and believable world. Cause, Process, and Impact are important to me in storytelling, and Impact has less importance when you create a world that doesn't have limits on magic.

The Wishr app felt like a great way to achieve that, while using dating apps and phone technology to give the twisted wish genre a modern slant.

Something else I really wanted to explore was an extended look at the impact of how having four breasts and other changes would really affect a Day In The Life sort of story. Since I hadn't been to college in a while, nor am I a lady, I wanted to make sure I could have a believable basis for Julie's "day after experience." To that end I had a short story ghostwritten for me, which makes up chapters 3, 4, and 5 of this ebook.

Since it is always important to me for people to know what of my own writing they are getting when they purchase one of my ebooks, I have also included the original story in its entirety as I had received it from the author. It is at the end of this ebook, entitled *Uncaging the Caged Bird*. You'll see some significant changes I made to match it up with Julie's circumstances and my preference to focus on and highlight female characters. It does not have any transformation themes within it.

I hope you enjoy following Julie as she makes her wishes and deals with the results the next day. I look forward to sharing the next part of Julie's journey soon.

As always, thanks for reading,

Dan Standing

WISHr v1.0

1 - SUCCESSFULLY INSTALLED

“C’mon, c’mon, c’mon...why does this have to take so long?”

Julie sighed and fished for the charge cable for her phone. She had been fidgeting with it so much, unlocking the screen and checking the countdown impatiently, that she had nearly drained its battery.

And she would need that battery.

It had been twenty-three hours, fifty-seven minutes, and forty-two seconds since she had submitted her three wishes into the Wishr app. She had been pacing back and forth in her bedroom, so much so that the floor had stopped squeaking under her repeated steps, but now stopped and stooped over to plug in her phone.

The whole time Julie had only been dressed in a sports bra and thong, her flat ass nearly mooning the window as she bent down to the bedside table. During her research Julie had read that it was recommended she be nude for when the returns came in, but since she wasn’t entirely comfortable completely unclothed this was her compromise with herself. With her younger years full of moments of being mocked in locker rooms it wasn’t shocking that Julie had been soured from the idea of staring at herself on complete display in the nearby body-length mirror.

That was, after all, why Julie had sought out and downloaded the Wishr app in the first place. She wanted her boyish figure, the source of so much body shaming, fixed.

Taking a breath to regain some patience, Julie stopped and looked at the reflection of her thin frame. The sports bra held back nothing of note, just two nipples that barely reached out beyond her ribs and weren’t making any visible impressions through the bra. The curvature of her ass was almost shallower than the line of her back. And coarse, dark curls of hair poked out around the forward triangular patch of the thong.

The brunette college sophomore wouldn’t have ever believed the mysterious Wishr app was real if she hadn’t seen Nicole Davro walking around campus with the cat tail and ears twitching out of her track clothes, or the literal udders that Beth Finton had. The pair had been the subject of many rumors and hushed conversations before they graduated. That was the Risk-and-Reward of the Wishr app.

In the case of Nicole and Beth, the Reward for using the app was that Nicole was the fastest on the track team and Beth had saved quite a bit of money on her meal budget.

The Risk side of things was what made things a little complicated. Julie had heard rumors of how Nicole would go into heat and fuck everything within reach for three days. And supposedly, if

Beth didn't empty her cow bag every day, she'd be unable to say anything other than "Moo!" until someone else milked her.

Julie fully believed that the Wishr app could, in theory, fix all of her perceived imperfections...and then some.

It was the "...and then some" - that Risk - that kept the Wishr app banned from her phone's official download store. She'd had to jailbreak her operating system and download a torrent before she could get the app to work.

Julie had briefly read over the app's History tab, which said that a group of djinn, genies, ifrit, and other magical beings had found a way around their usual enslavement by creating a multi-reality wish granting app that the magic of technology could bring to humans.

Any human that wanted to change something specific about themselves - no requests for flush bank accounts or general statements to be 'more attractive' - could submit up to three wishes into the system. Each wish was separated and any genies, faeries, and what-not could submit how they would grant the wish. The human user could accept or reject each submission and had an hour to do so once the twenty-four hour submission period was up.

There were, of course, some catches - the aforementioned Risk. There was no escaping the old jackass-genie trope; each returned offer to grant a wish came with a twist which was presented up front. Ask for blonde hair and you'll get it but it will glow in the dark...or always be knee length...or constantly caress your nipples. You could reject the first two of those proposals, but once rejected you couldn't go back. You could either accept the last one or reject that too and have the system select a random one for you.

Miss that hour-long selection window and you'd get all three picked at random for you.

Julie didn't know what the benefit was to the magical being whose offer you selected, but they did benefit somehow, so the twists were never TOO terrible. And Julie had never heard of Nicole or Beth complaining too loudly about the "drawbacks" they dealt with. In fact, in so far as Julie could tell, her two former schoolmates had enjoyed the unintended aspects of their requests almost more than what they had actually asked for from Wishr.

That was the best Julie could know about the results, because there was no *5 Stars!* feedback to look to for Wishr. Once you made your three requests the app deleted itself.

After she'd installed the app Julie feared getting cold feet and had acted quickly, submitting wishes for "More noticeable breasts," "A rounder ass," and, "To never need to shave my pubes again."

The phone buzzed. Twenty-four hours had passed.

Julie's blood ran cold.

2 - GETTING IT RIGHT

Julie opened the Wishr app and was presented with the results for her first wish, “More noticeable breasts.” Twelve responses were awaiting review. She took a deep breath and started the feed.

Your breasts grow until they each weigh the same as you.

Julie instantly wondered just what she had gotten herself into. The sixty minute countdown at the top of the screen reminded her that she could not turn back now. Being attached to a bust twice her body weight that would undoubtedly pin her to the floor? Not an option. She swiped the granting away to the left. The next popped up.

Your breasts will become as large as your head and dribble foamy beer.

Head...head...she got the joke, let out a sarcastic laugh, and swiped left again. She didn't need to stuff her bra with absorbent pads for the rest of her life.

Your breasts will become slightly larger than basketballs and become neon green with dark purple nipples.

“That would certainly make them more noticeable...” Left. She had nine more to go, so Julie felt she could still be picky.

Your breasts will grow to the perfect size for you, but your nipples will become cocks.

Julie wondered if she had swiped left too quickly on the last one. But this option was certainly a Left. She didn't need any cocks in her life, especially not leading the way.

Your natural breasts will grow to be the size of your head, round but light. But you will lose your hair and grow another nipple on top of your head.

That one was just...weird. She liked her hair too much, and didn't care for hats. Left.

Your breasts will grow to DDDs and constantly leak glue.

Compared to what the other options had been Julie considered that one for just a moment, but swiped left when she thought about what it would be like to wake up each morning in a sticky pool - or worse, one that had started to dry.

Your forward breasts will grow to become slightly larger than your head, with hard sensitive nipples, and you will grow an identical pair on your back.

Julie stopped on this one. It wasn't ideal, but it wasn't the worst she had been offered. And she only had five more to go...and if she hated those the selection would be random.

And she really didn't want to lactate glue for the rest of her life.

Right swipe.

The sensation of growth came on instantly, and Julie dropped her phone so she could grab her bra away from her swiftly ballooning chest. By the time she had pulled the stretchy top from her arms Julie could tell she'd already swelled up to the size of baseballs. It was a pleasant sensation that had an underlying ache - like stretching after curling up and sleeping on a couch. Her skin wasn't quite keeping up with the warm flesh pouring out before her - and behind her.

The growth on her back had started out as the sensation of two itchy bug bites, which Julie guessed was the forming of new nipples. The weight pulling at her back was slightly less than that of the expansion up front - after all, her forward breasts had a small head start simply from already existing in any form.

As gravity tugged at the freshly forming fat formulating from Julie's ribs she felt a balancing weight pull behind her. She shifted her shoulder blade and could feel warm balls of jiggling flesh shifting and moving behind her. By now her forward breasts were beyond DDD and she took them from beneath in her hands. Julie's new flesh bounced in her overwhelmed palms, shaking slightly. At the forward curve was a pair of nipples that had bloated up to be as thick as her pointer finger and were nearly two inches long.

Julie slid a hand up from under her breast and gently grazed a nipple. She gasped and her thighs instantly pulled in towards each other as a bolt of pleasure zipped to her pussy. When she'd read the granting entry the young woman figured she'd just wear a shirt to hide her back breasts...but if *they* were as sensitive as this front pair...

After another minute Julie felt the growth slow and stop. Her eyes had been locked downwards the whole time and she finally directed her attention to her mirror. She tried to put a hand to her mouth but her arm bumped her bulging bust, bouncing her breasts beautifully.

One rarely considers the size of their own head, and Julie was shocked to see her breasts were jutting out over seven inches in front of her. And they were heavy - Julie guessed they were at least ten pounds *each* if not more. The only thing keeping the young woman from tipping forward was the balanced weight on her back.

Julie turned to see her silhouette. As she did so she could feel twenty pounds of soft fat shift and bob on her back. The weight of her rear breasts pulled at her shoulders, causing her arms to swing gently. Another seven inches jutted out behind her, topped by another two inches of rock-hard nipple.

Very carefully Julie brought up a hand and tapped again one of her forward nipples. A gasp sucked between her teeth and another jolt moistened the slit between her dark curls. She wondered if she'd even be able to lean back in a chair against such sensitive nubs.

