

As the rain poured down onto the empty streets, Harper walked alone, her pink hair cascading down her back in damp tendrils. She was lost and unsure of her place in the world, her thoughts fixated on a folk tale that had captivated her imagination for as long as she could remember. A place where a magical fruit grew that would grant women the gift of immense beauty and curves.

Harper pulled her hoodie over her head, her thoughts consumed by the legend. "The Cradle of Creation," she whispered to herself. "That's where I'm meant to be. Someplace that's not here. Someplace warm." She kicked rocks along the road as the distant smell of barbecue filled her nostrils. "Fruit that makes me more beautiful. Heh..." Harper barely believed it herself, but she had been searching for this place for a long time.

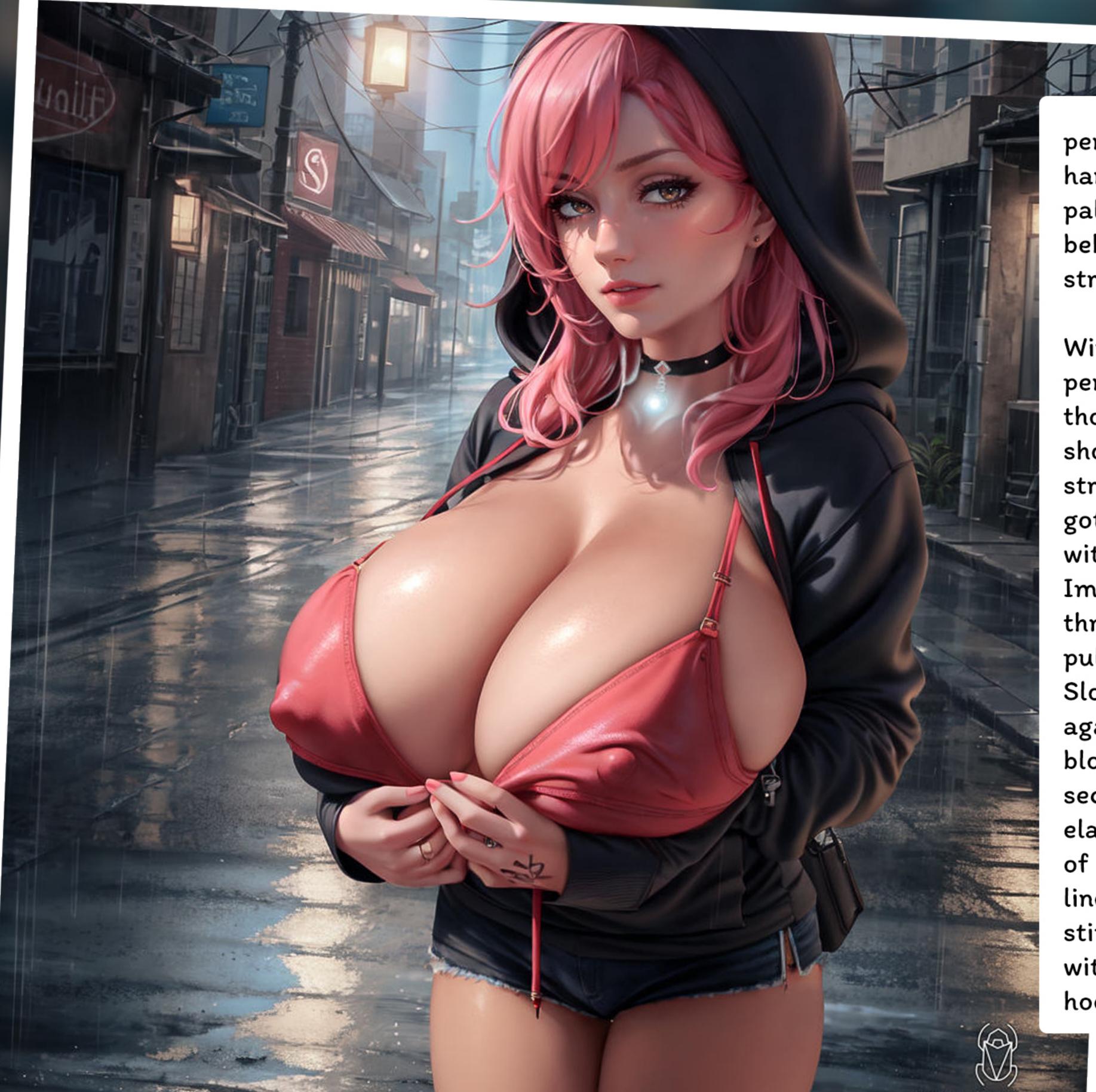
"I'm such an airhead," Harper exhaled with a soft chuckle, aware that she had



been wandering around lost in thought again. "Flat-chested and alone. Figures. Always alone." She longed to change that about herself, to find her place and be confident in it. To be something special and make her mark on the world.

