



Downtrodden and seemingly frustrated with his lot in life, a young man with a brooding frown on his face strolls down the street leading away from the hustle and bustle of the downtown area, back towards the peace and quiet offered by the many rows of quaint little houses that made up the suburban district where he lived.

"Damn her...screw the faculty...all too stupid to even see she's playing them for fools...damn her..."

Gnashing jaws spew vitriol with each step, heavy footfalls warning approaching bystanders to keep their distance as nervous housewives and fearful children fall silent upon the angsty highschooler's approach, not daring to move an inch or say a single word lest his anger be unleashed upon them.

In truth, the boy was probably the kindest soul in the neighborhood. An upstanding individual with a good track record at school, his parents were proud of him and he in turn, loved them dearly. Ryan always seemed so positive and forward thinking, never letting anything bog him down. So to see him wearing a killer frown while radiating negativity on a scale never before seen was rare...except ever since beginning his highschool journey almost an entire year ago, that frown had become commonplace, soon replacing the boisterous smile as Ryan's new standard whenever he went to and from school.

Despite his parents' insistence they tell him what was wrong, he'd deflect any and all attempts to do so, citing it as just a minor disagreement with a classmate. And no matter how much he tried to hide the scowl on his face whenever he was inside his home, the neighborhood was a small place, so it was no surprise when his mother would eventually receive a stealthy snapshot taken by the father of the household next door, asking what had happened to the 'nice young man' to make him frown like that.

The only reply they could give to that question was an apologetic one, echoing the same one on everyone's mind as they sought to give Ryan the space he needed since it seemed home was the only refuge he had at the moment, all while working behind the scenes to try and get to the bottom of things.

Calls to Ryan's teacher and the principal bore no fruit as they assured the worried parents that everything was alright, instead offering empty words of guidance that sounded like they were reading off a script. Unbeknownst to them however, Ryan was already more than aware of the true reason behind why they didn't seem willing to help...

Although his grades were still fine, Ryan's mental health certainly wasn't faring well at all. With migraines, loss of sleep and depression beginning to set in, the likelihood of him retaining his star spangled grades dropped lower and lower everyday. A diseased mind was vulnerable to bad decision making, opening up more pitfalls for Ryan to unwittingly fall through.

Everyone had their limits. And for Ryan, his was already being tested with the end of November fast approaching once this arid Thursday was over. But that meant one more day at school tomorrow, one more day with the 'bitch' that was the subject of Ryan's furious cussing, shaking off his sneakers with a measure of frustration in his demeanor. Just one more, then the heavenly release of a weekend free from school would be upon him. But if homework and school couldn't even leave a mark on Ryan's psyche, then who, or what could've possibly turned the studious boy into an angry ball of rage?

Enter *Nadia*, the undisputed queen of the highschool Ryan was attending. While she was a first year just like him, the influence she wielded thanks to her family name alone placed her on a higher pedestal than



anyone there, including the teachers, and it didn't help that said family also held sway over the income of funds that made running the educational institute possible. One word, and she could have that money gone in an instant, and without it, the school would be on a fast track towards closure.

Officially, Nadia was a simple student attending the prestigious Norfolk Highschool as just one of the many newcomers starting the first of their three years. Off the books however? Nadia was less a student and more the de facto authority figure of the entire school. She did as she pleased, skipping classes, ignoring the dress code, ordering people around, talking obnoxiously loud over the phone during lessons she did attend just for the sake of it. The list went on, and not a single person could lift a finger to put a stop to her antics lest they lose their job, standing or worse.

Worse yet however, was Nadia's incorrigible tendency to lust after boys who caught her fancy. And despite her bitchy temperament and insulting mannerisms, most, if not all the boys in school unlucky enough to fall under her radar were already deeply entwined within her fingers. Nadia didn't care about things like existing relationships or consent, forcing herself onto whoever was doomed to be her partner to satisfy her urges. She simply did as she pleased, leaving a string of ruined lives behind her as couples split and depraved habits nurtured. And if it meant a boost to her standardized grades as part of a secret deal she had cut with the principal, the salacious minx saw no problem with including older men in her palette...

Out of the entire school, only one man seemed incorruptible against Nadia's beauty and sweet whispered promises of great times to be had in her embrace. And that resistance had earned him a spot on her personal hit list. Because as if blatant cheating, ruining relationships and illicit sex wasn't enough, bullying was something Nadia loved to partake in when she wasn't busy in the locker rooms, skipping school to hang at the mall or entertaining her ever loyal clique of drones formed from the school's worst students who shared in their queen's crooked mentality.

If it was a simple verbal insult against her, then a simple beating by one of her boy toys would've been enough. But to resist her was something else altogether. An act on a totally different caliber she took harder than anything else.

It started when Nadia had made her presence known during History lesson one fine morning, showing up late without a hint of concern on her face while she sits herself down. Scanning the classroom as she usually did only to come across the rugged face of a young man she wondered how she missed all this time as if her endless truancy streak was completely lost to her. His face melded the perfect qualities of naiveté and toughness to it and his body, from what she could see, was of a well built stature.

And so, doing as she always did, Nadia slides off her seat without a sound, approaching her target with broad hips swaying side to side in an attempt to catch his eye, nothing. She had scoffed at that, confident he wouldn't be able to keep his gaze averted once she put her physical skills to the test...only for her hand to be gently brushed aside before it even makes contact with his shoulder. Surprising her and the other students watching the altercation with an audible gasp from the crowd.

Without giving her so much as a glance, the man continues taking notes from the whiteboard while uttering the words that would lock them both into a heated, one sided rivalry that would last to this very day;

"I'm sorry, but could you please not touch others so inappropriately? We're in the middle of class here..."

