

1: A Glimpse of things to Come

“I swear, this thing gave my hair blue highlights. Look, see...” Justine said as she began to spin the trio of dials like she had last night, like she had many times since buying the fidget toy. When she clicked the button on the other side however, nothing notable happened.

Looking up at her two friends, they seemed unchanged. Laalsa, Lala to her friends, was still an excessive amount of curves crammed into five feet of Hindi woman and Kimmi still looked like she belonged on the front of a magazine titled ‘Valkyrie Science Monthly’ or something. It was not like Justine was unattractive, not by a long shot, but sometimes shitty people made it hard to remember that when the three of them were out together.

After all, Lala’s near flawless complexion was the shade of brown most women spent whole summers trying achieve, but she worked hard to look that good. Keeping hip-length hair perpetually perfect that was only the tip of the iceberg in terms of her daily, almost obsessive care routine.

She spent hours a week on her skin. There was always charcoal soap near every sink in the flat. She took a bottle of coconut oil with her everywhere like she was some android worried about seizing up. Then there was the shampoo her Nani sent over from India by the case which was a blend of like nine flowers and two oils.

Kimmi was less obsessive with her looks. She kept her hair short and really only spent time at the gym biking while listening to lectures. Then again, when you had been built like a Shieldmaiden since you were sixteen, it was easy to stay in shape. The two of them did go to dance class a couple times a week and at least there Justine outshone her physically dominating friend with her prowess. Belly dancing in particular had become something of an

obsession. There was something...powerful about being able to move her body like that. Having that much control over how she moved was almost intoxicating.

Lala spoke first. "Here's an easier way to prove it," she said in her melodic accent. "If you magically got electric blue highlights, then there should be no trace in the shower or the sink."

"She was with me until we came home at ten last night," Kimmi added. "So it was not like she went to the salon to get them done."

Walking to the bathroom, her thumb continued to flip the switch back and forth as her index and middle fingers spun the dials. Without warning there was a louder click and the flat morphed around them, becoming the townhouse across town they had looked at renting. With the setting found, she flicked the lever once more, this time wondering if she could make herself just a little bit taller.

The feeling of her stride suddenly lengthening threw her off balance and her fingers turned the dials as she windmilled to grab hold of the wall. Her eye level had adjusted to the height she expected while wearing two inch heels. She heard the switch click again.

"You okay?" Kimmi asked, putting a warm hand on her shoulder. Her hair was bright pink now. Only neither she nor Lala seemed to notice.

"Yeah," she said. "Never better."

Was there something about holding the cube that protected her from the alterations in reality it caused? No, that was not quite it since the cube could change her, too. She was just aware of it now. How much of who she was had already been rewritten? Did her day dreams cause changes?

Though, to be honest, what did it matter? That her was gone since this was only the second time she had been fully aware of the changes. She realized now the weird Deja Vu like

feelings she had been noticing these past few weeks was her mind fighting the cube's effect on her perception of reality. She shivered at that knowledge.

Her friends were mockingly being Holmes and Watson in the bathroom now, complementing Justine on her perfect crime. Agitation surging, her fingers twitched until she actually feel the cube lock into place as a jolt rushed up her arm. It was like, now that she sort of understood the power was bonding with her. How much could she change? Could this do more than little things?

There was only one way to find out.

Her face broke into a grin as she flipped the switch and felt her body get subtly more muscular. A lifetime as a gymnast and dancer shoved her shitty childhood aside. Torn into shreds, the scars her past had left on her soul began to heal. She was actually sobbing as she felt all the fucked up things both her stepfather and Bobby had put her through begin to fade. She still remembered every second of it, but it was like she had read about some girl like her that had been abused.

That was not to say her new life was not fraught with its own disappointments. Tearing her ankle at twelve etched a scar into her left leg from a surgery which kept her out of a whole season, but did not deter her from continuing to compete. Then there was the time where her music stopped during a routine in high school and she ended up tripping over herself in panic and spraining her shoulder and wrist when she fell. Not to mention all those times she put out more than a hundred percent on the floor and was still short of gold. All of it hit her in a rush that knocked the breath out of her. Eyes wide, she looked down at the glowing cube, it's bright green energy arcing up her arm.