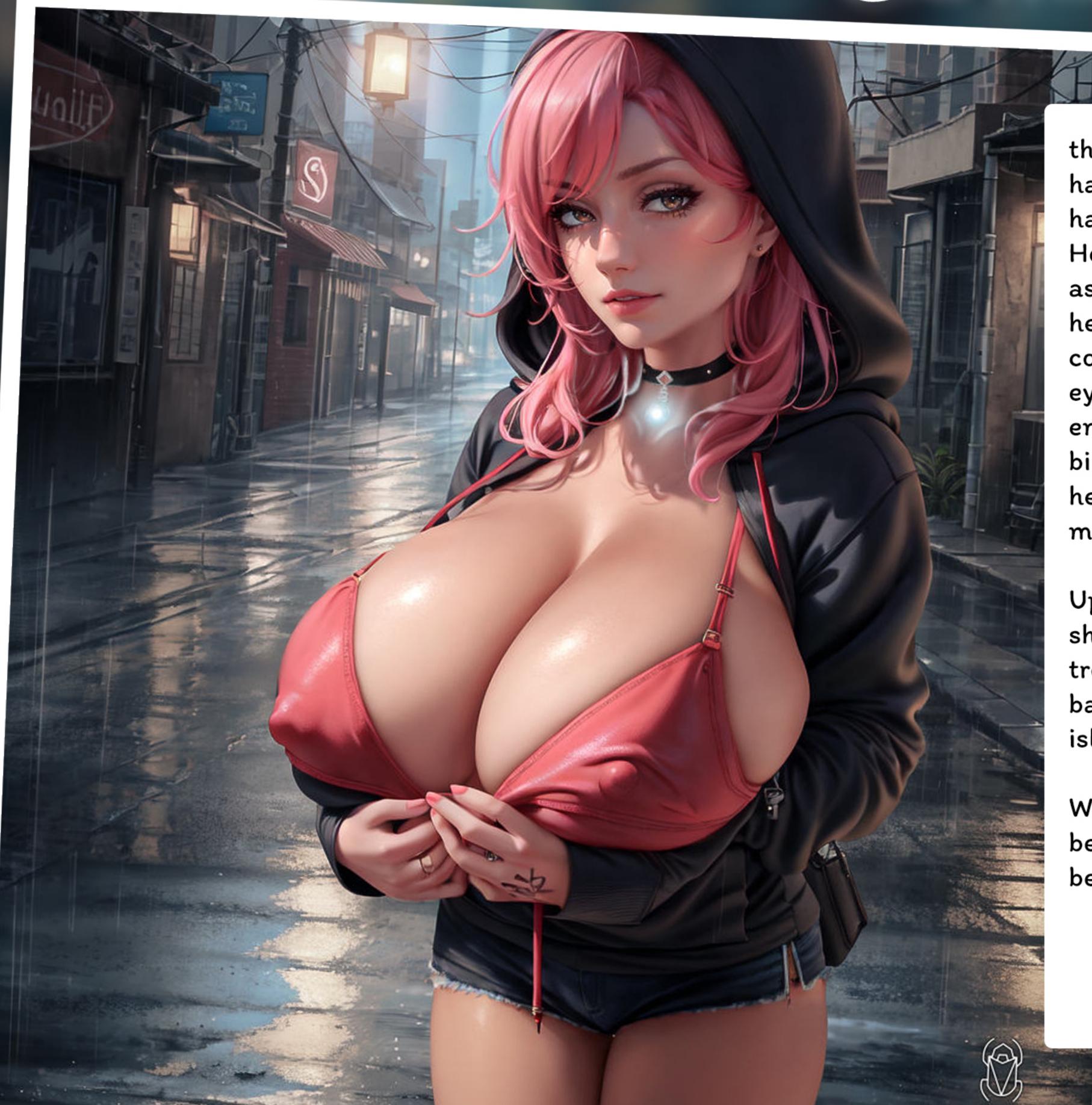
She was startled by the sound of shifting pebbles. Out of nowhere, a voice spoke up behind her. "Excuse me, miss. I couldn't help but notice that you seem lost. I have something that might help you." She turned to see a mysterious stranger holding out a small, intricately designed pendant.

"I-I don't have any money," she stammered, waving her hands in front of her face as she took a few steps back from the man. "Your search is over." His hand shook as he held out the pendant, raindrops hitting the silver trim that decorated it. It was beautiful. She hesitated. "M-My search?" He nodded with a warm smile and moved the



pendant closer to her. She opened her hands and he quickly dropped it into her palm before turning away, disappearing behind the density of the rain. "What a strange fellow," she thought to herself.

With hesitation, Harper inspected the pendant. Her mind was a whirlwind of thoughts and doubts, wondering if she should trust this odd gift from a stranger in the rain. But her curiosity got the better of her, and she decided, with conviction, to put it on. Immediately, a warmth spread throughout her body, a sensation that pulled her away from the rain, mentally. Slowly, her curves began to press against her hoodie and jeans, blossoming larger and larger by the second. It didn't take long before her elation shifted to concern as the limits of her clothing became apparent. Taut lines in the fabric grew stiffer and stiffer, her skin pressing painfully within their confines before, POOF! Her hoodie split in half. "D-Did it rip?!" She



thought to herself, but no. Her apparel had been replaced with a hoodie that had a zipper traveling down the front. Her huge breasts jiggled and bounced as they jutted out so much further from her chest than her modest B-cups ever could have. She couldn't believe her eyes. Just as the concern for modesty entered her mind, a matching pink bikini top materialized on her, covering her rain-kissed nipples. "No way..." she muttered in disbelief.

Upon closer inspection of the pendant, she noticed an intricate design of a tropical island with a volcano in the background. It looked similar to the island in the folk tale!

With a new bounce in her step, Harper became determined to find the truth behind "The Cradle of Creation."

To be continued?...



