Whether or not Ryan knew who he'd just dismissed so brazenly, it was unclear. But what everyone watching did know was that he was in for a world of pain from then on...and they'd be right to assume so.

Following that brief encounter, Ryan would soon be plagued by bullies from all over the school alongside a string of sabotage ranging from minor things like a pencil or book going missing to more drastic, life threatening incidents like the back leg of his chair being loosened, sending him crashing to the floor once he sat down on it. Normally, stuff like this would need some level of brainwork to figure out the mastermind behind them. But when only a certain girl and her circle of lackeys were chortling like witches over a campfire everytime Ryan fell victim to these acts, it was easy to single out the culprit.

But getting her punished proved to be nigh impossible much to Ryan's dismay. No matter who he took his case to, they all seemed dismissive of the student's plight, either outright ignoring him altogether or lending a faux ear to his woes, replying with a simple 'the matter with Miss Nadia will be looked into...' and then...nothing. It was as if everyone was blind to her wrongdoings. Stunning Ryan to their lack of urgency as he was slowly awakened to the reality he'd been living in for quite awhile now, equally as oblivious to Nadia as he was to her.

Fortunately for him however, the school counselor seemed to be the only one kind enough to lend him her real ears, informing him of the unfortunate circumstances they were all stuck with until Nadia finally graduated. It left him perplexed, wondering how someone as corrupt and blackhearted as Nadia could be allowed to get away with all she had done. Just because she had influential parents, a fat stack of cash and amazing skills in bed? He hated the idea of seeing someone like her dodge the law much less graduate from high school with such scummy tactics.

But Ryan didn't want to give up at first, hoping to see if there was any way he could resolve things with the white horse he'd inadvertently angered. Many times now, he has tried to confront Nadia, but she would either brush him off with a snide remark in the same fashion he had on that fateful day. Taking every single opportunity to cram in as many insults as she could, from his studious mind to the fact that he'd come from a lower class family. A derogatory insult she delighted in using since it brought out the most reaction from him, knowing there was nothing Ryan could ever do to stop her from saying so.

At first glance, one wouldn't be able to understand why Nadia seemed to have it out for Ryan, but to the vain wench, looks meant everything to her. Her tight, curvaceous form. The ornate accessories, piercings and earrings she adorned them with, her artificial mop of red lustrous hair done up into lengthy twintails that draped over her frail shoulders. A salacious visage that could turn heads from miles around to look at her. Everything about her self perceived beauty was something Nadia placed her absolute belief in without hesitation. So to see someone ignore and brush her off so blatantly like Ryan did had been enough to hit her where it hurt, hinting at just how egotistical and conceited Nadia was down to the core, flaunting her body shamelessly for all to see while using it to tease and goad Ryan into lashing out at her.

Things would carry on this way, with the ire between the two now mortal enemies burning stronger than ever before. Until a peculiar change would begin to develop within Ryan borne of his intensifying hatred towards Nadia and all who were in cahoots with her. Mixed with an intense storm of helplessness from his inability to do anything and the shame from realizing he'd been allowing his emotions to get the better of him, and there was a potent ball of energy building within the young man's being, growing larger with each passing day, triggering an ancient power within the oblivious boy as he bottles yet another bout of negativity from the days events, greeting his mother with a faux smile as he steps inside the front door, intent on enjoying a good long bath before reviewing the topics for next week's math test as time flies by, swallowing

down another staple dish of his father's making over a hearty dinner table, washing up before retreating upstairs to get some reading done, eventually slumping over the sheets of his bed, textbook jotted with notes long forgotten at his side.

Deep down inside however, his cussing and spite against Nadia would never truly subside even when he wasn't anywhere close to her or school. But there was also conflict within those words; feeling as if he too was in the wrong for harboring atrocious thoughts he couldn't even fathom himself thinking of a few months ago. A spiraling tornado of clashing energies that fuels the strange otherworldly power within him as it reaches its peak, devouring this last serving of energy, primed and ready for activation the moment it's host's consciousness would retreat to the cold, comforting realm of sleep with the uttering of a phrase Ryan had taken to reciting every night now before doing so;

"I wish things didn't have to be this way..."

And it would be those very words the power within him would work towards as it all escapes like air rushing forth from a punctured balloon. Whistling out the window in an unperceivable torrent as it rushes high into the night sky before bursting into multiple strands that branch off in separate directions throughout the cityscape like disparate missiles, each one targeting a different individual with heavy dealings in making life hard for Ryan and many other students. But the main target out of all these souls was none other than Nadia, with a larger bolt trailing an effervescent blue aura heading straight for her as she wanders the night with her gal pals and their simple minded boyfriends, oblivious to the magical comet falling straight down on top of her as she converses with the blonde girl to her left.

"So Dia? Any ideas in mind fo' t'morrow? I got a real good one in mind for that doofus if ya still lookin' to screw him over~"

"Ohh~ Whenever you've got something, it's totes always made that wimp totally go cuh-razy! So? Whaddya got? Uhh, Mel? You listening?"

But as she walked along the dimly lit road, the chatter from her friends soon ceased. Earning no reply from her friend as she turns around just in time to see them walk off down the road without her, with Samuel; her current boyfriend, gravitating towards Mel, clinging by her side as if Nadia wasn't there in front of them to witness this obvious betrayal.

"H-Hey! S-Sam?! What gives?! Get your hands off of that skank!"

No matter how loud she screamed though, no one in the small group seemed to be able to hear her, with her part of the conversation with Mel being picked up by Samuel as the two started chatting with obnoxiously wide smiles on their faces. It made Nadia furious enough to betray her true feelings on what she really

thought about her so-called 'friends' as she continues to screech in a crazed manner, stomping close behind them, around them, until finally she had enough, scrambling forward with the intent of clubbing Samuel in the head with her handbag, gripping the sling in both hands before planting one foot forward and using it to brace herself like an Olympic athlete preparing for a weighty discus throw, except she was about to swing a bag full of makeup and other mysteries privy to a girl of her caliber at someone's cranium...far more than enough to leave a serious injury if it were to connect...

