

CONTENT WARNING

The text below is, by its intent, explicit in nature. It is **unrated** and **for mature audiences only**. This is neither intended nor suitable for *any* minors, nor adults that do not want to be exposed to descriptions of non-realistic sexual intercourse in a fantasy setting. It is your own choice and responsibility if you continue reading.

I'll break it down for those hard of understanding:

Non-realistic — The things described herein do **not** work in the real world. Not At All! And by that, I mean “not at all”. Just like you can't turn a frog into a prince, there's no way to turn the plain maid into a big-chested princess by blowing her up. You'll just end up with pieces of dead plain maid all over the room. So, don't even for a second think about it. I can't believe I'm actually writing this. It's like having to say, “hey, you know, broomsticks don't really fly, so you better not grab one and jump out the window, m'kay?” Are there really people that stupid out there? Gosh, I hope I never meet one of those.

Sexual intercourse — Two or more people of the same or different sex and legal age, doing *teh nastay* together. Ask yourself, and be honest: *Do You **Want** To Read About That? **Should** you read about that? Are you **legally entitled** to read that? If “No”, then What Are You Doing Here?*

Fantasy setting — Far, far away in a mirror universe. Faery tale. Magic. Wizardry. Totally made up. Out of this world. In other words, restating the obvious: *Do Not Try This At Home!*

Connie's Weed

A Four-Part Story In One PDF by Paul Gerard (*a pen name*)

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The World: Altaerna – where the laws of reality may become mere guidelines at any given time, where magic and machinery are intertwined, where all those things creeping in the shadows of fantasy may step forward onto the mind's stage.

Apart from that, it's not so different from ours. This story unfolds in a time close to our own.

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Part 1 — Blooming Bosoms

Biology student Cornelia “Connie” Prince rediscovers an old secret, and Marge, her feisty kinda-sorta BFF, soon learns that the shy, bookish girl carries quite a lot of baggage...

Proof-reading: kindly provided by Apple (*not the company!*)

Obscure musical reference:

“Your poison / running through my veins ...” — Alice Cooper, Poison

Chapter 1: Prelude

The subdued clearing of a female throat reverberated through the silence in the tall biology hall of the university's museum and made the attendant at the desk raise his head. The girl's posture was as meek and uneasy as her voice sounded.

"Uh, Mister, sorry, didn't want to disturb you, but don't you think that showcase is too small for the plant over there? It seems pretty fragile, and I was just wondering..."

He measured up the nervous young woman in the worn jeans and oversized sweater that hung like a wet blanket on her slim and tall frame. She obviously had strayed from the small flock of students gathering around the new exhibit. He sighed, lifted his considerable weight from his office chair, and followed her over. Even a cursory glance revealed that the glass box and its contents hadn't changed since his shift had started. He looked at the girl with a total lack of comprehension.

"I'm sorry? It's got plenty room."

“But the blossom is all but squeezed against the glass, there, don’t you see?” she insisted uneasily, clutching her notepad to the vague possibility of breasts on her chest while brushing her long, straight, ash-blond hair from her face.

“Blossom? What blossom—” He stooped to check again, but moments later straightened up and looked at the whole group of twenty-something students. “Oh right. Har har. Miss, aren’t you too old to pull a childish trick like that? Seriously.” He shook his head and walked back to his desk, muttering under his breath.

“What the hell, Connie?” Pearl slapped the back of the gal’s head with her flat hand and sent Cornelia’s strawy, blond hair flying. “You high or what? Gosh, you’re *such* an embarrassment! Get yourself a pair of glasses, blind mole.” She angrily readjusted her clothes around her own impressive rack. The sudden move and subsequent swinging had caused undue wrinkles in the cloth and disturbed her flawless appearance, and *that* was something she tolerated about just as well as being seen with *embarrassing* people.

“But it’s — wait, you can’t see it either?”

“You can’t see it either?” the curvy, tall brunette mocked her while she reflexively pulled out a handkerchief and wiped her palm clean of any traces of *nerd* she might’ve caught from Connie. She leaned in and hissed, “See *what*? That stupid weed? If I didn’t need these last few points to make it, I wouldn’t be bumming around here at all! Some of us have to work *hard* to earn their grades and don’t have time to play pranks, you dweeb!”