Julie couldn't do anything about that now, but she did have to look at her next round of submitted grantings before time was up and something got picked for her. She woke up her phone and was presented with the results for her second wish, "A rounder ass." Except this only had four responses.

"Fuck..."

You have a round ass because it is that of an ass, complete with fur and tail.

Julie didn't want to think about how such a thing would itch. And shed. And what would she do with a tail hanging down between her legs? Nope. Left.

Your ass is round and at the end of another pair of legs, making you a womantaur.

No, Julie had enough new flesh extending out the back of her. How would she sit? Or use a car? Would she have to wear two...skirts?...everywhere? Left.

Your ass is round and attractive because of a magic pair of high heel boots, which can never come off but will change their appearance every so often.

Julie paused on this one. She had only one option left, and if she didn't like it she'd get a random one. And she *really* didn't want a tail. Or an extra set of legs.

"Okay. Free boots it is."

With a tap Julie suddenly felt herself pop up towards the ceiling, all four breasts swinging upwards then shaking about as they settled their momentum. The muscles of Julie's legs shifted and tightened, and in one quick *fwump* her flat ass pushed back into a perfect peach.

Julie took a moment to keep her balance upon her toes, her four breasts still swinging and pulling her in multiple directions. Popped up onto her bare toes Julie felt something start to form underneath her feet. She couldn't see very well past the seven inch wall of flesh beneath her chin so she looked to the mirror. She saw dark material forming from thin air around her, gradually forming a pair of six inch stiletto heels around her feet and calves. Julie saw her toes and bare feet for one last time through the misty material before it solidified as red leather wrapped around them. The leather clung tightly to her skin, as if it were *part* of her, and the shiny crimson material finalized its form and flowed up until it stopped short of her knees.

There was a moment of itching as Julie watched buckles and straps form out of the new surface of her legs. It looked as if she was wearing stripper heels with a dominatrix flair.

At least they would be different later...but how different? And when? Julie pivoted and looked at her ass.

It *was* perfect.

And it wasn't over.

One last wish.

“To never need to shave my pubes again.”

Julie tabbed to the grantings.

Five submissions.

Given how creative her breast and ass wishes had been this was going to be...interesting. Julie let out yet another sigh and looked at the first one.

You never need to shave again because you are a mermaid with scales.

Julie didn't want to think about how that would interact with the boots. Left.

Your privates are smooth silicon, always open and needy.

Part love doll? Julie did pause on that one for a moment. She didn't doubt that such a transformation would include making her flesh-turned-plastic pussy very pleasure-sensitive. Most likely she'd be constantly horny, as well. But the idea of being constantly held open, and probably leaking, didn't appeal to Julie. Left.

Your pubes are made of iron, and regular bathing will cause them to painlessly rust away.

Julie instantly felt a tightness in her chest, and regretted not choosing the silicon option. Literally rusting away with each bath did not sound appealing, nor did the idea of growing metal from her skin. Freshly grown fair stubs were painful enough as they were - but stubble made of iron? Left.

Your pussy drools hair-destroying lube and has a tongue which regularly laps and licks around your crotch to keep you hairless.

Her thumb hovered over the submission for a moment before Julie pushed it to the left. Once again she didn't thinking having a dribbling slit sounded very convenient.

You no longer grow hair in your crotch, instead all of that mass forming a large clit dick.

“Still not interested in dicks, thanks...” Julie muttered. She swiped left...and then realized what she had done. She'd stopped counting, caught up in the process of swiping left, that had been all five options.

Selecting wish granting at random.

“Oh no no no no! FUCK!” Julie shouted at her phone. Her heart practically stopped as she waited for the result. “Please no dicks...or iron...” she quietly muttered to herself.

Your pussy drools hair-destroying lube and has a tongue which regularly laps and licks around your crotch to keep you hairless.

Julie didn't even have a moment to consider what she was rereading before she felt something poke the inside of the fabric swatch of her thong. The strings were already slightly tight from the change in her ass, and the insistent poking from within her panties was making her wedgie worse.

Quickly turning back to the mirror Julie pushed the thong over her hips and it slid down her thighs before before it caught on one of the buckles of her newly grown boots. She let the thong be for a moment, and Julie straightened up to look to her crotch in the mirror. Her eyes went wide as she watched a lithe tongue push out between her lower lips and lick at her hair. It was approximately the width and shape of the tongue in her agape mouth, but was capable of stretching out further from her southern lips than she could from the pair on her face.

Julie had a sensation of...*taste* ebbing up from her crotch. That sort of input coming from below the waist challenged her mind. It was an earthy and musky flavor and not unpleasant. Julie could feel the coarseness of her pubes on her new tongue, but with each lick that texture lessened. In the reflection Julie watched as lap after lap caused patches of her curly little hairs to dissolve away like cotton candy.

The wet gliding of her second tongue on her freshly smoothed skin felt nice...*really* nice. Julie's chest started to tighten as erotic warmth spread through her. She closed her eyes and cooed as the tongue worked its way down her left labia, stretching out so so far to reach the cranny between crotch and thigh. The tongue, on its own, worked its way around lips, and as it came up the other side of Julie's quivering pussy she had to sit down - her knees were going weak from her new saliva-soaked muscle's independent actions and her legs would have otherwise collapsed out from under her.

Her perfect ass sunk into her sheets as Julie lowered herself onto her mattress. She spread her legs and watched as the southern tongue dissolved away the last of her pubes, her pussy bare and glistening in the mirror.

And horny as fuck. Every time the tongue had pushed out and pulled back inside of her was like a perfect warm slick cock pumping Julie's slit.

And Julie had done nothing to command her new tongue, all its actions to clean away her hair had been its own. And she'd known instinctively that any attempt by her get it to cease the cleaning would be ignored.

But now that the hair was all gone...

“Oh, yes...” Julie’s eyes rolled back into her head as her pussy tongue slid out between her labia. She willed it first to just swing left and right, and now certain of her control over it Julie had it shift upwards and make a wet warm flick to the hood of her clit.

A wave of blissful warmth washed upwards from her groin and over Julie’s body, giving her skin a deep red flush. Her arms had turned to jelly, and since they had been supporting her back on the bed Julie rolled ass up. She cried out in pleasure as her rear tits went nipples-first into the quilt and smooshed into pancakes beneath her. Her forward boobs fell up towards her shoulders before jiggling into sensitive pools of erotic fat.

With her southern tongue artfully playing with her clitty Julie could put both hands to use on her upwards-facing tits, shaking and massaging all the wonderful new flesh before gripping her nipples between her fingers and squeezing.

The orgasm was so sudden and so powerful Julie wondered if she had squirted far enough to strike the mirror. Her lower tongue had spasmed and put extra pressure on the fluids that sprayed forth from Julie. The splash had been powerful enough to splatter down her legs, dissolving away patches and strips of miniscule stubble on the skin still bare and north of her affixed boots.

A well-earned afterglow took hold of Julie, and she nearly fell asleep as she lay in the bed, her body twitching as it came down from her overwhelming orgasm.

Twenty minutes later Julie carefully rose from the soaked sheets. Shortly before sitting up she’d felt an itching down her legs along where the boots were attached to her. Her heels and toes felt heavy, as if thick blocks of wood had been glued to them and were tugging her feet towards the floor. Julie realized this was how it felt for them to shift into a new look - the mirror revealed that now they were robin’s egg blue latex stripper boots that tightly hugged her calves with four inch blocky heels and thick soles.

Struggling slightly against the weight of her four breasts Julie fully stood up and examined the completed changes across all of her form, this time with a post-orgasm sheen on her skin and perspective in her mind. There were certainly boots, tits, and a tongue she would have never asked for, but now that she had them...?

The Wishr app had vanished from her phone so she couldn’t leave any feedback.

From where she was standing, given the overall improvement to her body, *satisfied* would have been what Julie have written.

But even the most beautiful car needs to be test driven. However, it was late, and Julie decided it was better to change her sheets and try to get some sleep.

She could deal with the foibles of everyday living in the morning.

3 - THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE BED

Julie had slept on her side. It was really the only choice, although she had tried to find ways to prop herself up so she could sleep on her back like normal.

Normal was certainly not in the cards anymore.

In fact, unlike most days when she'd be woken up by her phone alarm or the increase of light thanks to the rising sun, Julie had been roused from her sleep by the feeling of her groin being licked by the tongue inside her pussy. She tried to ignore it, but when the new addition to her anatomy sent a particularly strong stroke up to her clit Julie was startled out of her sleepiness.

Pushing herself upright with forty extra pounds of weight hanging from her torso wasn't easy to do first thing in the morning. As she pivoted upright the bare 7 inch busts hanging from her front and back bounced and swung, settling into place after a moment of hefty jiggling. Her perpetually hard nipples pointed outwards around her, far perkier than Julie was feeling this early in the day.

Sitting upright meant swinging her legs off the bed, and Julie was reminded of yet another change to herself by a solid *clunk!* that rang up from the boards. Her feet themselves hadn't actually made it to the floor. Instead there was three inches of gogo boot between her toes and the hardwood. The blue boots she'd fallen asleep with had become smooth pink encasements around her lower legs with six inch heels. Going to bed with boots on had nearly been weirder than dozing with four enormous tits surrounding her, and Julie had let her feet dangle from the ankles down off the end of the mattress so as to not dirty her fresh sheets.