“Don't ignore me you fuckers! I-huh? What...just...no way...”

...fortunately for Samuel, the bag simply phases through his head, passing harmlessly and landing on the pavement with a soft thud before vanishing in the blink of an eye unbeknownst to Nadia, who was stuck staring at her boyfriend in stupefied awe, feeling a cold void open within her chest as the group proceeds to walk through her, literally passing her entire being as if she was a phantom that didn't quite realize that it had long since passed away from the mortal realm, patting down her face and body in a confused, frightened fit as her vision begins to grow woozy and a light headed sensation overtakes her fury. Leaving Nadia standing alone in the middle of the street, watching as her 'friends' walk off into the night without even looking back at her a single time.

“T-This can't be happening...no...no way! H-Hey! D-Don't just walk by me you stinking old-eek! Noo~ What's happening to me?!!”

Midway through her protestations as an elderly businessman phases through her, Nadia's furious yells devolve into a comical howl of terror as she spins on her feet, hands outstretched before wide fearful eyes as the once, long slender limbs begin to harden, gaining muscle definition prominent around her shoulders while her oiled skin, peach colored hide toughens up, stretched taut around larger, bulkier arms that soon outgrows her slender torso. Leaving the heiress with oversized, discolored hands that made her look like a Barbie doll with the wrong parts attached, none the wiser to the ongoing physical alterations crawling up her body where they began, bulking up her shoulders and making them just out just a tad bit further, widening the expanse of her ribcage as the lower portions of her torso move to match, gaining a more 'mature' tone to her silhouette.

In her panic however, Nadia's floundering lands her smack dab in the middle of a passing entourage of drunken businessmen, holding up her arms as if to ward them away too late as they phase right through her, giving whatever was ailing her another boost as she lets out a pained yell from her back suddenly snapping inward and cracking into proper position, sorting out her spine in a brutal manner while her plump lap pillows deflate, losing massive amounts of mellow fat while the remnants swirl and layer themselves over newly formed cuts of trained muscle, pressing up around the regions of her inner thighs to lend themselves a sexy accentuating line of musculature that leads the eye up to a healthy snatch rapidly curing itself of years of abuse as loose folds of pink darken into tight flaps, receding back inside firm lips with an unshaven crown of

brunette pubes curling atop a tingling clitoris that loses its erotic edge for innocent flair as it shrinks a tiny bit until it becomes a cute, pink button of nerves atop a virgin slit reserved for her destined mate to savour. And just a little ways up, Nadia's formerly soft core bulges and kicks with activity, watching in stark horror as something roils beneath the skin of her stomach as it's complexion changes to match the rest of her drastically altered form, so fixated at the sight of what she saw as 'ugly muscles' pushing outward until the beginnings of a toughened six pack were visible against her toned belly, Nadia completely misses the sight of her shoulder length twintails receding back up inside her scalp as dull red strands of gorgeous hair shrink away, losing its former luster for oaken brown tufts that grow out in boyish spikes she would've no doubt laughed at, calling whoever had hair like this 'subpar'.

The sight of her breasts beginning to move like worms was the final nail that broke Nadia's mind, urging her to run like mad while hollering like a madwoman, screaming and shouting into the night, breaking out into a cold sweat as she breaks into a full on sprint back down the path she and her former friends had walked together away from the city, headed right for...the suburbs. Leaving the undone ribbons that held her old head of hair together behind before they too, blink out of existence, leaving no trace of her presence behind.

With all composure lost, Nadia was a wreck, giving in to the natural instinct that told all animals to run when faced with a greater foe. But for all the good she thought it could do, the physical exertion only seems to seal the arrogant princess into the fate that she had designed for herself, the inescapable fate that awaited her as her clothes too, begin to change, lengthening to fit her enlarged frame as petite breasts begin to sag forth, bouncing and flailing around with each step until her lacey pink bra with salacious cutouts around the areola region melts into a slurry of liquefied thread, reforming into an encompassing, proper top for any modest woman out on a late night run, cupping the sizeable pair of C cup tits now hanging off of Nadia's chest, immediately put to the test as it's water resistant fibers work to keep out excess sweat excreted in waves through the taxed pores of the changeling's body as years worth of muscle memory work to jog it up to speed, ingraining the pain of pushing one's muscles to the maximum, surpassing limits multiple times. Until the searing ache in Nadia's calves and thighs vanish entirely with her skirt, as it too turns into a rippling mass that crawls down her broad hips in stark contrast to her blouse that had since been repurposed into a baggy running shirt, forming tear resistant, skin tight leggings that come to a stop just above her knees with trendy zigzagging neon stripes down the length of her thighs to serve as a warning for nocturnal travelers on the roadside.

With the majority of the physical changes complete as her polished shoes muddy themselves into well worn slip proof sneakers hugging larger, more stubby feet that still retained a measure of their former allure and cleanliness. Nadia was left a shell of her former self, stripped of everything that made her who she was as she continues to run unabated, unwilling to look at herself, convincing her spineless persona that this was all just a bad dream. Even as her deceptively innocent visage begins to warp and crack with slant, serpentine slits widening into alluring almonds framed by black lashes while her bloated lips lose their artificial pucker, returning to the natural, pert cushions her egotistical self considered insufficient. Serving as the final blow

that signals the true beginning of the end, gasping in a deeper, foreign voice, no longer that of the cocky highschooler she once was as a tingle in her brain stops her run short, leaving Nadia...no, a tall, well built tomboy standing still in the middle of an empty suburban street with a blank, vapid look on her face, panting heavily, plumes of steam rising off her sweat soaked body and clothes, unnoticed by passing men and women returning home from late shifts at work.

