

Jupiter Morrison shuddered with anticipation as she held up the second outfit she was debating wearing to the reunion. The sleeveless, knee-length dress was a faint green that she swore brightened her eyes. It had a daring back that dipped to a couple inches below her waist and would be the best way to show off just how much she had changed since graduation--particularly within the last year. After all, she had not been smaller than a size 20 since high school and the dress was an eight. The size felt... enjoyably bizarre. The last time she had worn something this small, puberty had just started creeping up on her.

“It’s just so stiff though...” she said dropping it back in her suitcase. She put her hands on her hips and stretched backwards.

It had been nearly four years since starting joining the trials which eventually lead to her becoming Augmented. Through genetic manipulation she still did not quite understand, her body had been brought up to speed to match her otherwise overenthusiastic endocrine system. The operation had been six months ago and she was still having a hard time believing it was her looking back in the mirror. She had been between three and four hundred pounds for so long, despite any and all attempts to lose weight, that having the build of a serious runner was quite disconcerting.

The athletic look was not just for show either. In the months since the procedure she had run not only a 5k, but also a triathlon and a short cycling tour. She picked up games of basketball at the gym. She could swim for nearly an hour without tiring. In short, it was a complete transformation from the person she had been since her teens--and more.

That was not to say the miraculous augmentation did not have its share of side effects alongside its massive benefits. Thanks to her increased metabolism, she was constantly running hot and endlessly hungry. Both were easy enough to manage with a protein rich diet to curb appetite, drinking plenty, and

taking two showers a day. Honestly, they were minor concessions were in comparison to the challenge of the other drawbacks.

A gurgling followed by a soft pain reminded her that she had not eaten in more than three hours. Putting the dress aside, she turned her attention to the room service delivery. She had ordered a tuna melt with a side salad and hoped it would be enough to last until the reception later that evening.

As she started into the first slice of warm sandwich, the creamy taste of the cheese and the tang of the fish caressed her tongue like another's lips. Her body began to tingle, reacting to each bite as if she were making out with a lover.

It had been like this since becoming Augmented. For some reason, eating had become intensely pleasurable for her. Not that she really minded. Having such an intense sense of taste meant nearly every bite was enjoyable. So enjoyable, it was sometime hard to stop eating if there was food around. Which where she started to get into trouble. Because while the rest of her had been upgraded to match her condition, it had not cured her. If anything, her hastened metabolic processes had exacerbated her growth potential.

While she had hedged on her appetite like usual by only getting exactly what she needed, it was still enough to irritate her condition. Sure enough, as she swallowed down the crust of the last slice, her body began to tremble. Her small, pert boobs began to droop under her shirt, quickly gaining far more volume and mass than should have been possible with the calories from the sandwich. Her lower body began to take on a pear shape as her ass stretched her athletic shorts and her thighs thickened until they started to touch. The growth was so insistent that she could almost feel the fat bubbling up, as her body swelled up and her build became slightly broader.

With a sigh, she sat down on the bed. It creaked under her new mass as she pushed the mattress down a couple inches. The curve of her stomach was just high enough to resting on her thighs and her

enlarged bust sat atop that curve like it was a shelf. She put a finger to her fattened lips and considered calling for another helping.

“No, I’ve got somewhere to go.” she said aloud. “And I want to look completely transformed from the woman they knew growing up.” She did not think of the thin, athletic her as better, just different. Since the procedure she had come to accept her potential hugeness. If anything, knowing that her plush softness would melt away in mere hours only encouraged her to explore being massive. Tonight however, just this little extra would serve nicely.

Downing her salad in short order added only the slightest amount to her measurements, but the greens were refreshing and she felt ready to take on the world. Dropping the plastic flatware on the tray, she jumped to her feet. She pulled down option three, a sexy little number made of royal blue spandex-laced cotton. The little extra give in the fabric that would serve well for her plans and the dramatic white lace neckline and shoulder straps ensured her changes would be readily on display.

She made sure the size ten garment would fit her waist and then tossed it on the bed. Turning her attention to which bra and panties to wear, her phone buzzed just then with a message from her best friend in high school, Suzie Collins.

Aside from her folks and close co-workers, Suzie was the only one who knew about her being Augmented. They had been friends for what felt like her entire life, ever since the certifiable genius crashed into her class by skipping two grades. The internet had ensured they remained friends, even as the younger woman moved to Japan with her military parents and then seemingly rose overnight into a star in the J-Pop scene. While she had been quite the singer in drama, it had to be her aesthetic which had captured a fanbase. Those cross-shaped contacts she wore now were certainly attention grabbing, but Jupiter wondered if Suzie ever took them off. She had them on in every photo on Twitter and Instagram.

[Following up on earlier, I have just now touched down at the airport and can't wait to see you. I trust you have not ruined your appetite? I'm looking forward to the show ;)]

[Oh please. I can eat a horse if I have to...] she typed back before hitting send. Her tummy rumbled at the idea of all that protein and fat. She caught herself reaching for the hotel room phone and walked around the bed so it was out of reach. She had done well at managing her willpower, allowing herself a splurge day after so many days under control.

She sent another message to Suzie. [Looking forward to actually getting to talk face to face tonight, feels like forever!]

[I know what you mean. See you there!] Jupiter smiled at the text and returned to the task of figuring out what to wear under her dress.