Julie rocked her feet back and forth in their new home and spread her thighs wide. Now less restricted her pussy tongue finished wiping clean all the hair follicles that had started to regrow during the night and pulled back inside her glistening slit with a barely audible *slorp*.

Julie had put her arms behind her not to support the extra fat pushing or hanging from all sides of her ribs, but to calm her body following her tongue's self-directed erotic duties. But Julie's rear tits did test her upper body strength, hanging towards the sheets and swaying gently, bumping against themselves and her limbs.

Encircled by nipples, permanently booted, and with a tongue between her legs the Wishr app had certainly done a number on Julie. She stood up, waiting a moment to judge her balance in the neon pink platforms, before walking over to her mirror.

The symmetrical bounce and pull of her four breasts was what Julie most needed to get used to; at least she didn't feel any *ache* from their weight, just the constant tug of gravity on them. Julie looked herself up and down, striking a pose and sticking out both tongues in a playful manner.

It was *she* who had sought out the Wishr app. It was *she* who had chosen her wishes. And it was *she* who was going to confront the results as positively as possible.

You wanted to look different, so don't stop halfway there.

Julie strutted straight to her wardrobe and began the search for something appealing that would fit her...situation. Searching from the left corner of the closet she'd made it nearly all the way to the right when she found two things that could possibly handle her unique busty situation.

She pulled out a purple wrap gown and a black maxi she'd bought last summer. Julie stripped them off their hangers and placed them on the bed. She curved her arm around her bloated bust and bit her nail as she considered the options before her. Battling with what to make of the two dresses, another thought came to her, *it is a Friday, but you are going to class not defining it, maybe try something else that fits the casual occasion and yet revels in your new form.*

Like it or not, she was already wearing bright pink gogo boots. They sort of set the baseline for how conservative her outfit would look. Might as well roll with it.

Julie stood over her bed for a while searching her mind for any other workable clothing she may have. She then recalled that in one of her drawers was a black fitted wrap V-neck plunge draped low cut long sleeve top she hadn't worn in a while because it had been embarrassingly loose on her.

In another drawer her hand grabbed a navy-blue low-waisted zip-front denim mini skirt. Shorts and underwear were well out of the question thanks to the tongue that could lap at her thighs at any point in the day, but the skirt was *just* long enough that Julie figured her nethers would be decently obscured even if she had to pick something up.

Julie didn't have any bras that would have been of any help so she pulled on the top directly over her skin. The material was smooth and stretchy and the young woman bit her lip as the fabric slid over her four bare nipples. Since they were constantly hard and already popped at two inches they didn't grow any further from the stimulation, but their incredible sensitivity did send a heavy hot breath of desire down to her cooch.

Julie released her hands from the top and gripped her desk, her back arching as she dealt with the pleasure pangs she'd just subjected herself to. Her labia were quivering and Julie could feel how wet just putting on the shirt had made her. Under normal circumstances *that* much stimulation would have sent a little river dripping down her thighs, but this time she had a secret weapon - a tongue she could use to lap up her juices, which she put to use. As long as Julie didn't accidentally lick her clit she thought she could get through the day dealing with whatever heat her nipples sent southward.

A few more small adjustments, made carefully and with moments to breath, accounted for the layout of extra breasts such a shirt had not been designed to handle. Finally Julie decided she had the shirt in its best place, practically perched on peg-like nipples and revealing a few inches of her midriff.

That done Julie lifted her legs high so she could step into the skirt with as little rolling and shifting of her dual racks as possible. She ran her hands down and over her skirt-encased ass and was pleased with how much the boots did indeed pop it out.

Finally fully dressed Julie looked at the mirror and forced a smile and a pose. She was certainly sporting a different look than she'd gone to class with yesterday; maybe it wasn't *exactly* the

vision of “different” she had expected the day before. But “more noticeable breasts” and “a rounder ass,” she did indeed have to show off.

Julie took one more look at herself in the mirror and actually smiled for real at how perfectly the top hung on her altered form, revealing her navel and naturally attractive waist, and the way her big forward boobs were on display through the plunge, and how her nipples stood out enticingly under the top. She rotated and saw that the same delectable tenting was happening through the rear of the material, all that was missing behind her was visible cleavage for her back breasts.

Done with her examinations, and knowing it was going to be a sunny day, Julie picked up her shades from her reading table.

Admiring herself within her own bedroom and facing the actual *outside world* were two very different things though. Julie was pleased with her outfit, but stepping into the sunlight bubbled up anxiety about what people would say.

The first challenge of the day, Julie thought, would be getting through the neighborhood between her apartment and campus. She’d just have to survive the looks and comments; she’d never been seen dressed like this before, and certainly not with the addition of four giant tits. Julie didn’t know if any of the older homeowners around her were even aware of the Wishr app or what it could do.

The *actual* first challenge, as Julie discovered, was navigating the imperfect sidewalk. Between her apartment, the elevator, and the street-level lobby Julie had traversed smooth and consistent surfaces. This was not the case once she was outside, stepping over sidewalks raised by tree roots, finding good footing in gravel, avoiding hoses emptying fire hydrants for testing purposes, and even stepping down and up curbs. And every shift and misstep vibrated up through the soles of her boots through her legs in a way that was different when wearing boots that were not directly affixed to her body.

Each normal step through her building had caused her big boobs to bounce and sway, gently pulling and pushing her quartet of nipples around and within the top. It was stimulating, but consistent and Julie could deal with how steadily horny it was making her.

The street was different. Julie quickly discovered that uncertain footing and sudden large balance-catching motions would create very erotic bolts in her teats that were laser guided to her pussy. Walking in unfamiliar heels and platforms on uneven ground was not becoming a quick learning experience.

Julie was getting so wet her poor pussy tongue was having trouble doing anything about it; growing the tongue had not included more articulated labia, or throat muscles, or any trained way of *keeping* lapped lube inside of herself. These sudden sticky jolts of stimulation were simply being spread around her thighs in thicker and thicker layers.

Stopping and leaning against a tree for a moment Julie reconsidered her plan. Her place was a usually-manageable twenty minute walk from campus - but it was also just a five minute drive.

At the rate she was going Julie was *not* going to be able to walk to class in twenty minutes, possibly not even thirty. She wanted the time and experience learning to live in her changed body and prepare herself for the reaction that awaited her on campus, but stumbling in late, with everyone watching her, was not what she needed. Both time and her body were working against Julie right now.

Julie decided to order a car, and pulled out her phone. As she did so she could sense eyes on her and realized a neighbor had stepped out onto their porch.

Julie wasn't sure how to react so she just stood minding her business, her thumb opening apps and requesting the car as if by instinct, while Mrs. Framington stood quietly still on the porch. Framington was maybe only fifteen years older than Julie, one of the youngest people in the neighborhood. The housewife stood practically dazed by Julie's...look. Finished with her phone Julie had no choice but to acknowledge her neighbor, but could only get out an awkward smile and a head nod.

Mrs. Framington immediately snapped back into consciousness and let out a huge smile.

“Wishr app?”

Julie nodded.

"Go, girl, go, Julie, you got rocks," Mrs. Framington replied, giving a thumbs up.

"Thanks," Julie smiled at her neighbor. She actually felt happy, even blushing that the first reaction she had gotten from someone - especially a woman she saw as more mature than she - was a positive remark. Her posture improved slightly, pushing out the breasts hanging before her.

It was then that the car arrived to pick her up.

4 - ALTERATIONS IN CARS WITH CONCERNS

The driver's eyes were wide but she said nothing more than confirming Julie was who she was there to collect. Julie popped the back door and slid in, biting her lip as she felt her rearwards breasts bump and brush against the back of the seat.

Since she couldn't sit back like she always had before - at least, not without most certainly cumming like crazy from grinding her nipples into the material of the car seat - it took a moment for Julie to get situated. With her knees angled towards the center of the car and the side of her left rear breast just barely brushing the seat back Julie felt she was ready. She reached out and closed the door, the force of which causing both busts to bounce and jiggle.

Julie sighed as the car pulled away from the curb, the motion swaying her weight backwards to squish her rear breast against the seat. The driver was keeping her eyes on the road, but the street was in need of work and Julie held her breath as potholes and speed bumps soon translated into a lot of wobbling and swaying under her shirt.

A sensation under Julie's skirt brought her eyes downward. She could feel her second tongue slip out of her slit on its own and begin to lap at her thighs. Julie had figured she'd done enough licking to wash away any growing stubble, but it seemed that her tongue had its own schedule regardless of what she commanded it to do beforehand.

Julie bit her lip and straightened up, her shoulders rising as she gripped the fabric of the car seat. She'd already been on the edge, trying not to cum in front of her neighbors or a stranger, but this was going to push her over. Her body tightened up as Julie prepared herself for the inevitable caress of her-

"Uhhhhggg..." Julie groaned. She tried to push back the sound, but it gurgled out regardless. The young woman wanted to grab her tits, to enhance the orgasm, but she resisted and held tight to the seat - the reflexive pressure of leaning back against her rear tits would have to do for further feedback satisfaction. At the same time a tingle and itching washed over her legs.

Julie's eyes were half closed and she could see the driver staring at her in disbelief through the rear view mirror. As her tongue finished its job and slipped back within her pussy Julie's muscles relaxed and she leaned forward, a little sweat on her brow. She took a few deep breaths. The orgasm had actually been a good thing beyond just "being an orgasm" - it had cut the tension and allowed Julie's mind and body to reboot. She wiped the beads of moisture from her brow and let out a sigh.

