

From Chic To Geek

“On this the night of All Hallows’ eve let the spell be cast.” The three boys chanted as they moved around a small collection of materials; a basketball, a football, and a wrestling singlet. The three males encircled the materials with hands clasped tightly with one another as they chant continued. “Let lust overtake them. Let our bodies become their pleasure. Let their bodies change. Let them grow to represent our lusts. Let them no love without us. Let our bodies become their addiction.” The chanting grew louder as the objects between the three men began to hum with energy. They didn’t believe in magic, but after years of being bullied, and teased, and tormented; enough was enough and they were up to try anything. The spell that was given to them by the stranger bookstore owner; by the looks of it, it was working. “With this spell, we bind their fates to us.” With their final words, each of the boys took a candle in hand and blew the flame out, enveloping them in darkness. The spell was cast, now all they needed was to wait.

While the boys cleaned up their supplies, the smoke bled through the cracks in the windowsill and moved across town. The smoke rode the wind as it floated towards its intended targets, needing to find the very people it was intended to change. The smoke seeped into their rooms and into their bodies, changing their forms and the lives they had created over the last eighteen years.

Bobby, the star basketball player, grunted in his bed as he felt his body begin to elongate and shift beneath his blanket. Every limb of his body lengthened as he tossed and turned in pain within his dream. His legs pushed past the edge of his bed until his body hung off the now too small bed. His feet grew larger and wider until his average sized feet grew towards epic proportions. He had grown past the size of any normal high schooler and to the size of a professional basketball player.

Adam, the star wrestler of the school, let out a burp as the smoke begin to inflate his body. His Already muscular body piled on pounds of muscle. His torso went from muscular to completely beefy. His pajamas grew tighter as his thighs grew wider, his chest grew heavier, and his ass grew bubblier. His bulky body ripped through his pajamas until his body lay naked under his sheets. His dick shrank and length but extended his girth. His balls became engorged and heavy until both looked like they were full of silicon. The bed let out a groan as the wooden frame began to buckle under the immense weight of the almost ogre sized high schooler. His overly muscular body looked anything but normal.

Hunter, the head of the football team, toned body began to inflate and increase in size. But while Adam’s body grew with muscles and Bobby’s body lengthen; Hunter’s toned body exploded with

heavy fat. Going from the star quarterback to a more than obvious linebacker. His perfectly toned upper body and lean legs became covered with layers of fat until his muscles were hidden and his chiseled jawline became more rounded and cherub-like. His abdominals disappeared under the oversized gut that pushed from underneath his once shirt until half of it hung free for all to see. His widened hips stretched his once loose boxers to the point where they became boxer briefs.

It wasn't just the boys' bodies that changed but also the world around each one of them, their pictures, their clothes, their memories. Each of them truly became exactly what each of the three boys wanted them to become, and changes were only the beginning.

Bobby

Bobby Johnson's large feet clapped against the tiled high school floors as he walked towards the gymnasium. He ducked underneath the "low" doorways as his unreasonably tall body couldn't pass through the doors without doing so. With each step, his clown-like feet slapped against the floor sending loud echoes throughout the halls. He couldn't explain it but today his long body felt awkward like he didn't remember how to walk or move properly. He knew he was grossly taller than the average person and his feet much larger, but something seemed different today and he couldn't put his finger on it no matter how hard he tried to think.

Upon entering the gymnasium Bobby was finally able to lift his lengthy arms up and stretch. He could feel his bones and joints cracking as he was finally able to stretch his body to its full capacity for the first time today. He tossed his bags onto the empty stands and withdrew his jersey, specially made for his lithe torso as well as a pair of shorts that were the length of some people's pants. Bobby quickly changed into his uniform before he kicked off his shoes.

"Fuck," Bobby grunted already able to smell his sweaty feet he pulled off his socks and quickly looked around the court, not wanting to be caught. He brought his musky socks to his face and took a deep whiff of the odor. He let out a soft moan of enjoyment at the smell of his rank feet. Even though his gigantic feet had humiliated him on more than one occasion he couldn't deny the fact that they also turned him on, all feet in fact. He loved the salty scent that gathered in his socks at the end of the day, and the heat that built up in his unwashed tennis shoes after weeks of practicing barefoot. Looking quickly around the gymnasium once more, Bobby took another hit from his sock. His cock grew rigid within his gym shorts. Like the rest of his body, his cock was unreasonably long, and when it grew hard; it grew even longer. He had always hoped that he would find someone who was as into his feet as he was, but alas foot fetishes were by far the hardest fetish to get someone to try he had found.