In an instant, her brain was scoured clean of everything Nadia, rendering her a complete stranger to the world temporarily. In a way, the cleansing wave had been the just hand of the world coming down to smite the wicked soul that it had been called to judge, burning her away in one singular swipe while leaving only the bare minimum behind, with which it would use to realize Ryan's wish of a different outcome in life; molding it like putty, reshaping it with fresh arcane energies that serve to conjure new memories to be slotted into place like the pieces of a puzzle on a mental canvas that could not be finished until the human to which it belonged to had lived out the rest of her new life as her empty irises ignite with the flare of intelligence, blinking slowly as her muddled vision clears up, allowing the newly born lady to move...but not before the bangles leftover from her former self shift to become a plain, pink shoulder strap, upon which a smartphone model from yesteryear manifests within, connected to sturdy wires that hook themselves up with the earbuds already nestled within her ears.

"Ugh...where even...am I? Wait, isn't this-tsk! Friggin' phone's on the fritz again...gotta get the volume slider checked out soon or it's gonna make me deaf one day..."

Clicking her tongue as she moves to lower the volume of the gentle rock tunes blasting into her ears, *Nadia* sighs before hopping on her heels, jogging on the spot to regain her lost momentum before gradually speeding up and bounding forward without trouble, shaking off the eerie feeling that she'd been running from something as the memory of leaving the house a little ways ahead for her evening run supersedes her unsubstantiated fears. Taking priority over her parents who must've been worried sick she'd been gone for almost two hours now...for it wasn't just Nadia that had been changed by Ryan's magical burst, but a whole bunch of others that had been in cahoots with the Nadia of old, including her parents who were ultimately the ones responsible



for raising her into becoming a spoiled brat with no conscience.

For one, they were no longer the cold, cunning corporate powerhouses they once were, having their ill gotten gains taken as they too, underwent drastic transformations into similar to their daughter, going unnoticed as they shifted in their office seats, transformed and ported through space until the father ended up on the couch in the living room of a humble little home along the suburbs while the wife goes from lecturing a poor underling to worrying about where her daughter could've gone despite her husband's assurances that she was more than capable of taking care of herself. With their removal from important places of power, new, competent heads were shifted in to replace them. Freeing the highschool Ryan and Nadia attended from corruption and negligence in turn, along with all the other businesses and institutions they had their grubby fingers hooked around. Not like they could remember any of that now that the magic was done putting them in their places, leaving them as nothing more than a simple married couple earning an honest wage as paper pushers.

As for Nadia herself, she was no longer a bratty, entitled gal. Instead, her brain was rife with the memories of a pure soul who loved life as it was, taking each day with gusto while working to perfect her bodily strength despite the naysayers after taking an interest in sports like badminton and volleyball, earning for herself a powerful form and vigor the likes of which rivaled those of the senior jocks on the football team at school despite her being a first year student. But because she'd spent so much time focusing on the pursuit of strength, her academics were atrocious, barely earning the grades necessary to crawl out of middle school much to her parents' relief and her embarrassment. She disliked being called a muscle brained fool but deep down, she knew it to be the cold hard truth. Fearing for her future if she couldn't buck up and get her grades on track in highschool.

Thankfully for her however, she had a certain someone by her side she'd stuck with since they met as kids in kindergarten considering they lived close enough to be considered neighbors, painting a warm, rosy blush on Nadia's pale cheeks as the memory of her crush drifts into mind, glancing meekly to her flank as she sprints by a house with the lights already off. Wondering what the occupant of the second floor bedroom was doing as her speed begins to slow once she passes by her neighbors home, coming to a stop with a squeak of the heels a good distance away in front of another comfy home...her home...

But her eyes remained fixated on the outer wall of the distant structure, the walls she knew stood between her and Ryan. Wondering if she really did deserve to harbor feelings for the young man. From a young age, she'd depended on him to help her study, just barely scraping by with her tests and exams while she didn't do much in return, simply doing as she pleased while Ryan did all the metaphorical heavy lifting, diverting time he could've spent learning new topics to teach her about stuff he undoubtedly already knew. It left her feeling conflicted on whether or not she'd make a good girlfriend, let alone a wife!

What if he preferred tender flowers who didn't have rugged bodies and 'ugly' muscles bulging all over? What if he liked intellectuals like himself over brutish gorillas?

"Gahhh!!! All this thinking's too hard! Why's it gotta be like th-"

"DIA!!! YOU'D BETTER GET IN HERE NOW!!!"

"O-Oh shit! I-I swear I wasn't doin' anything funny Ma! I just ran a little too far and didn't kn-ow! Not the ears!"

"Save the excuses for later young lady! You are in so much trouble! How many times have I told you not to stay out so late?!"

Pulling her into the house by her ears, Nadia's furious mother shuts the door behind her, deafening the friendly banter going on inside the house as the night goes on, and by the time the furious parent retreats back into the bedroom upstairs leaving her daughter with a swollen ear and a plate of freshly heated fried rice to mull over, the clock strikes eleven, leaving her with less than seven hours to sleep, barely the minimum to qualify for a good night's rest, and that didn't even count the time she would inevitably have to spend bathing before hitting the sack, moping about it as she stuffs spoon after spoon of warm rice and chicken slices into her idle maw in the dimly lit confines of the kitchen

With the return of some much needed peace, the troubled highschooler could once again draw her mind back towards her earlier train of thought, frowning as she continued to tussle with the idea of 'worth', hesitant to take the next step forward to kick off a full fledged relationship because of it, often times staring down at herself in a mixed look of disbelief and flustered embarrassment.