The other girls hesitated but for a moment, then they slowly sided with their undeclared leader and cast equally annoyed glances at

Connie. Even Marge, the closest thing to a best friend that she had, just shrugged and shook her head. Connie gulped, then she put her arms akimbo and straightened up, spitting the words of her frustration boiling over straight into Pearl's shocked face:

“Yeah, *right*. That's rich, coming from someone whose weekly *coiffeur* bill could pay my groceries for a whole *month*, you arrogant, self-righteous *bitch*! I've *earned* my marks, I don't get them because daddy's a big donor! *I'm* not the one with a personal career coach or a cozy board member seat waiting in daddy's company! *I'm* not the one who just *plays* the student in between executive breakfast and dinner party! You know you'll make the grade, it's just a matter of A or B, right? Would it kill you if for once you'd be less than perfect?” She grabbed the sleeve of Pearl's twin set. “Ooh, I'm so *sorry* for being an eyesore to you. *Not!* Look at you! You're the *only* one here whose duds cost more than the tuition fee! You think I'm an embarrassment? Well, *I get sick* every time I see you in another of your 'street chic girl student' *performances!*”

At least that's what Connie *wished* she'd said and done, later on, in the solitude of her bed. In reality, she once again did what she did best: she blushed and fell silent.

When the study group left the room, she looked back over her shoulder. There it *was*, a fragile stem carrying a flower with bright white, almost glowing petals. She saw it, plain as day.

* * *

“Connie! Hey, Connie! Over here! Hurry up!”

Marge waited by the tall wooden doors in the museum's lobby and waved to her. The rest of the group had dispersed already. The short raven laid her arm around Connie's narrow shoulders, gave her a quick shake and smiled.

"You okay? Haven't seen Popular Pearl snap into instant asshole mode like that for quite a while. Then again, you gotta admit you've been acting a little weird in there."

A shy smile crept on Connie's face. Marge's blunt talk always managed to lighten her mood.

"I didn't act *weird*. I guess she was envious," was her mumbled reply.

Marge laughed. "*Suuuure*. Lemme check where you've got an advantage: Money? *Errrt*. Smashing looks? *Errrt*. Car? Horse? House? Rich daddy? *Ert. Errt. Errrt. Errrrt*. Brains? *Ding!* Hey, score one, but she's got hooters where you've got straight A's, so: *Errrt*. Sorry, Connie. No rich bitch society darling cookie for *you*. You're stuck with me.

"Oh come on, could be worse. Want me to punch her on the nose next time I see her? I could totally deck her for you."

"*Marge!* This isn't Kindergarten any more. She'd probably sue your ass off. You *can't* afford any more trouble with the law, and you know it."

* * *

As they stepped outside into the chilly spring air and walked down the large marble steps towards the park, Marge pulled up the

reluctant zipper on her old leather jacket. Chrome studs and sewn-on badges with obscure band names covered that last remainder of her high school punk chick days. She was two years older than Connie, yet they had finished high school together. Marge's considerable record of misconduct had something to do with that. How exactly the odd day-and-night couple had ended up being friends, none of them could say. It had started a few years ago when Connie the mousy, bookish beanstalk earned a little pocket money by giving extra lessons for failing students. One of them was a round-faced, spike-haired, spunky raven with an attitude, with too much eye shadow, too little cloth and too much leather to her clothes and too loud a taste in music. The girl wasn't stupid, Connie quickly learned, she just got bored too fast. They gradually had hooked up, one complementing the other's defects. Connie, literate, shy and the type of blonde destined to end up as the *non*-sexy librarian, with her gray hair in a bun and sharing her overly tidy flat with a bunch of cats, always looked up to Marge, envying the girl's up-'n-at-it demeanor while vicariously enjoying the things Marge did for real, like boys, booze, and partying. And Marge had finally found someone she could patronize, and who tried to talk some sense into her when *more* threatened to become *too much*.

They had survived high school, and, for whatever reasons, they ended up with an overlapping schedule of courses at the same university. Now they were in their second year, and, predictably, it was Marge failing all over again and Connie being there for the rescue. Connie hadn't managed a lot of socializing with any of the other students, sticking to her books and raking in the A+'s instead. Marge, on the other hand, hung around with the easy crowd. On the few occasions where Marge had coaxed Connie into joining their

regular bar-hopping, it was Connie who ended up either as the designated driver or the awkward, quiet wallflower, or both.

Connie secretly suspected that Marge saw studying as nothing more than an annoying thing that came as the price for the fun-filled weekends. Marge could easily afford her lifestyle because her parents lived under the delusion that their dog-collar-and-eyeshadow-wearing daughter was some kind of rebellious prodigy, and their purses made sure their brat had a small but nice rented condo of her own. They still sent Connie a paycheck for tutoring Marge, too, and it really helped to keep her above the waterline. Her tiny kitchen, bed- and bathroom flat at the nearby student's hostel would've comfortably fit into Marge's living room.

* * *

Connie stopped Marge, pushing her flat hand against her friend's slight paunch. Even though Marge still worked out and kept in shape, she had no inclination to overly chasten herself. Her body had moved towards "somewhat curved".

"Hey, watch it. Don't step into that mess of berries."