“Enjoying yourself?” A voice called from the opposing side of the gymnasium, breaking Bobby from the almost hypnotic spell his feet had cast upon him. Bobby turned to look and found it to be Andrew, one of the nerds he was always fawning over him and the other athletes of the school. From the camera Andrew was holding in his hand it appeared that he was in the photography club, or were his pictures possibly for a personal collection. The thought made Bobby’s already hard cock throb with excitement. Bobby crossed the room with only a few strides of his long legs, moving from one side to other in only a matter of seconds. His heart began to beat faster on what he should do; beat the guy up? Steal his camera and destroy the evidence? Or maybe the third option?

“What’s it to you?” Bobby asked Andrew as he crossed his long arms across his chest. Bobby towered in front of Bobby, his large stature dwarfing that of Andrew’s. Bobby attempted to keep a look on confidence but couldn’t help but feel like a freak after he was caught getting off to his own smelly scent. Andrew stepped forward and placed his hand on Bobby’s girthy cock.

“I will take this as a yes. Mind if I get a whiff?” Andrew asked. Unknown to Bobby Andrew was one of the three that turned him into this giant with size 16 feet. Bobby couldn’t believe this was happening, it was like all of his fantasies becoming reality. Bobby reached out his smelly sock to Andrew and he immediately buried his face in the sweaty piece of clothing. Andrew let out a low groan of enjoyment. He pulled away slightly from the sock but immediately had it pushed against his face, forcibly by Bobby.

“Not getting away that quickly little guy. Get a real deep sniff,” Bobby ordered. Seeing the enjoyment fill Andrew’s face as he took repeated hits of Bobby’s smelly socks. Bobby could feel his dick pulse in excitement as he watched Andrew wiggle in ecstasy. He knew that if Andrew was enjoying this, then he would love the real thing. “Follow me,” Bobby said as he pulled his sock from Andrew’s face and moved into the locker room, quickly ducking underneath the doorway and into the empty locker.

Bobby laid on the nearest bench; his body taking up the entire length of the bench while his feet still hung over the edge. Andrew immediately went to Bobby’s feet, continuing Bobby’s fantasy. Bobby could feel Andrew press his face against the base of his feet and inhale once more. Bobby snaked his hand into his gym shorts, grabbing ahold of his hard cock. He tucked his waistband underneath his balls, withdrawing his cock. His twelve-inch cock and orange-sized balls would seem monstrous on any normal sized individual but on Bobby, it looked normal, or as normal as it could be on an almost seven-foot tall man.

“God they smell so good!” Andrew groaned as he buried his nose into the sole of Bobby’s large foot. Bobby peered down his long, toned body, and saw Andrew’s face hidden not only by his feet but

by the massive got that Bobby was jerking. Bobby leaned his head against the bench and began to rub his feet against Andrew's face. He massaged the nerdy photographer with both of his horribly smelly feet on either side of his face, washing it with the sweat that was already pouring from his toes. Andrew seemed to enjoy worshipping Bobby's feet as much as he enjoyed having them worshipped. Bobby could even hear Andrew jerking his cock at the end of the bench while he jerked his own.

Bobby laid on that bench for at least an hour as he gently slid his hand up and down his cock while Bobby cleaned and sucked on every inch of his massive musky feet. The session came to a crescendo when Bobby felt Andrew not only cum on his large feet but always take long licks, cleaning the very cum that very briefly covered his feet. That was what sent him over the edge and caused his own cock to explode onto his chest, dousing the very uniform he just put on in cum.

Moments later Bobby was off in the showers attempting to clean himself in the obviously too short stalls while Andrew sat on the bench alone. In secret, he sent a text to two friends a simple text that read. "It worked." His two friends shrieked in excitement at the sight of his response. Excited for both of them to find their respective boys.