But the more she thought about the matter, the more ingrained the visage of Ryan seemed to root itself into her mind, taking shape from murky smoke until a younger, adolescent rendition of her crush stands in the kitchen before her, moving silently around the table, seemingly in the company of a second individual she couldn't see. All while each step taken seemed to age him up gradually until the air of childish naiveté leaves him entirely, becoming a proper young man dressed in their highschool uniform, bag slung under his shoulder with his signature smile plastered over his face, making Nadia in turn, break a wry grin as she reveled in her daydream, chomping on another mouthful of dinner.

Until a second individual takes shape from out of the mists of Nadia's mental overlay, forming slender legs protruding out of a thigh length pleated skirt, a neatly ironed blouse atop a slender figure with waifish arms branching to the sides, and a head with no clear facial details to make out who she was, but her hair was long and flowing, curling down to her rear in a soft curtain of intertwined silk. Latching herself around Ryan's free arm in a forward display of affection that leaves Nadia frozen, jaw agape as she watches the all too real

hallucinations of Ryan and the unknown woman walk out through the front door, phasing through the wood and leaving her alone in the silent kitchen.

"The hell's that all about...no way Ryan's got a girl already...has he? Y-Yeah! Guys a wimp...no way that's possible..."

The damage was done, and now Nadia was more scrambled than she had been before. Finishing up the rest of her meal with big gulps and gnashing teeth before stomping her way upstairs to go get washed up, visibly rattled by the idea of her crush being snatched away under her nose, throwing off her sweat drenched clothes with noticeable force as she steps into the cubicle, letting the cooling water from the showerhead above run through her naked body as she stands deadstill, eyes shut, breathing relaxed, hands motionless by her side; a meditative technique she'd picked up somewhere along the way on her quest for perfection. Taking deep breaths, holding them in her chest before gently releasing in a barely audible wisp out her nostrils.

Except tonight the technique didn't seem to do much as a frown breaks Nadia's expressionless face, before a guttural sigh and then a click of the tongue. Giving up on maintaining the stance as the angry tomboy moves to lather her hair with a particular harshness that made her hair jut out the way they always did thanks to her rough application of some really good shampoo.

But when the time came to move on to her body, the frustrated girl comes to a stop, hugging her arms close to her chest before looking up at the mirror built into the wall in front of her, staring at her reflection with an uneasy look while hesitant hands being to rake across her body, running over solid yet smooth shoulders, cupping her impressive bosom with mild curiosity before tracing the contours of her warm pecs, trickling rainfalls of water over her groin and pounding thighs. Wondering aloud the question that's been running through her head for a good long while now;

"Am I even good enough for-*mnff*!? Rya-*ngb*!"

Before her thoughts are interrupted once more by her over imaginative mind as it takes ahold of her again, warping her perception of reality as the vision of her crush returns, stepping out from somewhere off to the side before moving up close to her rear, except this time he was naked, shadowing her as he wraps his broad arms around her tight waistline and supple hips, ravishing them with firm arms while Nadia squeals like a frat girl, squirming in Ryan's ghostly embrace, wholly unaware that she was literally playing herself, standing alone in the shower with her hands wrapped around her own body, letting loose gentle sighs and sharp exhales whenever her dexterous digits scoured sensitive skin, flicking swollen nipples while hefting a breast, sliding an index finger down puckered lips while twitching legs buckle at the knees, unable to withstand the sudden rush of alien pleasure she'd never felt until now.

Entranced by the sight of a naked Ryan with an arm held over her right fit firmly with his other hand playing with her mouth, making her melt like any other girl would when held in the salacious embrace of their beloved. Nadia could do little to resist as she simply hung limp in his arms, letting him do as he pleased with her...until she collapses to her knees, slumping down in a sopping wet mess concealed by the running water above as she brings up a saliva slick hand with strings of it still attached to her shimmering lips, panting like a wanton ditz with a crimson glow beneath her cheeks and a subtle throbbing sensation between her shivering legs.

What followed after was complete silence as Nadia quickly excuses herself from the shower, walking with a hobble back towards her room wrapped in only her towel before tripping over a stray pillow lying on the floor of her messy room, slumping over the sheets with a thud, unwilling to get off and get herself dressed properly as the midnight chill sets in, freezing her to the bone as she laid there naked in the middle of the sheets.

She felt exhausted, both mentally and physically. Normally, she'd never have Ryan on the brain except for the moments when they were in school together considering they were lucky enough to share the same class. But now? Now she just couldn't seem to drop the idea of him from her mind, persisting like a repetitious bug in a rookie programmer's pet project well after the computer that ran it had shut off.

'What was all that about...why'd I even think that shit up...god...am I some kinda closet slut? No way...Ryan's not that sort of dude...not...that sorta...my...head...'

But as the last of her energy begins to fade, the cold embrace of sleep creeps over Nadia's troubled mind, coaxing her heavy eyelids shut and her shivering body to stillness, curling up into a fetal position with her legs bundled close to her chest, already snoring gently into the night as the remaining hours crawl by before the first rays of dawn's light shine across the city, bathing tiled roofs and cement pavements a bluish yellow. Signaling the start of a new day and the final one before everyone's favorite part of the week where they got to kick back and relax, roused from their slumber with just a tad bit of a pep in their steps.

Except for two individuals, one further down across the street as he awakens with dread in his heart and the other down the same stretch of road with an ethereal dagger stabbed into her brain, pushing off the sheets with woozy vision, struggling to get her uniform on before heading downstairs to her parents already gathered around the table, about to greet them with a hearty voice and a big smile like she always did every morning...