"Thanks, didn't notice at —"

Marge looked down, then raised her head again and stared at her friend.

"— Hey, what are you talking about?"

"Oh come on," sighed Connie. "I don't need that now. It was bad enough that Pearl made me feel like a freak, don't rub it in!"

“Popular Pearl? Forget about her. There are what, a couple o’ thousand students at this university? At least half of them are worse freaks than you, you’re not standing out. But seriously, Earth to Connie. What. Are. You. Talking. About?”

Connie knelt down, grabbed a handful of the pearly white berries and cupped the little pile in her palm. “Here! Gods, have you gone blind or what?” She picked a soft, plump one with thumb and forefinger and held it in front of Marge’s face.

Her study mate had the uneasy frozen smile of someone recognizing sudden lunacy in their counterpart. “Connie? Are you practicing for a pantomime? Come on, *you’re* supposed to be the sane one. You’re starting to worry me. *What* berries?”

Connie’s stomach shrunk to a ball of ice. “S—seriously? Here, hold out your hand, tell me you can feel *that*.” She dropped them into Marge’s palm. One or two rolled over the edge of her hand and fell to the ground.

“Feel? I don’t feel a thing!”

Connie grabbed her hand and forced it close. Gelatinous glowing ooze squeezed out between Marge’s fingers.

“Uh-huh? You feel *that*, don’t you?”

Marge opened her hand. Her palm was now dripping with the luminiferous juice, but she showed no sign of noticing it. She didn’t even wipe it off. Instead, she put her hands to her hips and stained her denims with glowing drops and lumps that slowly crawled down over the fabric. Connie just stared in disbelief. Marge shook her head.

“Sorry, should I play along or what? You’ve got to tell me if you’re practicing method acting, girl. It’s unnerving if you don’t let me in on the joke. Hey, listen, Danny’s going to pick me up at seven.” She winked and rocked her hips back and forth. “He’s ripe now, I’m a-gonna do some serious *Unnh-unnh* tonight, y’know? So, could we move our catch-up learning to this afternoon now, you’ve got time for the biolo—”

“It’s no joke!” howled Connie, grabbed another handful of the berries and mashed them into Marge’s face. Backing away, Marge coughed and flailed at her. Stooping and wiping her face, she spat out.

“A-hah!” Connie triumphantly declared. “*Now* you—”

“You crazy piece of shit!” hollered Marge and slapped her hard. Connie stumbled to the floor. “That’s too much! Are you completely mad now? Feeding me dirt?! Calm down and snap out of it, or I’ll call your family and tell them that the finals have you going bonkers! Fine, I’m going to study alone, you nutcase! Your fault if I flunk again!”

“No, Marge, I—,” Connie began, holding her throbbing cheek, but her friend already stomped away. A few passers-by in the distance looked in her direction. She clambered to her feet, trembling in shock at Marge’s outburst and embarrassment over the scene she had caused.

Am I seeing things? Am I really going nuts? But they’re — they’re real! They’re all around here, they’ve fallen from that bush.

She reached out for the branches, but they withered and *melted* into dispersing wisps of fog at the touch of her hand. Berries rained down, suddenly devoid of support.

Oh gods, I'm hallucinating!

Panic grabbed her. Her breath raced, and her fingers started to tingle.

Calm down. Calm down! Don't freak! Don't faint! Don't make more of a scene! Breathe into something.

She threw frantic glances around, pressing her splayed cold fingers on her mouth.

Plastic bag, anything —

Chapter 2: The Mystery

“Marge, listen to me.”

Connie leaned against the door frame and stooped towards the grill of the inter phone. Her fingers fidgeted with her coat's zipper. The reply from the cheap speaker was distorted, both by electronics and by quite some residual anger in Marge's voice.

“Unless you came to apologize, I'm *not* listening!”

“Marge, please. I'm sorry, all right? I shouldn't have rubbed your face into those ... oh please, let me in. I've got something you've just *got* to take a look at! Come on, you're the only one I can talk to.”

A short delay. A stagy sigh followed, then the line went dead with a *click*, and moments later, the lock buzzed. Connie pushed the door open.

* * *

Marge waited in the kitchen. Connie couldn't believe her eyes. On the floor, over the walls, on the table and the sink — Marge's hand

and foot prints were everywhere. It was painfully obvious that she was not able to see the pale, fading glow.

What am I? What kind of freak am I? Connie wondered. She hesitated.

“All right, what is it?” barked Marge. “Danny totally didn’t deliver yesterday, so I’m kinda pissed off for starters!”

Connie shrunk and blushed, but then she pulled herself together and dropped a small, taut plastic bag on the table. It rolled over, and something like marbles moved under the thin foil.

“Here.”