Just what had she bought? (975)

2: Three Weeks Ago...

Justine was ambling through the mall while killing time. She did not mean to come here when she left the dorm that morning, her feet had just led her to the bus stop and there happened to be a Blue 45 there. Even now, she felt numb. Though she was walking, it felt like the hallways were moving past her instead.

The disconnected feeling was spilling over onto everything. She had been in and out of stores for the last few hours, but nothing had jumped out at her. There were lots of cute things on the racks, but none of them were what she was looking for. It felt like everything was stale. Even the bookstore, where she usually could find at least one book that piqued her interest, felt gray and washed out.

It was probably finals stress. Despite nearly being done with her sophomore year, the idea of even coming close to failing a test still dredged up memories soaked in pain. She had gotten in a mood like this at the end of her previous semesters as well, but it had been easy to write off the aggressive melancholy as part of her dread around going home.

Each time the day the dorms would close approached, the realization that she would have to face her abusive stepfather had left her retching into the toilet on more than one occasion. She just knew there was nothing to do about his and narcissism or the gaslighting. Her mother had long since bent to his will and her older brother had all but vanished, so she was alone in trying to keep him out of her head.

Now though, with summer and sharing an apartment with Lala and Kimmi on the horizon, all she could blame it on was the tests. In a way, that felt like a small victory. She had friends who would support her and be there for her if she had to cut ties with her mother for a time.

Maybe that was why she was actually so numb. Her mind was still trying to come to grips with that reality. Until then, life felt like a very lucid dream.

Venturing back down to the first floor, she made her way towards the food court. That was when she walked past a new booth selling those fidget toys. She did not see anyone around, so she picked one of the cubes up to try it out. The neon blue plastic core was wrapped in navy blue rubber on the edges and corners. Each side's circular focus rose a little above the grip assisting material. The face with a ball bearing was against her thumb. The moment the metal touched her skin, she found herself tracing a figure eight against it as she looked for the clerk.

After walking around three of the four sides, she found the attendant sitting on a tall chair, their face buried in a book with a one word title in fancy script. She was rocking the gothic aesthetic almost to a fault. Her black dress was short, but also vintage looking. Her long dark hair was treated with a red to make its highlights pop and was done up in a Victorian braid. Long pale fingers with dark painted nails gripped a cover that bore a rose laid over a silk pillow. Her feet rocked back and forth as she read, pivoting on the stool's rung around the point where the high heel rose out of the soles of suede thigh high boots. The boots' tops were folded down, the white lace trimming the edge stark against the black material. A huge coat, probably nearly as long as she was tall, hung on the back of her chair.

"Excuse me, miss?"

There was no response. Growing agitated, her fingertips stroked the tumbler dials they were resting on. "Ma'am?"

The woman continued to ignore her and she spun the cube around in her hand. The wide button clicked against her palm and there was an odd sensation, like the way the water felt while standing just beyond the breakers. She could have sworn she heard someone call her name. She looked around and when she turned back, found herself standing next to a cart

selling candles. The surprising intensity of scent made her gag and the woman actually looked up from her book.

She was pretty and her vibrant makeup only accentuated that. At the moment though, her face was twisted into an expression of annoyance. “Well? What’d you need?”

“I wanted to buy...this...one right here,” she said picking up a candle and slipping the cube into her pocket.

“Sure, sure,” the woman said in the fake pleasant retail folks used in infuriating moments. “That’ll be 17.50.”

As she walked away, she gave the candle a sniff. The bright green wax had a apple-citrus scent that was actually quite pleasant. She certainly could have picked something worse to cover for her trying to pay for a cube that was plainly not for sale here.

How though? Has she walked off with it not meaning to? Looking around in the bottom floor courtyard she could see no store selling the fidget toys. Was this a dream? Even if it was, she did not want to drop the candle, so she slid it into her bag as she kept walking. In her pocket, the button clicked once more.

Coming around the elevator shafts, she noticed a table outside of a store that was covered in fidget toys. Was this where she had picked it up? Fishing it out of her pocket, she stepped into the store to actually purchase the thing. Sitting at the counter was the same woman. Same book and everything. Oh yeah, this was probably a dream.