...before her vision suddenly snaps to black, coming to a few seconds later sideways on the floor, glimpsing her parents feet rushing forward towards her, panicked voices suddenly deafened by a strange blockage in her ears, feeling the faint sensation of hesitant hands running all over her as if they were too afraid to grasp at

her, only able to pick out bits and pieces of her mother yelling about how 'she's burning!' alongside her father's exasperated attempts to calm her.

But the rest would be lost to Nadia as her vision blacks out once more, never coming to again for the next few hours...

"Seriously...what the hell's wrong with everyone today...probably another of her plans again..."

Stomping on down the path leading back home on an arid Friday afternoon, Ryan was looking slightly better than he usually would after a day at school. Partially because this day had been unusual...in the sense that there hadn't been a single incident at all. No 'altercations' between thugs, no pranks, no name calling, and most importantly; no Nadia...

Ryan had been skeptical at first, wondering if everyone in school had been sworn into silence for another of her spectacles aimed at shaming him for something he didn't do. But there was nothing, no big prank, just a normal life at highschool where it seems normalcy had been restored overnight...

He'd slapped himself then during last period, turning heads as his classmates and math lecturer all stared wide eyed at an equally stunned Ryan, wondering if he was somehow caught in a lucid dream or something along those lines.

That had earned him the ire of the teacher, a particular grump both in and out of his perceived dream, tasking Ryan with the job of delivering Nadia's homework to her by day's end, with many of his classmates musing amongst themselves, saying startling things that only made him want to drown himself in the delusion that this was all indeed just a really bad dream.

'Ooo~ Teach has got the luvbirds string together again!'

'Heh, lucky bastard!'

Those insinuating words kept looping on endless repeat inside his mind, plaguing Ryan to no end as he kept trying to figure out a rational reason behind how freaky this Friday was turning out to be. For one, the address he'd been provided pointed to an empty residence a little further up the neighborhood he lived in. And last he checked, Nadia's parents lived the high life in some posh, private estate far off towards the edge of the city near the downtown area. Reinforcing his belief that this was all an elaborate joke to get him running in circles all for nothing.

Deep in thought, Ryan doesn't notice the incoming group of delinquents who instantly catch sight of him on the long stretch of vacant suburban road, cackling loudly as the leader of the bunch; a Blondie with her hair done up into a ponytail steps forward, shouting brazenly to get Ryan's attention.

"If it ain't the lil doofus! What? Don't got no protection now? Where'd the bitch go? She dump ya?!"

Howling with laughter to their bosses tune, Ryan could only rub his head in confusion. He recognized the girl; Nadia's right hand woman who seemed to be the brains behind the more elaborate plans. Although unlike the prim princess, he knew she loved to get physical, always finding some excuse or way she could land a good hit or two. A violent monster beneath a gorgeous facade meant to tempt people in, lulling them with a false sense of security. That was who Melissa was...or as her friends in their little clique knew her as; Mel.

More curiously though, was Nadia's latest boyfriend, Samuel, standing unusually close to Melissa. From what he heard, the crazed woman was so obsessive and full of self pomp she would have blown a lid if word of her own boyfriend sidling up to another girl got out. How strange...

But the thing she said earlier about protection piqued Ryan's attention over everything else, furrowing his brow even deeper in concern before deciding to try his luck with a question of his own before things got bad, swallowing the lump in his throat as he watched Melissa crack her knuckles while Samuel moved off to the side as if a man of his size could go by unnoticed for a flanking maneuver.

"A-And what about you? Where's *your* queen bitch? Didn't see her at school...and she's not with you...think she'd like it if she heard Samuel over here was getting awfully cozy with you?"

"Hah??? I'm '*queen bitch*' around these parts fag! And Sam's mine! Ain't that right stu-Sam! Behind ya!"

A slow nod and a wink was all Samuel could muster before a fist comes flying off to the right, clocking him right in the jugular with enough force to knock his lights out by the time the giant was flying through the air, landing on the pavement with a meaty crunch and a comical 'oof', leaving the rest of the gang in shock as their eyes widened in fear upon the sight of the steaming demoness standing in a domineering pose; arms akimbo with a straightened out back, claiming the spot where she'd knocked Samuel out with a single strike. Clearly not in the mood for games as she returned the rest of his friends fearful looks with a feral glare, gnashing her canines so hard even Ryan could hear them clacking against each other from where he stood, unsure if he should run or stand his ground against this new stranger.

It was more than enough of a message for them to get clear as Melissa runs forward, cursing under her breath with a hateful glare sent towards the tomboy's way, clicking her tongue in defeat once she knew her power



over the situation has been completely lost thanks to the untimely arrival of the school's 'guardian angel', growling at her like a mad dog.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! C'mon assholes! Stop gawking and help me lift Sam already!"

As the gang runs back down the street where they'd come from with an unconscious meatbag on their shoulders, Ryan snaps back to focus as he turns to face the young woman who looked a tad bit older than him. Dressed as if she was just about to go out for an afternoon jog, Ryan's eyes instantly gravitated over her powerful physique, swallowing at the sight of bulging muscle layered over almost the entirety of her slim, surprisingly well endowed figure. Gulping once he'd realized he was staring too hard as he returns his gaze skyward to return her stare as she turns to focus her attention on him now that the minute threat Melissa and her lackeys posed was dealt with.

Except her face seemed to have lost most of its animalistic rage, softening to the point where he could almost swear there was some hint of affection in those wide brown irises of hers, glistening in the sunlight as she jogs over with a beaming smile on her flushed face as if beating down one of the school's strongest thugs was nothing major to her, unnerving the comparatively weaker Ryan despite all the spare time he'd put into training himself up.

"Ryan! What're ya doin' all the way back here man? Thought you'd still be at school!"

"R-Ryan? Wait, d-do I know you from somewhere?"

"Gahah! You've gotta be joking right? It's me! Nadia? Your best friend since...fer ever! C'mon don'tcha-shit! Ryan!"