“O—*kay*. A bag. Wow. *Underwhelmed*. What’s that, you want to make some stupid joke about how you’ve got your marbles back? What now?”

“Open it, and look inside. Reach inside.”

Marge’s eyes narrowed.

“If that’s another one of your silly tricks, Connie, I swear I’ll slap you so hard, you’ll—”

“Just do it,” and, after a sigh, Connie added with a desperate look on her face, “please?”

* * *

Marge untied the string around the plastic pouch and looked inside. Empty. Empty, *but still taut*. She hesitated. Then she turned it upside down and watched as it spilled *something* over the table,

because it grew flatter and wrinkled. And then she dropped it on the table and turned pale when the light bag came to a rest *above* the table and hung in mid-air.

Or rather, on the heap of berries that she couldn't see.

“Oh gods. You — you were right. There is *something* on the table. Those berries again? And you c—can see them?”

She turned so pale that her face against the white wall behind her seemed almost as transparent as the berries on the table.

“You stuffed a handful in my *mouth!* They're not poisonous, *are they?*”

Connie gulped. “I — I don't think so.”

“You *don't think so?! Great! Why?!?*”

Connie held her hand over her mouth and whispered, shuddering inside, “Because that was yesterday, and you're s—still alive.”

Marge mutely moved her jaw a few times, then she rolled her eyes, her eyelids fluttered shut and she collapsed like a marionette with cut strings. Connie barely managed to catch her in time. The weight of her friend's limp body dragged her down to the floor as well, but at least she turned their fall into a more gentle roll. They ended up with Marge's heavy, warm weight pinning Connie to the floor and Marge's head resting on Connie's flat bosom. The motionless, half-opened lips stuck to the first sliver of skin showing above Connie's neckline. A thin trickle of Marge's warm saliva wormed down the tiny mound of Connie's left breast. She shivered

and hesitated before she applied the often-ingrained First Aid routines to her friend.

* * *

“Marge? You okay? Keep calm. I’ve got you.”

The boyish girl blinked and struggled to her elbows. Connie knelt by her legs and held her ankles and her feet in a raised position in her lap. Marge reached for her head and rubbed her throbbing temples.

“I — yes, I think I’m okay. Did I just faint — obviously.” She took a deep breath. “That’s just too weird. What — are you crying?”

Connie sniffed. “Yeah. I’m just so glad that — now at least I can show those things *are* real and that I’m not delirious.”

* * *

They sat across the table with the floating bag between them.

Marge shook her head. “A plant that people can’t see. I’ve never heard of that.”

“Well, it’s sort of an invisible plant. And kinda rare. Who’d notice it?”

“No, no, no. They showed it at the museum. So *someone* noticed.”

“No, I don’t think so. Didn’t you read the sign? Durability of seeds? I checked. They had it there because they found those seeds in a wooden box from some seventeen-hundred-umpteenth expedition.

Then they threw it out onto a heap of old industrial slag from the excavation for the new building, and it was supposed to end up in a landfill. There was some delay with that, so the heap stayed here, and come last spring, they sprouted, and only *then* someone noticed. Maybe those plants, they somehow — I don't know. They might've sucked up something from the earth, and it worked like fertilizer."

"Okay, so you want to play this like a private biology tutoring or what? You even dragged *books* along?"

Connie shook her head. "No. Those books — see what I found at the library."

She dragged a tome from her backpack. "Plants in old drawings, page seventy-five. The *rare glowpetal*, extinct. Extinct, my ass!"

Marge smirked. "*Ooh*, Connie! I don't think I ever heard you curse aloud like that before. Oh come on, don't blush now!"

"R—right." Connie gulped and needed a few seconds until she was back up to speed.

"A—as I said, that's exactly how I see that weed. And, see, this one—," she flipped open another earmarked book and handed it to her friend, tapping on another drawing. Marge cocked her head.

"*Rare flatleaf*. Like the glowpetal, but without the stem and the — gosh, *that's the plant from the museum!*"

Connie nodded. "So that's how *you* see it."

"Yeah, me and the rest of the world, obviously. So this book was by someone who had eyes like yours, and that one—"

“Don’t laugh now, but I think that’s some kind of magical plant.”

Marge didn’t exactly *laugh*. Rather, she cackled and whinnied, almost toppling with her chair as she threw her head in her neck. Connie crossed her arms and looked away petulantly.

“Yeah, har-de-har. How funny.”

“Oh come on! A,” Marge drew little quotation marks in the air with her fingers and lowered her voice, “*maaaagical* plant.” She tapped her index finger against Connie’s forehead. “This day and age? Miss Einstein, I told ya, you need to finally get rid of all of those unicorns and rainbows posters in your bedroom! You’ve been sleeping through your history classes? The closest thing to magic was the free-energy gold rush of the early 1800’s, and all of that went belly-up big time by 1870 because it got depleted and rare and nobody could afford it any m...”