It was then that Julie saw that her boots had changed into bright red latex four-inch stilettos, with a poof of white fur that encircled her calves just a few inches south of her knees.

This was *not* going to help her walk.

Soon the car had pulled over right in front of the quad on main campus. Julie awkwardly turned to face outwards so she could look through the window, humming as her rear nipples dragged across the back seat. Taking a deep breath she could not help but imagine what people would think, say, or even do upon seeing her uncharacteristic dressing, let alone the body alterations underneath.

The driver looked up at the rear view mirror again and must have sensed Julia's trepidation.

"You'll knock 'em dead," she said. Julie wasn't certain what to make of the random statement from someone she'd never met before, nor would likely meet again, but she smiled and nodded a thanks. She opened the door of the car, careful to keep her legs squeezed together so as not to flash anyone her bare smooth slit.

As Julie stepped out and stood up she needed to quickly learn the altered balance and stance of her newly formed boots. The young woman wobbled atop the thin heels and had to grab the roof of the car for support. Her ring of tits swung and wiggled as she wavered, which only made all the worse knowing that she had several pairs of eyes fixed on her.

Oh no! I didn't need THIS to be how everyone saw the new me... Julie groaned to herself as her breasts settled down and she was able to release the car and let it pull away from the curb. Julie stood for a moment, checking how her outfit was resting and trying to pull herself together, but primarily stalling until she finally found the courage to attempt a first step. She made her first five paces with her eyes down, forcing herself to concentrate on her gait and not on whether or not anyone was gaping.

"Wow! Julie, you look dazzling! When you go for a makeover you certainly make yourself over!"

The exclamation came from classmate Martina Fincher, the voice reaching Julie from her far left. Julie didn't know the girl well enough to be certain whether or not it was sarcasm, but the tone didn't quite have the bite that Julie felt an insult would have.

"Wow, that's one brave girl," came another voice Julie didn't recognize from somewhere behind her, "She figured out how to really carry *those!*"

Julie had rarely received any compliments since attending college, and certainly none revolved around her looks. She smiled, appreciating what she was hearing. Julie turned towards the sources of the compliments and grinned even wider at them. With her head up and looking around Julie soon noticed the inquisitive looks from others. Both men and some female folks appeared to be taking her with...interest. A few gave her a thumbs up.

Maybe Julie *had* gotten what she wanted. Yeah, she was noticing that *some* students looked at her with disdain, but they were clearly in the minority. Julie didn't let that trouble her.

Julie quickly discovered that in the four-inch stilettos she had a naturally sexy strut. The accolades and complementary gestures made her feel as if she was on a runway, something that just having this extra-sexual look could not have done so on its own. Like a supermodel Julie made bolder steps, bobbing into the bounce of her four breasts and actually accentuating their jiggle. This was sending jolts between her legs, but now Julie was fully in command of how she was making herself feel. She revelled in the sensual command she sent to her lower tongue to keep her juices in check.

The young student truly felt that she was the master of her new form and look as she took the seven minute walk from the entrance of her school towards the twelve story building which stood gallantly in front of her. As she cat-walked towards the entrance of the building Julie

actually loosened her hair, still pulled backward, and let it fall over her shoulders like a dusky waterfall.

As Julie was about halfway to the building, she neared two groups she had been hoping to avoid.

The first were members of the Kappa Omega Rho Sorority, one of the most intimidating cliques in the school because of their social clout and self-aggrandizing goals. As Julie passed by she heard a number of catty remarks, some were spoken about her between the Kappa Omega Rho Girls, some were loud “rhetorical” questions about why someone would use the Wishr app unless it was to try to attract perverts - and if so Julie must be longing for some specific freak to bed her.

For the first time since getting out of the car Julie felt the heat of shame washing over her altered form. A cold sweat broke out over her breasts, beads of it dripping down into both of her cleavages. Julie thought maybe it was a mistake trying to own and display what she’d done to her body.

But she kept on moving, holding onto the previous compliments and reminding herself how everyone knew the Kappa Omega Rho Girls were asshole to everyone regardless of how many tits one had.

Just eight steps away from the Kappa Omega Rho Girls Julie fell into the sights of the second group. She was swiftly surrounded by the school’s lacrosse team, the Lady Dogs.

Julie was immediately aware that something was up. The Lady Dogs were known to make trouble at times, but usually only with those who had purposefully crossed their path in some way.

With her heartbeat spiking Julie tried to walk away from one of the leering lacrosse players, only to bump into another Lady Dog coming from just outside her field of vision - almost as if this was a field play they were acting out. The team of fit females laughed as Julie had to suddenly change course, the stilettos causing her to fumble a few steps. The entire group of them was still moving, but now Julie’s erratic path was sending her busts crashing about under her top.

“You finally came out of your shell, huh?” one of the Lady Dogs, Helia Dickinson, laughed from behind Julie, “Were you too stupid to know what you were doing with...what is it, the Wishr app?...or was this what you actually wanted?”

If there had been any question who was in charge of the Lady Dogs the answer had been served now. As Helia spoke the group slowed down their pace until everyone, including Julie, had stopped. Turning around the Lady Dogs moved away so Helia could approach the surrounded woman.

This was not the first time they had met. Helia had given Julie the customary tour of campus her first day. She was the one who showed her the shortcuts around the school and given her the friendly advice about where crowds of students would and wouldn’t be during certain hours. But that was the last time she’d spent any time with Helia. It was unlikely the approaching woman even remembered that.

Julia wasn't sure what to say or do, she just stood silently and wished she could find a path through the bodies surrounding her. If Helia had wanted her earlier question answered she didn't indicate she was waiting for a response.

"I've always known there was something about you that you kept buried underneath those unfashionable clothes of yours," Helia said, "I guess that went deeper than we thought." Helia stuck a finger into the air and motioned for Julie to turn around.

Nervously she did so, and as Julie's rear breasts faced Helia she felt a finger poke her left one just under the nipple. It was an exploratory poke, purely fact finding by checking that her rear orbs were flesh and not some elaborate fake. But the contact still sent a bolt between Julie's thighs, and she could not stop the air sucked through her gritted teeth.

"They *are* real," Helia herself gasped, this statement not so much a teardown as it was full of legitimate amazement.

"I'm sorry Helia, I've got to go now please," Julie muttered, struggling to keep her composure. She looked up as one of the Lady Dogs spun her finger similarly to how Helia had. Julie turned to face the commanding woman once more.

"Yes...of course you have to..." Helia replied. Her words had lost their bite, and she was now taking in Julie's look with more curiosity than disdain. The other Lady Dogs had begun to shift their stares towards Helia. As if realizing this Helia's entire posture changed, her trim muscular form pulling more upright. Her slight breasts barely pushed out from under the team jersey she wore as Helia's speech regained some bitterness. "You look...good with this new body and outfit, but be careful - you've just covered yourself with lots of sugar, and the ants will come crawling."

Some of the Lady Dog's laughed, others murmured to themselves. Their ranks broke and Julie hurried away from them and into the building as fast as she could with the ridiculous heels and her many wobbling tits. Inside and out of breath Julie closed the door and started to lean back against it for a rest.

Of course, Julie jumped forward as she squashed her rear boobs against the back of the door. She let out a frustrated grunt and turned to lean her shoulder against the nearby wall, her busts rising and falling as her breathing heaved.

Julie tried to figure out why Helia had approached her. Had Julie's new form attracted someone Helia was interested in? Was Helia somehow jealous? Julie was not the first one on campus to use Wishr.

What the *fuck* had that been about?

It took only a minute for Julie to regain her composure. She *had* to continue with her day. Straightening up her posture and clothes she took a step towards the stairs out of habit - and immediately stopped herself. Julie had six floors to go and if she bounced and jiggled her tits up all those steps she'd be cumming before she reached the third floor. In days past her comfortable sneakers had made this daily bout of exercise a snap, but even without the concern of her

sensitive pleasure pillows Julie didn't want to think about how she'd climb so many steps in the heels she was currently entrapped within.

Or what would happen if they changed again mid-step.

So the breast-encircled student strutted over to the old elevator and got on, trying to regather the confidence she'd gotten after exiting the car not that long ago. Her thoughts were interrupted as the elevator bell dinged and the lift lurched - in its normal old way - and as Julie's tits bounded about within her top Julie realized she'd gone up only as far as the second floor. She looked at her watch.

Oh no, Julie groaned to herself as the elevator door opened. She had five minutes before class began, meaning she was already late by her standard. And the old elevator was not known for its speed. As she fretted a young male student came in through the doors. Julie missed the moment his eyes went wide before the young man blinked and turned his attention to the buttons. He pushed one for the seventh floor.

They rode silently. It even took a moment for Julie to register at all that she was no longer alone, so concerned had she been about the time. Now Julie was aware that the young man beside her was trying to keep his attention on the wall of the elevator, but could not help but make glances towards her when he thought she wasn't looking. In fact, he practically never took his eyes off her - or at least some part of her - the whole time.

Julie wasn't certain how she felt about this. It certainly wasn't an insult. And he wasn't trying to make his interest known to her or invade her space. He just seemed...interested. She had dressed to be attractive, had certainly wished for breasts to make herself more noticeable, was wearing boots designed to sex up her ass. This was, Julie realized, practically exactly what she had literally asked for.