“Weren’t you just at the candle cart?”

“What? No...I’ve been here since I opened.” She made a disgusted noise and put her book face down on the glass. “Now, were you going to buy something or are you just interrupting my morning reading for no reason?”

“Um...no, actually. Sorry” She turned to leave and looked down as she started to hyperventilate. As she did, she clicked the button over and over again. Around her the shop flashed between appearances until it settled on what was very obviously an adult store. She did not realize this until she walked into a table she did not remember and noticed that it was covered with boxes of vibrators.

“Oh my, I’m sorry,” said the woman’s voice. Justine looked up and found herself almost lips to lips with the clerk who was even prettier than she remembered, her pale skin seeming to glow in the strange light. “I didn’t see you come in, or I would have stopped rearranging.”

“Rearranging?” she asked, stepping back. Had she walked into a different store? It was certainly possible. Her attention drifted around. She did not remember ever seeing this store in the mall, not that she would have gone looking for it either. Then there was the woman. Either she was the same clerk just now dressed in distressed jeans and a vest over a metal band shirt or she was the other woman’s twin.

“Yeah, we just got a bunch of new stuff in for this part of the store, so I’m trying to make room. Actually, I needed to hire someone on part time. Interested?”

“Uh...Where is this, exactly?”

“The back room of my bookstore. I see you in here all the time so I know you know books.”

“Oh...um, sure. I was looking for a summer job anyway.”

“Great!” She hefted a large box. “Give me a second and I’ll get you some paperwork.” Justine’s gaze moved down to look at the cube which had been the only constant since all of this started. It was then she realized the busty, curvy woman she was talking to also had The Biggest Cock she had ever seen. It strained one pant leg as the woman reached up. Following it up, two curves pushed against the outer hems of a pair of panties. It was such a strong juxtaposition that she was still not sure if she was awake or not... (1378)

3: Fidgeting out of a Dark Place

Getting back from the mall, Justine locked herself in her single dorm room. Bobby was blowing up her phone, but she turned the infernal thing off. Between him taking her virginity a few days ago and what had just happened with the woman named Jade, her sexuality was feeling a little fragile. She wanted to be held, she really did, but she was unsure whom she wanted to be intimate with. Instead, she resolved to spend the night with her nose in her favorite fantasy novel, trying not to think of what finals week promised.

Try as she might though, her life intruded. She should have been packing if she was not studying. The dorms were due to close in a less than two weeks. Well, there was always tomorrow. Yes, she would pack tomorrow because what she needed most was a night of down time.

In a bid to settle her mind, she grabbed her new fidget toy from the mall and let it fall into her hand. Her fingertips caressed the different surfaces, seeking out something on the cube to keep her mind from fixating. In all honesty, the opposite happened as thoughts of Bobby filled her open mind.

From the outside, her boyfriend was the perfect kind of guy. Smart, charming, hunky, and he came from a well off family. In public he was gracious and deferential. People knew that he was going somewhere with his life so they acted like she was as well.

In private though, he was a nightmare. Just a few nights of having him over to study was all it took for him to view her as something desirable and from there it was a quick change to her being a possession. It was obvious now how it happened. He bought her things, took her to dinner, and showed her a good time evening after evening. He made her feel great. He made her feel wanted.

As she grew enamoured with the lifestyle, he starting asking for things of her. At first it was small asks, but as such things went, he always seemed to want more. When she could not reciprocate, he would get angry. When she tried to break up with him, he made it harder and harder for her to break things off. Reservations stopped being thoughtful and became obligations. Shopping became going to personal fittings which would be rude to cancel. Long story short, he made her feel ungrateful and like some kind of tramp who had taken advantage of him to live the good life. So she went in the other direction.

At that point, their relationship was like a border war. She had granted him access to something of hers and from there, his ambition and manipulation slowly annexed her body and time into his keeping. What seemed like peace envoys from a charming prince became invading forces of a narcissistic tyrant. Before she knew what had happened, he had her under his thumb in much the same way her step father had done to her mother. She hated knowing that just as much she hated not being brave enough to oust him from her life.

Especially after the night before last.