Connie virtually *saw* how Marge hatched some idea. She had been on the receiving end of Marge’s ideas enough times already, so she cocked her eyebrow.

“Marge, what are you thinking about? You’ve got that look again.”

“Heeey — that plant, maybe it’s distilling this weird old-time power? Oh wow, you know what they did with the stuff, back then? Think ‘airship’ instead of ‘car’. Wouldn’t that be *cool*? If we get that going, it would be *the* science project of the century! Marge and Connie, the rediscoverers of limitless green energy! Instant *cum laude* and stuff!”

“What? Marge, you nuts?! Nobody’s been doing anything with that stuff for a hundred years! We don’t even know what, or how, or, or —”

“Yeah, wait, wait —”

Marge jumped to her feet and paced up and down the room. “So, berries are like seeds, right? So if you bury them, you get *new* plants. I mean, *could* we start a secret plantation with that stuff on the table?”

“Uh, yes, maybe. Kinda. No. *No!*” Connie swiveled in her chair. “Marge! I’ve not forgotten the incident with your homegrown *weed*, okay? And this stuff here is — what if it explodes above a critical mass? This is *serious!* You think I want to end this close to juvenile hall *again?*! I’m not going to build a kitchen-table magimachine that could wipe out—”

“Oh come on! Pretty please?” begged Marge, bent down from behind over her sitting friend, wrapped her arms around Connie’s shoulders and rocked her gently. “Nobody can see it but you! I need you for this to work! I won’t ask you to smoke *that* weed, okay? Let’s just give it a try. The bush you saw didn’t explode either, did it? So it can’t be all that dangerous, or we’d be seeing things go *boom* every other day.” She ruffled Connie’s hair. “What’s the worst that could happen?”

Chapter 3: The Plantation

A few weeks later.

The plantation came along nicely. They had set up three rows of earth in a secluded clearing, and from each of the berries buried in there had sprouted a batch of leaves. Visible only to Connie, a thin stem now rose from the center. The flowers had already lost most of their petals, and the first signs of developing fruits showed on the panicles. Connie had, just once, tried to make the ethereal flowers somehow perceptible to Marge, by draping cloth over them and by spray-painting. It didn't work. The berries had *some* substance to them, but the stems and the flowers crumbled and faded the moment something other than air touched them. They sank down and immediately melted away into nothingness, leaving behind the root and its circle of flat, round leaves.

* * *

The call came on a lazy Sunday morning like any other. Connie rolled around and fumbled for her cell phone that laid buried under the sultry romance novel she had spent the better part of the last night

with. Sunlight shone through her bedroom's blinds, and she blinked. Her eyelids felt like sandpaper.

"Connie. Who's there. Go away," she yawned.

Marge's voice on the phone was agitated. She seemed close to tears. "You've got to come over! Hurry! He's — that bastard! But — and — and then — I don't know how, but — this is — it's so weird — oh my — now they — *why?!*" The stutters descended into wails and gargled sobbing.

Click. The line went dead.

Connie immediately called her back. After half a minute of ringing, Marge's pre-recorded "*Hi, I'm busy. Please leave a message!*" twittered cheerfully from the speaker. By then, Connie already had her shoes on and grabbed for her coat.

* * *

She parked her beat-up, rusty, third-hand car a block away and walked the rest of the way, nervously trying to look inconspicuous.

Slow. Slow! It's all perfectly harmless. Nothing to see.

With her heart racing and her fingers trembling, she pressed the doorbell button. Moments later, a click and faint electrical hissing from the speaker indicated *someone* at the other end had picked up but remained mute.

"Marge? It's me! Connie! Come on, open the door!"

It's all normal. I'm just a girl standing at a door, talking to the entry phone.

She checked around again. Did that guy over at the red traffic light just — no.

Stop that! she chided herself. You're going nuts. Nobody knows about the plantation. Marge's just having one of her boyfriend fits. Yes, that's it. Just boy trouble. Just feed her some chocolate cake and listen to her whine for a while.

“Marge—! Come-on-come-on-come-on! Are you there?”

No reply, again. But after a few seconds, the door lock went *buzzz*.

* * *

She ran up the stairs, taking two at a time. The door of Marge's flat was ajar, and the one to the bedroom gaped open, too. Connie found her friend curled up in her futon-style bed, wrapped in the sheets, sobbing quietly. All she could see of Marge was a mess of black hair and trembling shoulders. A few crumpled, soggy hankies laid strewn over the floor.

Boyfriend. Phew!

Connie exhaled quietly, sat down on the edge of the mattress and extended her hand.

“Don't touch me!” came the muffled yelp from the blankets.