They were stuck in the elevator together for some time, neither talking nor acknowledging what the other was doing. Despite this, because of the young man's attempts to appreciate without encroaching, Julie felt she had been silently complimented on her appearance. A appreciative smile broke across the man's face when the elevator stopped with a bounce that caused her breasts to do the same. Blushing, Julie took long slow steps out into the hallway, making sure to do a ninety-degree turn that showed off her dual-busted profile to her admirer as the elevator doors closed.

Headed towards class Julie was lost in thought, her own smile creeping across her face as she considered that she was probably a vision that guy wouldn't soon forget. Her confident strut returned, and her lower tongue happily lapped up warm and welcomed juices as Julie thought about how she'd just willfully flirted with a pretty attractive guy. Given how she usually leaned more in the direction of women she found her arousal amusing and good sign of her growing comfort.

But Julie didn't have time to think about that kind of biology, she had a Biology class rapidly approaching. It was always an exciting course for her, and a full room for the professor. Looking to her watch Julie realized it was also going to be a full audience for her entrance.

With that thought the cold sweat washed over her once more.

5 - STAYING CLASSY

Julie was certain about one thing, her entrance to the class would be quite dramatic. She would undoubtedly be noticed by every member of the class.

A red blush warmed her. Julie was second guessing if she was prepared for what was waiting for her in the class. What kind of stares would there be? Disgust? Envy? Hatred? Lust? What she had feared most was to get to class after the lecture had already started. She'd be an unwanted moment of distraction, something that Julie had always disliked; now she'd be waltzing in with four tits jiggling around her. Would she be able to stay focused throughout the lecture? Would she get into trouble with Dr. Karina?

She'd passed by three classrooms and with just two more to go Julie had to get her head in the game. She decided to take more calm and relaxed long strides, which slowed her down despite the longer step. Her heels clacked on the marble tiles. She took deep breaths, unable to ignore the rising and falling of her boobs. Stepping through the door looking troubled and anxious would only sharpen any barbs waiting for her.

If the class was full and lecture had not begun, then Julie could steal the moment, make a dramatic entrance and feel fine at the end of the day.

Julie reminded herself what she wanted. Why she had sought out the Wishr app and brought all these changes upon her body. She wanted a break from the whole underdog treatment; to proclaim that she wasn't just a nobody to be walked over or ignored. She wanted people to respect the choices she made, even if they hadn't gone as expected. Her classmates would know and understand that this was how she'd decided to live her life.

The essence of the whole new sexy Julie was not, as Helia had put it, to encourage the ants, but send a message to everyone around her that they would have to deal with her the way she wanted. People would need to learn to respect other people's choice of becoming anything they choose to be. That was the message she intended to convey with her new body and outfit, but a cold doubt struck Julie reminding her she was not in control of how that message was interpreted. All she could do was present herself before the class that was already waiting. If she showed herself as a coward, doubting any of her choices for even a moment, then she would be sending the wrong message.

Finally, she approached the door to her class. She stopped, took a deep breath, calmed herself down and walked in with her new natural catwalk strut.

“Wow! Someone say hello to the new girl!”

The exclamation, from whom Julia hadn't the time to discern, had caught everyone in the room off guard.

This got the whole class, which nearly filled the lecture hall, casting their eyes on Julie. She could not hold back a surprised pause, what nearly looked like a four breasted deer in stripper boots caught in headlights. No one had ever seen Julie like this. Here was the shy and reserved Julie, practiced introvert, strutting and bouncing into class. Even without the exclamation she had never appeared as noticeable as she did today.

Julie stood motionless at the entrance looking from one face to the other as if searching for a particular person. Maybe she could discern who had shouted? Suddenly Julie realized no one had prompted her to sit down, and a glance to the podium revealed that Dr. Karina was later than Julie was and had not arrived yet.

Not *everything* about her entrance had gone wrong.

Trying to regain her composure Julie made her way up the low steps towards a section of empty seats. Her bright red latex boots stretched out before her with each rise of her leg, the lights glinting off the material. Julie could feel the weight of her breasts bobbing and bouncing with each rise of her body, knocking her top around her torso, her long hard nipples making little circles under the fabric.

As she went Julie could not help but overhear hushed comments.

“Woah! That’s more like it girlfriend.”

“Yeah, I’ve always known you had it in you.”

“You rock babe.”

Julie’s face beamed with smiles as she felt a warm aura in the classroom. Perhaps she could hear a few lewd or negative words, but Julie could keep herself focused on the quiet compliments. It wasn’t a bad welcome after all.

She moved towards a classmate she’d traded notations with now and then, Daphne Donovan. There was a chair open next to the slim brunette and Julie grabbed it. She paused a moment, considering how she would sit. The seat was affixed to the floor, but could rotate. Julie spun the back of the chair towards the aisle and stepped around it. She put her ass down and the seat immediately tried to swing straight. Julie locked her heel against the table support, stopping her body but sending her busts swinging left and right. After a moment she was able to spin herself forward, propping her knee against a crossbar so she’d remain facing forward.

Now fully situated Julie realized that Daphne was holding in a quiet giggle. Julie felt a burn of embarrassment start to well up, but it stopped as she considered her truly absurd predicament. She put her chin down, looked to Daphne, and smiled out a small laugh. Now with Julie’s blessing Daphne let loose her restrained giggle, and the two shared an honest moment.

“So, you found that Wishr app thing?” Daphne asked, gently placing a hand on Julie’s arm.

“Yeah,” Julie replied.

“I need to find that...” Daphne sighed.

“It has its...perks...” Julie laughed, motioning to her impossibly round tits and the sprigs jutting out from them.

“I’ve got to try them...IT!” Daphne put her hand to her mouth, her light complexion blushing.

Julie didn’t know how to react. The slip had caught her off guard. Julie had not considered Daphne in that way before, but now...

“Hello class, I appreciate that you waited, I apologize for my tardiness, it will not effect when you are dismissed.” Dr. Karina announced as she walked into the room. All eyes turned to the professor as she flipped on projectors and plugged a memory stick into the computer system. Today was going to be a talk about the spinal cord.

Dr. Karina had a good sense of humor and was familiar with the students of least half of her class, a quality her students admired and that made class enjoyable. As usual, once everything was ready, she went on with her interactive method of teaching; asking her students questions and entertaining questions from them.

As the professor carried on something wasn't feeling right for Julie. She felt distracted, and couldn't focus as she used to. Her eagerness to answer the questions was conspicuously missing. She found herself looking around now and then. Each time she made a turn, Julie would find at least two eyes staring at her, and some would even wink at her. She returned some with a smile, some were ignored, and others she gave such an absurdly big grin that it discouraged them from daring another look at her.

Julie's attention wasn't just divided between the ongoing lecture and the many side distractions beckoning her. Now was the time her pussy tongue had decided to resume maintenance. Because of how she had to keep pressure with her legs against the desk supports her thighs were pushed tightly together. Her lower tongue was not letting this stop it, slowly and gradually pushing past her labia and extending out at a maddeningly sensual pace.

What had taken brief erotically charged moments for her new tongue to do before was now a slow sexual caress. In long belabored licks Julie felt her juices spreading across her groin. She wanted to squirm, she wanted to loosen the vice grip of her thighs, but each time she shifted to do either the spring of her seat started to swing her around. Julie could only sit as still as she could, her body growing hot and horny as the slow swipes spread across her nethers. She wanted to concentrate on what Dr. Karina was saying, but with the looks and sensations she was getting that wasn't possible. Julie's mind was filled with the feedback of her new form.

To be so detrimentally distracted certainly wasn't how she intended class to go. Julie did not like having such a complete lack of educationally-attuned focus. She'd need to find a way to get back into the usual rhythm of class, yo retain that part of the Julie she had always been. She couldn't believe that the same environment could have such a different atmosphere.

I need to get my mind back on track before Dr. Karina notices! Julie desperately demanded of herself. Perhaps if she answered an easy question, or asked one that didn't give the impression she was lost, that would push her out of the fog, while also reducing the chance of being called on out of the blue without any idea of what the question was about. Julie needed to rise above her distractions and do something. She threw her hand in the air and held it up until Dr. Karina noticed her.

And noticed her she did.

“My my, Julie Saunders, were you reborn?” Dr. Karina pulled the thick rimmed glasses down her nose, looking up and over them at her student. Julie looked down and back at Dr. Karina, blushing at the attention. The professor was probably in her late 40s, Julie guessed. Dr. Karina was dressed in a tight white button-up blouse that hugged her generous curves. Julie's warmed

cheeks deepened in color when she realized from her angle she could see a fair amount of the skin of Dr. Karina's impressive cleavage. The professor continued on, ignorant or not of Julie's view; "I'll save the questions about the new look until after class, right now let's just stay on topic. So what is it you have to know about biology that couldn't wait until my next full stop?"

Julie's blood ran cold when she realized she'd been so eager to make sure she asked a question that she wasn't quite prepared *with* a question. There was also the distraction of her lower tongue slowly slipping back into her sopping slip. When it did not push out again Julie let out a small sigh of relief that mixed with one of classroom stage fright.

She *needed* to ask a question. *Any* question - no! Not any question, she could look like an ignorant idiot. In attempt to stall she stood up, her chair back swinging straight and making a clacking clatter as it met its limit. Julie and those around her jumped at the startling sound, and Julie's busts wiggled about with the welcomed momentum.