Her fidgeting paused as her mind went back to the other day and her body began to shut down. The feel of his cock in her hands was not new, he had long since convinced her that toying with him was the least she could do while they watched a movie. The taste of it on her tongue was newer, but she had been giving him head for about a month now. She could see now he had manipulated her into sucking him off, insisting that her not getting him wet in some way was a threat to his standing as a stud and was thus a threat to her enjoying the lifestyle he had gotten her hooked on. She had staunchly protested vaginal penetration and for the most part he only pushed the question once each time.

Last night was not one of those times. They had gone out to a really nice dinner. He said it was to help her relax before finals. He took her to see a movie under much the same auspices.

He had deliberately kept her out late so that she would not want to walk home alone. Going up to his apartment was one of those things she tried to only do during the day, but it was either that or walk home. The sound of his brother fucking one of his bunnies was audible from downstairs. Walking fifteen blocks through the city had never looked so good, but he placated her. Saying that he would put some music on so she would not have to hear it.

As her mind slipped deeper into the memory, her fingers started to twitch again. The moment was still so raw in her mind that she could almost feel herself laying back on his couch again, his weight on her chest as his lips dragged over her neck. He said he wanted to return the favor for all the blow jobs as he undid her shirt and began to play with her boobs. She agreed, but insisted that things go no further.

Just as she recalled him rubbing her through her panties, her thumb twitched. She felt sick as her head began to buzz. Shaking it like she had been stunned, she found that the memory suddenly different. The moment was happening on her bed in the dorm instead of at his apartment. Confused, she looked around at her room. Had it always been this big? It must have just felt small because of her roommate.

Agitated now that she felt disoriented in her own room. She put some music on and tried very hard to read her book. Propping open on the bed with her left hand, she let her right hand's fingers dance over the tumblers until they were sore and she turned to flicking the switch. With each click, she unknowingly grew a quarter-inch taller as her desire to be less of a pushover manifested as physical presence.

She noticed the changes once, when her clothes were finally being pulled tight, but dismissed the feeling as having put on something older while only half paying attention this morning. The next click morphed her outfit into soft leggings and an equally soft cami. A slightly oversized sweatshirt, which had been artfully cut to show off her shoulders, hung off her slightly

askew. A couple more switch activations after the fact grew her further, until the clothes fit perfectly over her moderate curves and slight tummy pudge.

Bobby had always hated her pudge, said it ruined the way she looked in tight dresses. She had even started to believe him, which is why she joined the gym where she ultimately met Kimmi and Lala. The two of them were probably the greatest gift he had given her.

She laid back in bed and wished Kimmi had been her friend longer than the last year. Maybe then things would have gone differently with Bobby. Who knows? Maybe the whole year would have been better. She had to admit she had a crush on the brilliant woman with long flowing locks the color of polished gold.

Something tickled her throat and she coughed. The muscular spasm made her thumb twitch and a warmth spread through her while she continued to think about Kimmi. She wished she had said something sooner, had confessed her feelings to her blonde friend before the other night. Maybe then she would not have been so susceptible to Bobby's manipulations.

What probably hurt more was that she could sort of tell that Kimmi shared those feelings, but neither of them could find a voice for them. Despite that, Kimmi's quiet declaration of attraction had been powerful. The Nordic woman expressed her infatuation in ways that were far more supportive than objectifying. Their nights at the gym doing Wushu were some of the best. She closed her eyes and imagined what just rooming with Kimmi could be like. How would it change things to have someone so kind and positive in her life even more? The cube clicked in her hand and, for a moment, it felt like the world was spinning even faster.

Bobby's scent was on a pillow and it pulled her back to the moment with him on the verge of fucking her. She was lucky Kimmi had come home when he started to get her ready. Her roommate had hauled her boyfriend off the bed and thrown him to the floor. They yelled at each other, but he eventually left. It was thanks to that things had not gotten past a point of no return,

though that had only made Bobby more insistent on getting another chance at getting in her pants.

Sitting up, she felt very disoriented as an incredibly strong sense of deja vu washed over her. It was like something major had happened and she had forgotten it. The deep sense of loss she had been carrying for the past couple days seemed to lessen. It was surprising what a night in bed reading could do. (1546)