Connie recoiled. “Marge, I—”

"It's all your fault," slurred Marge.

"My —?! What's my fault?" Connie bowed closer. "*Phew!* You've spent the night out *again?* Marge, that's not okay. You promised to cut back, but you smell like a distillery. Oh come on, what happened?"

"*This!*" yelled Marge, sat bolt upright in her bed and threw off the sheets. "Your crazy plants did that! See them? *Huh?!*"

Connie recoiled and gulped. Marge had always had a sporty figure, and her breasts had been below the proverbial handful, nice and firm, not exactly of the abundant kind. Granted, she had put on a little weight since she took up studying, but it hadn't gone to her chest. She hadn't jiggled.

Hadn't.

Now, after she sat up so quickly, the taut orbs — *melons!* — on her chest kept on bouncing with heavy, pumped volume, their perpendicular motions too light to be natural. Connie could barely tear her gaze away from them. Marge kept on saying things. Connie didn't care. She just stared. Her punky, rebellious, flat friend hat turned into the kind of thing fetishes were born from. Over night.

Then Connie noticed *it*. There was a faint, barely noticeable *sheen* to Marge's skin, the same kind of vague luminance Connie saw in the plants.

"Wait, let me close the blinds!" Connie interrupted the ramble she hadn't listened to anyway, mesmerized by those breasts. As the room grew dark, she could hardly believe what she saw.

“Marge, you’re — you’re glowing all over!”

“What? Where?” Marge rubbed over her arms, frantically, bringing more jumping motion into her breasts. In the dark, the glow gave her an ethereal, ghostlike appearance.

Connie grabbed her friend’s wrists. “All over! Stop scratching, it’s coming from inside. Calm down. What did you *do*?”

“Yesterday, I drove out to water the plants, and I — I must’ve accidentally gotten some of the stuff on my hands and then on my dinner! I must’ve eaten it! I didn’t see it! I *can’t* see it! And today, I wake up with *those*! And they are so — so big! And it’s *too late!*”

She hefted her sizable breasts. Connie pulled up the blinds again.

“No, leave them down! Don’t look at my face,” Marge yelled.

Of course Connie had to look now. She brushed back the black wool of her friend’s hair, and Marge didn’t protest. For a moment, Connie thought she even felt her friend lean in to her soothing touch.

Marge’s eyes were swollen and red, and streaks of black mascara ran over her cheeks. And then suddenly Marge collapsed on her bed and started sobbing again, before she burst out:

“Danny! That bastard dumped me! For Pearl, that rich bitch! Sends me a fuckin’ *text message* ‘Sorry, wasn’t meant to be.’ Dunno what I did then. Had a drink too many, I guess. I only remember seeing him with that cunt, getting all snugly and making out in *her* Porsche outside the diner! I hate her! *Hatehatehate!*” She slammed her fist into the mattress. “Oh heavens, if I only had her figure, I’d get

back at him! I'd show him what he missed out on! Hell, I'd fuck through the whole football team and send him the *pictures!*"

"Well, maybe your wish came true! I mean, your breasts are much better than hers now—," stammered Connie.

Marge jumped up and pointed at herself.

"Better? *That's* better?! Are you blind? Maybe it's *bigger*, but that's all! It's not like I have her figure, right? Now I look like an inflated, desperate, silicone freak! Yeah, maybe if I had her narrow waist *and* saucy hips and *real* boobs, not those — those *fakies*, then —"

The glow on her body faded.

"What did you just do?" gasped Connie, chasing the vivid image of *Supersexymarge* from her mind.

"Nothing! I said I w—www—*what is that?!*" Marge clutched her stomach. "Oh gods, my belly's cramping up! Maybe it's poison after all—*nnnggghh!*" She stooped and dropped to her knees, groaning through clenched teeth while she threw her head back. Tendons showed all over her neck.

Connie backed away, very slowly, until she ran into a shelf. Clutching the raw wood of the cheap contraption in her back, she gulped and stared.

"Maybe not..." she whispered.

Right before her eyes, Marge's body *changed*. The inflated orbs grew just soft enough to sag slightly into the mind-blowing cross of

youthful firmness and abundant maternal voluptuousness. Her nipples vibrated bigger by half an inch, and the areolae spilled out and domed slightly to match their proportions to the dark thimbles in their center. Marge's waist shrunk. Not by much, but as simultaneously her hips slowly widened, she approached an hourglass shape predisposed to elicit envy in all but the luckiest few of women. Her panties creaked, and the thin strip of its waistline slowly wandered up over Marge's rounding hips. The cloth stretched as far as it could, and then its width shrunk while the textile descended into the chasm between Marge's labia as they puffed up.