As she stood Julie found herself trying hard to ignore the several attentions she had drawn to herself. She looked to Daphne who gave her a smile in support...as well as a glance to Julie's jiggling bits the fellow student could not help from doing.

"Uh, well, ma'am, I read...about...the science of chiropractics and...didn't understand what the writer was saying, I was wondering if you could help me clarify on how the nerves are related to diseases and infections of the entire human body." The latter half of the sentence had fallen from Julie's mouth in one feverish moment of inspiration.

"Now that's some dire question you've asked young lady. Welcome back to the class, Julie," Dr. Karina said with a smile, while at the same time making it clear she had noticed Julie's lack of attention.

As Dr. Karina began her explanation Julie reached back, pushed around the chair's back, and resumed sitting. Dr. Karina gave her a few explanations that addressed the question and then continued with her lesson plan.

With her tongue stilled within her and her mind snapped out of its self-centered stupor Julie was able to resume her usual focus on the class material, despite the remaining stares and whispers. As much as she disliked the idea that she could again be so easily distracted, Julie couldn't deny that she loved the attention she was getting. Now that she'd worked through the newness of it, Julie smiled at the sense of so many eyes glancing at her.

Especially the two to her side. Daphne seemed to be as distracted by Julie's body as she was by it herself. Julie let herself look her classmate up and down a little; a t-shirt held in breasts just large enough to fill her palms. Worn jeans encased thin legs. Daphne's dark hair was as light and wispy as her body, the opposite color of her fair skin.

Before long class was over. Julie held the back of her chair and careful stood up, letting the back slowly rotate into its resting place this time. But as she put her full weight on her feet Julie felt the material around them contract. Her skin itched. The arch pushed her heel up further and stretched her soles farther. Her boots had changed again.

Looking down around the side of her forward bust as best she could Julie saw that she now had a wide five-inch heel. It stretched down from a pink cheetah spot pattern that was affixed over her skin up to her knees. A thick lace criss-crossed the front of them, from the top of her foot up to the top of the boot. The heel was higher than before, but at least it was wider.

Daphne had followed Julie's look down her body and went wide-eyed at the pair of boots that had certainly *not* been on Julie when she entered class. But Daphne said nothing, instead following Julie as she began her descent down from the seats. Daphne couldn't look away from the wobbling tits dancing up Julie's back that so impossibly but delectably faced her.

As Julie took the last step onto the classroom floor she saw Dr. Karina motion for her. Julie steeled herself and joined the professor at the podium.

Rather than asking Julie about what she had done to herself Dr. Karina took a different tack.

"Ms. Saunders, it is good to try new things, explore new experiences, and even reinvent yourself," Dr. Karina stated matter-of-factly, casually waving a hand towards Julie that easily encompassed both her physical alterations and out-of-character outfit, "...but be careful not to let those things deter you from your true goals, or suffocate your true identity."

"I...thank you, ma'am, I'll keep that in mind," Julie replied. It was a sentence that...didn't mean much. Only Julie could ever really know who she wanted to be, and why couldn't she change paths? As Dr. Karina smiled and walked away, certain of the wisdom bomb she had just delivered, Julie saw that Daphne was waiting for her. Julie felt another flush across her skin, this time accompanied by butterflies in her stomach. More crassly Julie also felt herself get a little wetter. This time not from anything touching her altered body, but just from the *thought* of someone touching it.

It felt like a good path to follow.

Instead of fighting through the crowd of exiting students, which would only mean more bumps and squeezes to her ring of breasts, Julie waited a moment for the room to clear out some more. As the last few students trickled out Julie stepped beside Daphne, who smiled at her, and the pair walked out together without a word.

There was a further moment of quiet as they moved down the hallway, Daphne's steps just a little more frantic to keep up with Julie's long struts. They entered the elevator, and rode down with a few other students. Julie could feel the eyes on her, but it was only Daphne's that interested her. In fact, Julie noticed that *all* eyes seemed to be only on her. Daphne was practically being ignored - not that the ogling young woman noticed. Julie noted to herself that she should always remember what it felt like to be the one ignored in a room.

With the elevator ride finished the pair exited out the building and onto the main campus. As they walked into the sunlight Daphne finally spoke up.

"Seems like you've got it pretty good...that things turned out well for you," Daphne said with a smile. Her look up and down Julie's body was not subtle.

“And who said this here was all what I wanted?” Julie asked back, her voice a little quiet, “...or all that’s been done to me.” Under the skirt and unseen by Daphne Julie’s tongue licked up a little pussy drool, accentuating the statement only to Julie herself.

"There’s more to you?" Daphne gasped. Then she realized how she had phrased her comment, “Oh, of course there is, I mean-”

"I know, I know, don’t worry about it. In fact, I’d love to...tell you. What are you up to right now?"

Daphne blushed.

“I have a lab I *have* to go to. It goes for a couple hours.”

“Oh. I have my urban farming club to get to, anyway.”

“What are you doing...for dinner?”

Julie wanted to respond with “*You!*” but held back - that was *much* too forward.

“I don’t have any plans. Would you want to meet at Houligan’s?” Julie asked. The mid-tier chain was far enough off campus to keep their evening mostly private, but it was also close to Julie’s apartment.

“Sure. Six?”

“Sounds good, I’ll see you then.”

They both gave a lingering smile before parting ways.

Julie had volunteered for the urban farming club as her way of serving the greater good. Much of its members were down-to-earth people, whose fanciest outfits were new jeans and flannel - good dirt working clothes. Every other time Julie had strolled up to grab a shovel or shears she felt she had fit in fairly well.

But pink cheetah heels were not a good start to her first attendance since using Wishr.

At least her skirt was denim.

Once again a cold sweat broke across Julie brow, but this time it wasn’t from a fear of being accepted by those she felt were above her - now she didn’t want to be rejected by a group who she had considered equals.

As Julie approached the small circle discussing who would be responsible for what today Julie was greeted with surprise. What comments she received were of amazement, of how impressed they were at her courage to not only try the Wishr app but to dress in stride with it.

Mostly they were just happy that she had still shown up - that she hadn’t abandoned them for sexy social activities, and despite the difficulties she would face doing the work. Considering her potential balance issues Julie was assigned pruning duty, something she could do standing up

and on the slate stepping stones spread throughout the garden. She grabbed some gloves and the sheers and got to work.

At the end of the session Julie wiped her brow and felt alive; she was grateful for the other members of the club, who had welcomed her changes and worked with her to participate. No one was speaking ill of her look and body as Julie walked away.

In fact, Julie was so pleased with herself that she took the fifteen minutes' walk back home - a wider heel was certainly helpful, and she had grown more confident and accustomed to her body as the day had gone on. Her strut was confident and perky. Julie revelled in the feeling of her four big bouncing breasts, of the tongue lapping at her thighs, of the amazed eyes of neighbors who had not seen her that morning. Julie was on a roll, and nothing was going to stop her.

Except for the realization that she didn't know what she was going to wear to dinner!

Fin...for now!

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UNCAGING THE CAGED BIRD

(A *Julie Saunders Story*)

CHAPTER 1

Why can't people just understand that humans are different and our appearances don't mean we have nothing or the best to offer? Why are we being judged by our appearances?" Julie asked her friend Thelma out of frustration after a very recent experience with Rob, another fresh mate.

"I don't know, maybe because of the 'all from rich homes you know, grew up in a wealthy neighborhood perhaps," Thelma replied shrouding her shoulders. They probably believe life in the burbs sucks and so are those coming from the burbs, so you see, that's why people like us ain't gonna mean much to people like 'em.

"Goodness, it's a weird way to think and believe that. This is so killing."

As a college sophomore, Julie had received many disdainful comments and treatments from other college fresh mates, something she wanted so badly to stop but didn't know how to make it stop. She would want nothing more than a decent college life and a good social life. Sadly, being a sophomore was anti-social in the college she found herself.

I can't take this anymore Julie thought to herself as she ruminates over the derision she got from Vicky and her friends just after their Math class with Dr. Evans.

It was a Friday, and Julie had already planned how she wanted her week to go from Sunday, something she learned from grand ma. She would prepare a To Do List for every week and include the outfit for each day depending on the occasion she would want to attend, but today, Julie was about to break out of what has become her habit, or maybe so she thought. For Julie College was different from high school; she was used to getting jabs about her clothing from her female counterparts, but college girls and even some of the male folks didn't make it any easy for her. She had been called lots of names and humiliated several times. Sometimes she would just break down and give in to the tears that were never far away from rolling down her cheeks, and sometimes she would muster up some courage and just ignore them. Her experience on the previous day gave her quite a blow that she felt that was going to be the last time.