With a hearty clap over the back with miscalculated strength, the overeager, visibly flustered tomboy sends an unprepared Ryan landing face first into the pavement, totalling him just like she had done with Samuel seconds earlier.

It all happened so fast, the poor man barely had time to process the name of the bitchy brat who had it out for him before his vision instantly spins sideways before blacking out as his forehead cracks against the prickly pavement, knocking his lights out with the fading cries of his name ringing in his ears as he drifts off to the shadow realm.

Before coming to with a start and a sharp pain in his brow to greet him, hearing a soft chuckle from his side as he slowly turns, finding himself wrapped up snug and tight at home in bed, watched over by his mother as she gives his shoulder an affirming rub with the faintest sign of relief in her eyes.

"How are you feeling dear? No dizziness? Any headaches?"

"N-No...just...burns...my forehead...like someone just slapped me over the head with a belt...what happened Ma? I was outside just a second ago..."

"Hmm, so you don't remember...dear Dia brought you over looking all scared like a pup just a few hours ago. Said you 'hit your head on the floor'...though the look she had on her face while explaining how you got injured...something tells me you two were up to some wild horseplay again, yes? Ahh, you two haven't changed a single bit since you met back in the nursery~"

"D-Dia? As in...Nadia? M-Ma, you're joking right? Since when have she and I-"

"Nonsense! You two have stuck closer than siblings would ever since you sweet young'uns met in that nursery all those years ago! Believe me my dear, I was there...as were her parents. My, you must've hit your head harder than I thought...are you sure you're alright? You should know Dia better than anyone else. After all~ you spend all your free time helping her with her studies...if you're not careful, you might just make my wish for a daughter in law come true!"

"D-Daughter in...Ma!"

"Ufufu! I'm just joking...though you might want to go and talk to Dia if you've got the energy to shout, she didn't look too happy bringing you in like that. I hope you at least remember where her house is?"

"Yeah...of course I do...just a block down the left side of the street!"

"Right dear...to your right...now go and get em...she hasn't been looking alright lately, and as a man, it's your duty to make sure your lady friends are alright!"

Retreating out of the room before Ryan could continue arguing with his mischievous mother, the befuddled student was left to ponder what just happened, collecting all the tidbits of information he'd been drip fed over the passage of this most unique Friday, piecing it all together before his eyes widen in further realization while gazing out upon the red tinged streets of an evening neighborhood.

"It can't be...all those times I said those things...It couldn't be!"

Stumbling out of bed before powering up his desktop, the intrigued student does a quick search on Nadia's parent's company, bringing up a nul besides some other miscellaneous results. Leaving Ryan stumped before he swivels his chair to grab his bag, peeling out the stack of homework he was supposed to deliver to retrieve his phone, unlocking the thing before pouring through all his contacts, only to realize his mother...no, everyone, had been right.

Instead of the usual list of endless death threats, all the anonymous contacts were deleted. Replaced by a familiar name displayed above a contact number he shouldn't even have in the first place, containing a detailed history of calls, messages and other such exchanges between a clone of himself and a version of Nadia that was a complete stranger compared to the Nadia he'd known for almost an entire year now. Instead of the redheaded walking scandal, he saw a boneheaded yet softhearted dork in the heart of whoever sent these messages.

"If this is all real...then the wish really did come true..."

Somehow, he'd bent reality with a few simple words uttered every night before going to sleep, hoping things would change for the better when he next awoke...and they had. Nadia's entire family had been presumably changed, no longer the ruthless tycoons they once were, humbled and set in their place by the powers that made this all possible. Altering their standing in the world from hostile foes to long time friends with the implications of there being something deeper going on between the two of them...

From what he read, he could very well tutor someone with whatever subject they might need help with, but romance? That was a foreign concept to Ryan, leaving him worried and anxious about this new development. A figurative wrench thrown into the machine that was his life to replace the previous one that had just been removed.

Here he was, faced with an entirely new backstory he had no memory of and could only reference off of using text messages. And now he had a childhood friend with the hots for him...and said childhood friend had once been a slutty gal who saw nothing but trash whenever she gazed upon folk like him...

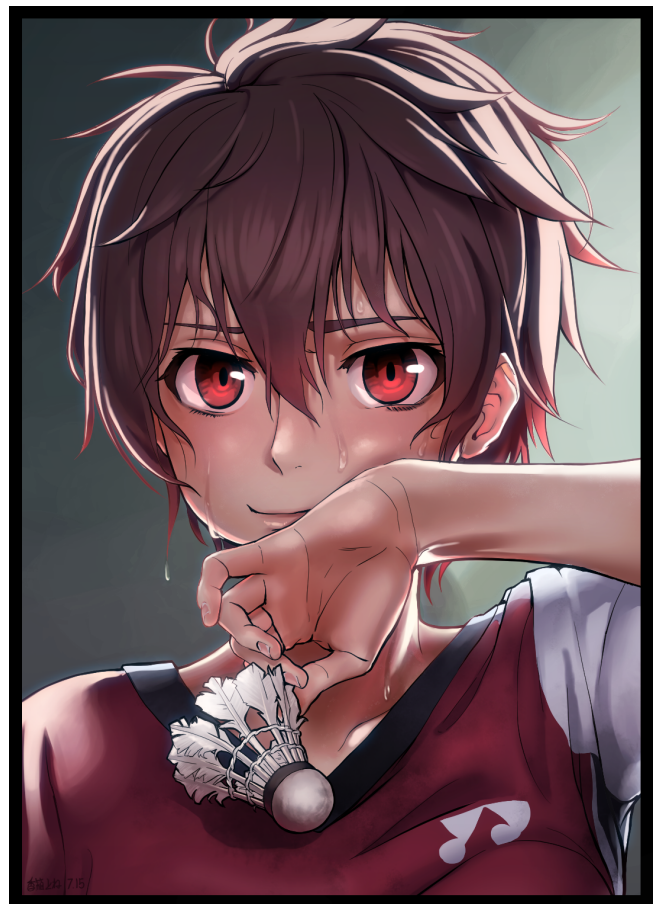
"How the hell am I supposed to do this? S-She's probably gonna clobber me if I say something even remotely off!"