Panting and groaning, Marge dropped on her back, slowly moving her legs. Her body trembled in spasms as her muscles fought against themselves. The barely noticeable paunch on her belly melted from the inside, and Marge's skin was sucked onto a set of shapely abs, like a blank piece of plastic being vacuum-molded over a perfect cast hidden underneath.

Marge raised her head, her face covered with sweat. "It's — stopping now," she panted and rolled on her stomach, struggling to her hands and knees. Her panties were but an almost overwhelmed piece of string trapped between her firm buttocks, and Connie caught a prime view of them.

The dizziness of adrenalin made the room swim before Connie's eyes, and she uttered with trembling lips, "The g—glow's all used up. Marge, you've *got* to look at yourself. You got a mirror?"

* * *

Marge spun around on her tiptoes, swayed her hips and shook her shoulders.

“Just try and beat *that*, Pearl! Danny, who needs *you*? Now I can get *any* boy I want!” She giggled. “Huh, Connie?” She raised her hands and cocked her head, gyrating her hips before she grabbed her rear with both hands and glanced over her shoulder into the mirror Connie was holding up. “Gods, what a prime piece of ass, too! I guess now I can crack nuts between those! So, mirror, mirror, who’s the hot bod around *now*?”

Connie gulped, but her mouth remained dry. “You are. Oh my, you’re absolutely *hot*! But how are we going to explain that?”

“We? We don’t!” laughed Marge as she reached for one of her bras. “I’ll just slowly reveal it over the next few weeks and claim I’ve been working out like mad. I’ll stick with baggy sweaters for the time being, and then — *uh!*”

She grunted as she finally managed to close the clasp of her bra and shifted it around to put her breasts into the cups.

“Dammit, I’ve put on some muscle around the ribs, too. And my jugs, they’ve grown bigger again! Look how firm they still are! What is that now, double-D? A big double-D maybe?”

Connie shook her head and stared mutely. The cups didn’t even fit halfway over the bulging flesh. Marge undid her bra and threw it on her bed.

“No way. Shit, I’ll need to go shopping. Right, hand me the red sweater behind you, okay? That at least—,” her voice got muffled as she slid it over her head, “—got to fit, right? — *Nnggh!* Oh come *on!*”

She struggled to get the large garment over her breasts. Her round orbs were clearly visible, stretching the sweater and making it look more like a layer of red paint over her chest than a loose-fitting piece of clothing.

“*Huuuuuhhhrrrrnnngh*,” moaned Marge, and her legs twitched as she pulled the sweater into place. “Oh fuck, I—I think I just came a little, from the touch alone! Damn, those shot glass nipples are touchy as hell! That’s almost too much of good thing!” she groaned as she hefted her breasts through the rough wool, admired her shapely figure in the mirror again and half-closed her eyes. Her voice trembled a little when she added, “Not that I’m complaining, mind you. But I better not grow again, or I won’t be able to come up with a believable ruse.”

“Well, as long as you wash your hands after you come in from the garden, and not wish around...”

“Yeah, so, you want to go bra shopping with me, this afternoon?”

“No, I, uh, I still need to do some more homework. See you!”

Once Connie was outside the apartment, she leant against the wall and caught her breath.

Those breasts. That ass! I need to get me some of that, too!

Chapter 4: Field Experiments

Connie stared at the cup with the mashed-up first harvest of the berries. The liquid, almost as weightless as air and *more* than liquid, akin to quicksilver without weight, slowly spun inside and cast a flickering, whirling light. She downed it with a single gulp. It tasted of ... nothing.

She looked at her trembling fingers. Together with the blood pumping frantically through her veins, the ethereal white glow now rushed along her arms into her hands, on into her fingertips, dragging faint heat in its wake. It flooded her eyes through the spider's web of capillaries and her vision filled with a dull permanent glow that didn't go away even as she closed her eyelids. It was the most annoying thing she'd ever witnessed. As she opened her eyes again, the glow on her arms had begun to spread outwards from the mesh of her veins all through her skin. Something had changed. Connie couldn't put her finger on it, but the world seemed — closer. She blinked, and sparkles flashed briefly before her eyes. She turned her head, and halos and rainbows danced around every edge, only to settle down and fade moments later. The next blink did away with the annoying lightshow,

and Connie wasn't sure if it had ever been real at all or just in her mind. She took a deep breath and held it in.

Right, here goes. Supermodel.

Nothing.

Maybe need to speak it aloud? And be a little more specific — Marge changed only when she said 'hips and waist,' and not just 'figure'...

She looked around the little clearing. Nobody in hearing range, she hoped. Nevertheless, she only whispered:

“Supermodel. Longer legs, a beautiful face, tits like waterm—, uh, no, big like cantaloupes, and a firm ass.”

Not even a shiver.

Connie bit her lip and reached for her bag, grabbed the bottle with the clear liquid in it and unscrewed the cap.