Julie was set for that morning's lecture; she just needed to adjust her blond hair so that it doesn't cover her left eyes. But as she stood before the five inches mirror her mom had bought her a year ago, she started hearing Vicky's words playing on a repeat mode in her head, and the voices of the other students as they laughed as Vicky and her gang threw their verbal darts at her. She didn't notice when she started crying in front of the mirror. She couldn't keep herself from crying, so she sat on her bed and allowed her eyes to drain of the tears racing out down her cheek. She gave herself in fully; she felt perhaps if she would feel the pain one last time, it would keep her from feeling it when she gets to school. As she cried she heard another voice in her head, it was faint enough to be considered a whisper, but it was loud enough for her to hear that it was a different sound. She listened to her mind again and was finally able to make out what her mind was telling her. *You have to fight this; crying won't make any difference. You just have to look different, just try something new.*

At first, she didn't quite get what difference the voice in her head meant. She stopped crying and tried to understand what her mind wanted to tell her; *the problem isn't about your beauty, the problem is that you don't appreciate your beauty.* She listened thoughtfully and gradually she began to get the message, *you have to show them how beautiful you are.* As though that was the kick she was waiting for, she got up from her bed and went straight to her wardrobe and began a quick search for something appealing. As she did her search from the left corner of the closet, she found something just half way to the right. She found a purple wrap gown and a black maxi her dad had bought her the last summer. She pulled them out of their hangers and placed them on the bed. As she battled with what choice to make out of the two of them, a second thought came to her, *it's a Friday, and you are going to school for a class, try something that fits the occasion but still reveals your beauty.*

Julie stood over her bed for a while searching her mind for an ideal clothing; she soon remembered something her aunt Lisa bought her for her last birthday. "Yes this is it," she shouted out loud. Julie is moderately busty and booty, her mom, would often call her my little miss endowed. She has a sexy curvy body that made her mom insisted she never wore a tight and fitted clothing. This day Julie was about to disobey her mom. She opted for a black tight fitted wrap V-neck plunge drape low cut long sleeve top and a navy-blue low-waisted zip-front denim mini skirt her aunt Lisa gave her during her eighteenth birthday. Julie quickly reached for her

push-up bra, jumped out of what she was wearing and slid the bra on and immediately put on the top and jumped into the miniskirt. She looked at the mirror and smiled at herself; she was indeed looking different; it was just exactly what she wanted. She quickly complimented it with her black 3 inches ankle strap boot. She was all set for the day. She took one more look at herself in the mirror and smiled the more as she noticed how perfectly the top hung on her, revealing her navel and waist, and the way her boobs stood up tall under the top. It's going to be a sunny day, so she picked up her sun shades from her reading table.

Though Julie was pleased with her outfit, she was however uncertain and nervous about what people would say. She knew she would first have to survive the looks and compliments from the neighborhood; she's never been seen dressed like this before in her neighborhood. Obviously, it's going to cast a lot of stares on her, but she was ready for it. Her house is a 5 minutes' drive to school or a 20 minutes' walk for her. She would love to take the twenty minutes walk just to get herself prepared for what awaits her in school. But she already had time against her. She didn't want to be late; she's always known to be in class at least 15 minutes before the lecture starts. She eventually decided to take a cab, just as she stepped out to her porch, she was greeted with an awestruck look by her neighbor's kid, Jerry.

"Mom, come and see Miss Julie," the little boy called out as he continued to look Julie with surprise

Julie wasn't sure how to react, she just stood there still as Mrs. Emi came out of the garage, she was dazed at Julie's outfit. She immediately snapped back into consciousness and let out a huge smile

"Go, girl, go, Julie, you rock," Mrs. Emi said excitedly as she waved at Julie.

"Thanks, ma'am, it means a lot to me," she said as she smiled at both Mrs. Emi and her little boy Jerry. She was happy the first reaction she got from a matured person was a compliment and a positive remark. She felt motivated and without hesitation flagged down the next taxi. The cab driver looked at her with a complimentary smile which returned gracefully as she entered the cab.

CHAPTER 2

Soon the taxi driver pulled over right in front of Julie's school; she looked around from inside the car imagining what people would think, say or even do at her unusual dressing. The taxi driver looked over his shoulder to Julie seated on the back seat and assured her she was looking okay and didn't have to worry herself about what people would think, say or do. That made her smiled at herself again and decided to alight from the taxi.

As she stepped out, it was difficult to not notice to several eyes that were fixed on her. *Oh no! This is what I was afraid of.* She stood in front of the taxi for some minutes, trying to pull herself together, she finally found the courage to continue. She made her first five steps still not certain if she was appreciated in her new outfit or disgusting.

"Wow! Julie, you look dazzling", Martins Fisher exclaimed from her far left

"Yeah, that's more like it girl" shouted Sammy.

Julie had never received any compliment as such since she got into school. The compliments meant a lot to her. She turned towards them and smiled at them; she soon noticed the smiles from the other guys and some female folks who just gave her thumbs up. Yeah, she has found what she wanted, and though some ladies looked at her with disdain, she didn't let that trouble her. She was a natural cat walker, the accolades and complimentary gestures she received set her on a run way. Like a super model on a run way, Julie made bolder catwalks as she took the seven minutes walk from the entrance of her school towards the twelve story building which stood gallantly in front of her. Her day had barely begun, and she had better be ready than she is already. As she cat walked towards the entrance of the building, she loosened her blond hair that she had packed backward and let it fall over her shoulders.

As she walked halfway towards the building, she passed a group of guys; they are members of the Green Way Fraternity and one of the most feared group in the school. They gave her some sarcastic compliments and demanded that she would go bedding with them. Julie for the first time felt bad about how she was dressed and thought maybe it was a mistake trying to impress. However, she kept on moving as she reminded herself how such a jack the Green way Frat could be, they are known for always picking up on people. Just eight steps away from the Green Way

Frat, she was cornered by the Gorillas, another highly rated group in the school. *Something is stuck-up*, she thought within herself. You don't usually get stopped by this group unless you've crossed their path or they find you suitable for their group. Her hat beat spikes as she forced herself away from the first Gorilla only to bump into another. They laughed at her as she fumbles from one hand to the other in a bid to get away. To the Gorillas it was entertaining, but for Julie, her world was already crashing over her. What has she gotten herself into? She would have just ignored the voice that suggested this whole show up thing to her, but it was too late already to beat herself up over a decision that was already in motion.

"You finally came out of your shell, huh?" One of the Gorillas who seemed to be their leader said from behind her.

She was able to tell he was the leader by the way the other Gorillas moved away from her as he approached. Dickson, yes, Dickson is his name, she recalled his face and name from her first day in school. He was the guy who showed her around the school and gave her the friendly advice to stay away from certain places at certain hours as well as from certain individuals, but that was the last time she ever saw him. He was right, and his advice paid off. Now here she was standing face to face with the one guy she had always want since they met five months, except that this time he may end up becoming her nemesis. She wasn't sure what to say or do, she just stood helplessly and wished she would be as nice as he was when they first met.

"I've always known there was something about you that you kept buried underneath those unfashionable clothing of your," he said as he caresses her hair.

"I'm sorry Dickson, I've got to go now please," she muttered struggling to keep her fear suppressed.

"Of course you have to" he lets go of her hair and turn his back as if to go, then turned back suddenly, "you look good in your new look, but be careful you have just covered yourself with lots of sugar, and the ants will come crawling."

The other members laughed at Dickson's saying and the way Julie was frightened. His sharp turn gave her a shock that she almost screamed thinking he was about to hit her, but she managed to keep the scream from coming out. She ran away from them in fear the moment she was allowed

to leave. She looked around as she hurried into the building. She must have noticed the way other ladies gave her a jealous look for attracting a rare gentleman, Dickson, to herself. She cared less about what they were thinking or saying and just hurried into the building. A seven minutes distance felt like a day already, as she walked up towards her class which was on the sixth floor, she made sure she avoided the stairs and only took the elevator. While in the elevator, she tried to calm herself down so that her fear and nervousness doesn't register on her. As she thought within herself in the elevator, she realized Dickson meant no harm but was just giving her another friendly advice. The thought of what he said about the ants crawling in on her made her worried. She understood what he meant, and the gestures he got from some of Dickson's guys, as well as the Green Ways and some other guys, were enough to tell her what trouble she had gotten herself into. As the elevator bell dinged, she realized she was on the floor of her class; she looked at her watch

"Oh no," she said as the elevator door opened, she had five minutes before the class began, meaning she was already late by her standard.

"Excuse me lady, anything the matter?" Asked the young man beside her, who never took his eyes off her the whole time.

"Nothing please," she said as she hurried past him through the door into the hall way. She had tried to ignore him all the while they were in the elevator, he made her so uncomfortable, but there was nothing she could do than ignoring him. They were stuck in the elevator together; she was only grateful there were others in the elevator who just complimented her appearance with a smile. She scurried towards her class and didn't even notice when she passed Vicky and her gang. There was only one thing on her mind at the time, get to class and settle down before ever the class gets crowded. Biology class is always a full and exciting course. By now her friend Thelma would already be in class wondering why she wasn't there yet. Thelma might be thinking Julie won't come to class today after her experience the previous day and since she wasn't taking her calls as well.

CHAPTER 3

Julie was certain about one thing, her entrance to the class would be quite dramatic, she would be noticed by every member of the class. She wasn't sure if she was prepared for what was waiting for her in the class, would it be boos or some very positive and encouraging compliments, this, she was not sure of. What she feared most was to get to class after the lecture had already started. Not only would she be causing a huge distraction, but she would also not be able to stay focus throughout the lecture and may also get into trouble with Dr. Thomas, her Biology lecturer. She had already passed three classes and had just two more to her class. She decided to relax and take more calm and relaxed but long strides to the class. If she gets into class the way she was, looking troubled and anxious, she will cause herself more harm than good. She would be taken more aback by the class' reaction to her unusual appearance and may end up getting more jabs from others. She needed to stay in control and use her chances very well. If the class is full and lecture had not begun, then she could steal the moment, make a dramatic entrance and feel fine at the end of the day.

Julie knew exactly what she wanted.