Despite the fear of being punched in the face full force like poor Samuel had as the memory of Nadia's new capability to inflict unimaginable damage with her fists resurfaces in his mind, a part of him was beginning to come around to the idea of being involved in a relationship...plus it wasn't as if he really was in one right now. From what people said, it sounded like a one sided thing currently...and if he'd have to guess who held these tight knit feelings close to heart without coming forward...it would be none other than Nadia herself, turning in his seat so that he could turn to look out the window that offered a vantage point over the surrounding streets, spotting the tomboy his nemesis had been transformed into playing badminton by herself, smacking the shuttlecock with all her might high into the sky, waiting for it to come back down before doing so again and again.

She moved with a finesse he'd never seen before even amongst the other sports club aces. Balancing her weight on each foot so perfectly she practically glided across the concrete, evidently torturing the rubber soles of her shoes as they squeaked and screamed in protest to Nadia's professional plays.

Unlike her former self, whose appearance only stirred sinful emotions within the hearts of men, Ryan couldn't help but be drawn in by the zeal she displayed, even during what he could see was a simple stress venting session. Never missing a shot with no intent on doing so as she continues to juggle the shuttlecock with perfect accuracy.

Until their eyes meet just as Nadia lunges forward to catch a stray shot, causing Ryan's heart to skip a beat as his mouth opens midway to mouth a silent 'crap', only to watch the trained athlete twist her ankle, swooping in low to with her free hand snatching up the feathery thing before it could hit the floor, pirouetting on one foot so fast and elegant it was like watching a dance maneuver. Shooting a stunned Ryan a cheeky smile as Nadia wipes the sweat off her cheeks, dangling the beaten shuttlecock between her dainty fingers. A definite improvement over her old self...she'd become someone truly incredible.



With her performance done, Nadia signs over to Ryan, surprising him somewhat as she formed a slow, clumsy series of hand signs that seemed to ask if his head was alright, looking down in shame as she

mimicked a slapping gesture. Returning a slowly signed response, Ryan tried to assure her that it was alright, telling her to continue their chat on mobile, to which she nods like a puppy, looking moderately more cheerful now as she turns to sprint back inside her home, presumably to get to where she'd stashed her phone.

And not a minute later did his phone beep with a new message, looking over to see a new popup in Nadia's tab, swallowing the lump in his throat as he picks up the thing with shaky hands to read what she had sent, unable to help the sigh that slips free of his lips as he reads through it;

[Sorry bout earlier x~x , clocked u too hard...actually fell sick today, s'why I didn't go 2 school...Mel and the others didn't bother u on the way here, did they?]

[Nah, they didnt...didnt show up to school either, just happened to run into them earlier while delivering your homework. You said you were sick?! You shouldn't be running all over the place if you're not well...get some rest soon okay? Nice catch there btw.]

[Thx ^^ ! But I don't wanna do homework... x~x]

[If you've got the strength for badminton, then you've got some for math and history...]

[Don't wanna... -3-]

Freezing for a moment before shaking aside his hesitation, Ryan wills his fingers forward, following his mother's advice as he types out his reply to Nadia, waiting with bated breath as he hits Send, noticing that she too had gone awkwardly silent until the dots symbolizing her activity returns a good two minutes later.

[If you can't figure it out...want me to come over and help? It is a weekend after all...]

[Jeez...Ur perseestent...fine ~~, but...could u come over tonite? There was something I needed help with last night...it's that bio thing we Mr Kelvin taught us last week.]

[Biology? And it's spelt; persistent...gotta remember that for next week's English test Dia...]

[Ya ya I got it...c u soon?]

[Yep...be over with the papers once I wash up.]

Planting his phone face down on the table, Ryan exhales, slapping himself on the cheeks before rising up from his chair, ready to wash up and get out to face this brave new world of his own making. Unaware of the sticky situation he'd gotten himself into as he heads outside. Thanking his lucky stars or whatever it was that had been listening to him the night before.

Meanwhile, in the second floor bedroom within the home directly opposite from Ryan's, Nadia sits frozen at the foot of her bed, phone pressed up tight to her bosom while spouts of steam escape her forehead in visible plumes, a result of her ongoing fever being fueled by the embarrassment of what she'd just typed out and sent to Ryan, wondering if he caught the meaning behind it or if he really did think she needed help with biology...which she technically did, but that's besides the point.

"I actually got him to come over...Ryan's comin' over!"

With a final burst of steam, Nadia excitedly hops off the bed, scrambling to make sure everything was neat and tidy before Ryan arrived. While her insecurities remained, the tomboy was feeling strangely empowered today despite the crippling fever that knocked her out for most of the morning. If anything, it felt like the guiding hand of fate was pushing her, telling her that if there was a time for confessions, then this was it.

She'd do it; tell Ryan how she really felt tonight. Empty her heart out and see if he would reciprocate her feelings in turn. Although it wasn't a definitive outcome, Nadia couldn't help but feel good, that all would be well by the time the day was over and the two would be crowned a couple, squealing as she went about her business cleaning up the room, before a wry grin breaks her innocent smile, recalling the events of last night and wondering if she could turn that into a reality as well once she had Ryan inside her room, snug and cozy.

"Nah...no need ta rush things...after all...there's still the weekends...right Ryan~"

THE END