She wanted a break from the whole underdog treatment; she wanted not just to feel okay, but also let people know that she chose to be that Julie they've seen not because that was all she could be, but because she chose to be. She wanted people to respect the choice she makes even if she decides to go back to being the same old Julie, they should know and understand that that's how she chose to live her life. The essence of the whole new sexy Julie is not to make the ants crawling in as Dickson put it, but send a message to everyone around her that they would have to deal with her the way she presents herself to them because that's how she wants to appear. No one would have to be under the skin of another because of the choice they have made; people should learn to respect other people's choice because everyone is capable of becoming anything they choose to be. This is the message she intends to convey with her new outfit, however, how that message is interpreted would depend on how she would present herself before the class that was already waiting. If she shows herself as a coward young lady trying to come out of her shell, then she would be sending the wrong message.

I have to present myself bold enough as someone who is capable of anything, as someone who is not controlled by the things around her, as someone is in control of her own life and choice. I have to present myself as a young lady that is responsible for the choices I make. Finally, she approached the entrance to her, she stopped, took a deep breath, calmed herself down and walked in with her natural catwalks.

“Wow! Someone say hello to the all new Julie”. Jimmy exclaimed.

This got the whole class that was already almost full casting their eyes on her with so much surprise. No one has ever seen Julie like this; she was always the shy and reserved type, you won't be wrong if you called her an introvert. She had never appeared so noticeable before as she did today. Julie stood motionless at the entrance looking from one face to the other as if searching for a particular person. Then her eyes locked into Thelma's eyes smiling in surprise.

“Wo! That's more like it girlfriend”, Thelma shouted as she threw her hands in the air and beckoned her to come sit. Thelma already saved her a space beside herself.

“Yeah, I've always known you had it in you.”

“You rock babe.”

Julie's face beamed with smiles as she noticed a warmth aura in the classroom. Alas, it wasn't a bad welcome after all. She moved towards her friend Thelma only to stop beside her. She noticed Vicky and her gang were not in class yet. With curiosity, she asked Thelma with a whisper

“Hey, Vicky ain't in class yet?”

Thelma surprised at her question demanded, “And since when did you started caring about the gang's presence in class?”

“Not that I care, just that you know...”

“Oh I see, someone is seeking vendetta,” Thelma said sarcastically.

They both laughed as Vicky, and her gang walked into the classroom.

“Yeah, speaking of the devil, here come the gang and the gang leader herself.”

Julie turned and faced the entrance, looking at Vicky and her gang with a smile and a pose that said, you think you had me, but you lost loser. The smile on Julie's face and the pose got Vicky going crazy; she wasn't expecting to see Julie in school yet, at least not on that day. And even if she showed up, she should be covering her face in shame and not beam them with smiles and poses that made it seem as if nothing ever happened. Vicky's frustration raged as she couldn't move any further inside than the first steps she took before locking eyes with Julie.

"Hey V, come on in, there's still space for y'all in here, or do you need any help making it to this place?" Julie asked sarcastically with her face radiating with smiles. She finally found the courage she's been looking for.

The whole class went laughing at Julie's statement and question. Vicky and her gang were all looking completely irked and abashed as they stood awe-struck in front of the class. Vicky tried to act rashly but was held back by her friend Mira.

"You idiots," she said rushing out of the class in tears as the rest members of her gang followed her immediately.

"That's my girl," Thelma said giving Julie a high five. "I can't believe you did that; you killed her girlfriend."

They both laughed as Julie sat down. About 2 minutes later, Dr. Thomas walked in and started his lecture. Today he was going to talk about the spinal cord.

"The class seems quite complete today, except for some persons who are apparently missing in action."

The class went into laughter knowing well that he was referring to Vicky and her gang and a few noise makers that would join later. Dr. Thomas had a good sense of humor and tended to know at least half of his class, a quality his students admired that made them love his class. As usual, he went on with his interactive method of teaching; asking his students questions and entertaining questions from them.

Something wasn't right for Julie, the same environment but a different atmosphere. She felt distracted, couldn't focus as she used to, and her participation in the Qs & As was conspicuously

missing. She found herself looking around now and then. Each time she made a turn, she would find at least two eyes staring at her, and some would even wink at her. She had returned some with a smile, some had ignored and others she gave a big grin that discouraged them from daring another look at her. Her attention was divided between the ongoing lecture and the many side attractions beckoning on her. Indeed, it wasn't how she intended the class to go, at least not a complete divided attention. She needed to find a way to get back into the class and be the Julie she had always been.

It will be too much of a price to pay for her appearance today; she thought to herself as she ransacks her mind for a way to get back into the lecture before Dr. Thomas notice her divided attention. She decided to at least answer a question, or ask a question. At this point, she needed to put aside her distractions, her fear and do something. She threw her hand in the air held it up till Dr. Thomas noticed her.

“Mine goodness, Julie Saunders, did you just got reborn? I had no idea you were the pretty damsel right under my nose. I'll save the question about the new look until after the class, right now let's just discuss biology. So what is it you have to k now that couldn't wait until my next full stop?”

Julie stood up not knowing what exactly to ask as she never thought of what she would ask if she was given a chance. As she stood, she found herself trying hard to ignore the several attentions she had drawn to herself; she looked at her friend Thelma who gave her a nod as a go ahead.

“Sir, I read about the science of chiropractic and didn't understand what the writer was saying, I was wondering if you could help me clarify on how the nerves are related to diseases and infections of the entire human body.”

“Now that's some dire question you've asked young lady, welcome back to the class Julie.” Dr. Thomas said with a smile.

He gave her a few explanations that helped fill the void in her heart and continued with his lesson for the day. Julie was able to participate in the class even though there were still distractions, but she managed to focus and chose which one was necessary to respond. As much as she felt distracted, Julie couldn't deny the felt that she loved the little attention she was getting.

She had always wanted to be perceived as socially relevant not just college girl who was in school solely to acquire a degree; she wanted to enjoy other positive sides of college. For her, it could mean the days of sophomore are over, and it was time for a more lively and social life in school.

Soon the class was over, and Dr. Thomas, a man of his words called her to a corner in the class room, but rather than asking her what initiated the new look, he just told her

“It is good to try new things and habits, but be careful not to let them deter you from where you are heading, or worst still suffocate your true and pure identity.”

“Thank you, sir, I’ll keep that in mind, and I promise not to let impede me in any way.”

She stood there for a few minutes looking at her biology lecturer as he walked out of the class. His words reminded her of Dickson’s statements about letting the ants crawl in on her. For the second time in the same day she had received a candid opinion, that was something she was grateful for and planned not to let the words run through her mind like surface waters emptying into a drainage. As she stood, some members of the class came to meet her, admiring her new look and courage against Vicky.

"Girl you tripped her over," said Rita

"You needed to see the look on her face, that loser deserved what she got," Kelly added.

“Thanks both of you, I just hope I wasn’t too mean on her”

Kelly looked at Julie with surprise, "And who cares if you were or not, she got what she deserved, and that's all that matters."

"After all she and her packs had done to, what you did today was the least you could have done, cheer up girl and stop crying over nothing," Rita said as she walked away.

"Seems like my friend finally got what she wanted," Thelma said with a smile as she walked up to Julie.

“And who said this here was what I wanted?”

"Go tell that to the friend who had not been listening to all your complaints about maltreatments from other students."

"Come on girl, the fact that I've been complaining doesn't mean I wanted the spotlight," Julie retorted as she tried to keep her happiness away from the wanton eyes around her. She didn't want people to know that she had it all planned and was enjoying herself. She would rather call it unveiling a new chapter of her life.

"You know you are so transparent and such a horrible liar."

They both laughed as they left the class room. They had one more class, which was not until two hours time, so they figured they could use the library. All eyes seemed to be on Julie as they made their way towards the library. Some would simply ignore Thelma as if she were never there and paid attention to Julie. Julie felt sorry for her friend who she felt she had made her seem less significant with the striking difference in both of their dressings. She would often apologize to Thelma, but Thelma was already used to the life of a college sophomore and wasn't ready to join in any college competition. Her focus was to graduate as a physiologist and nothing more, even if it meant being an underdog for the rest of her college days.

CHAPTER 4

At the end of their second lecture which apparently was their last, Julie decides to go to her urban farm club while Thelma said she had to run some errand for her mom. Julie had volunteered for the urban farm club as her way of serving the greater good. By she got to the club, she was greeted with surprise. No member of the club would have ever believed it if they were told of her dazzling Julie had looked that day in school. They were happy to see her appear different from her usual frumpy outfits. What thrilled them the most was the interest she still showed in the farm club, they would have expected her to take a break because she was dressed too good to be in the garden. As a matter of fact, they suggested she took the day off, but she was a stubborn breed, especially when it came to things she considered as a service to humanity. As she joined them in nurturing the ground, she realized her outfit was probably not going to help her achieve much, so she decides to water the flowers instead of just doing nothing. At the end of the work in the garden with her urban farm club, Julie felt alive; she was grateful to the other members of the club for still letting participate and didn't think otherwise about her outfit.

It was a long day for Julie; you won't be wrong if you called it an adventurous day. She was so pleased with herself as she finally got the time and courage to take her 15 minutes' walk back home. She received a lot of compliments from commuters who had always known her as a college sophomore. She was pleased she tried something new.

"There is no certainty without uncertainty, trying is what makes you certain in the end." Julie Saunders.