Phase two, then. Marge was still more than just a little tipsy when she changed.

She sniffed at the opening and drew a face.

*Urrgh. Yuck. People drink this for **fun**?*

The cheap booze burned in her throat, and she couldn't bring herself to swallow more than just a mouthful. Heaving and coughing, she dropped the bottle and clutched her aching stomach.

Connie shied away from drinking for a reason: She knew she was a lightweight. That one big gulp took only a few minutes to kick in, and things suddenly became so *obvious*. Transforming into a sex goddess? *Pshaw!* Of course she could do that! She swayed a little as she rose to her toetips, arched her back, raised her voice and declared uninhibitedly, “Annnnow, I gonna be so *hot*, everybody willanna — will wanna *fffuck* with*mmme*. *Tits! Ass! Legs! Hips! The ever-ready dripping snatch of Venus!* I want it all!”

Birds took to the air, scared away by Connie’s outburst. The flapping of their wings quickly faded in the distance. She splayed her arms wide and thrust her chest to the sky. The world spun around her. Dizzy and staggering, she fell to her knees, knocking the bottle over. The vodka gurgled out as it rolled away, causing the only sound in the silence of the forest. After a few moments, Connie’s outstretched arms and shoulders started to ache.

And that was it. Nothing happened. She bent over, fell to her hands and knees and curled up, her face red with embarrassment and disappointment. Soon, tears ran down her burning cheeks.

* * *

Over her wailing and sobbing, she didn’t hear the small engine of the beat-up motorbike, or the approaching footsteps.

“Connie? Are you alright? What happened? What are you doing?”

Marge stepped out of the bushes and, in an offbeat gesture for the often blunt young woman, laid her arms around her kneeling friend’s heaving shoulders. Connie raised her head to her, tears still

streaming over her face in alcohol-fueled self-pity. Marge wrinkled her nose when she smelled the cheap booze on Connie's breath.

"Connie! How much did you drink? You know you can't stomach anything stronger than *tea*."

"Shooo—sho whaddd? Whashit to *you*, boob queen, huh? Eve'yffffin's so fuckin' unfair! It doeshn—doesn't work on me! Youww—you've just skimmed a few berries and you're Mrs. Hot, and me? Lookit *me*! I dishco—covered it, I've made an ass of myshlf—myself in public, and I got nothing!" She clenched her fists. "I've swallowed so much, I should be able to fart rainbows if I as much as *think* about it."

Marge struggled out of her leather jacket and stood in silence for a few moments, straightening her sweater before she musingly replied, "Maybe *that's* why you can see the berries? You might be immune to it. Like, like a super hero? Maybe that's your special power!" She gently shook Connie's shoulders. "Hey, sweetie, come on, get up. You've got super powers. Be happy!"

"Yeah, great! *Powers*." Connie drew a face and blew a lip fart. "As if, I can lift my hand and declare *grow*! Only it doesn't work." She struggled to her feet and turned away before she pulled at her neckline and took a checking glance into it, just in case. "*Nnnnope*. Doeshn't. Shome power that is, Marge."

Silence, then a deep exhale and the rustle of clothes.

"Marge?"

A moan followed, one of *those* moans. It cut right through the fog in Connie's head. She swiveled to her friend.

“Marge?!”

The girl clutched her breasts, staring at Connie while her eyes opened wide. To the sound of slowly rending seams, her fingers spread apart. “Connie,” panted Marge, her sudden influx of lust quickly turning into fear, “stop it! Please! I didn't mean to mock you! Stop it! I'm still growing! That's too big! Too heavy!”

Connie staggered back and shook her head.

“I wasn't aiming for you! I want my *own*—”

Marge dropped to her knees, clutching her swelling breasts. “Connie! Oh gods, Connie, they're blowing up! I'll burst! Make them *stop!*”

Her new heavy-duty bra gave in with a *snap*, followed by Marge's painful yelp as its straps whipped against the bulging flesh of her mammaries.

“Connieeeee! I'm growing too big! I can't — I'm turning into a freak! *Connieeeee!*”

“All right!” She waved in Marge's direction, unsure of what to do. “Uh — *shhdop!* Stop it! Breasts, I command you to *stop!*”

Crrrreeeeeeaaak.

“Not working! *Unnnghh!* Oh please! Try harder!”

The loops of the knitted sweater spread wider. Marge's skin began to show through the distended fabric. Like the late-comer to a party, her nipples now swelled larger, trying to catch up on her breasts' head start. They popped up into two strawberry bumps. With a *snap*, they broke through the wool that quickly distended into an overflowing fishnet top.

"It's not stopping! Please, *do something!*"

"M—maybe if I — can I touch them?" stammered Connie.

"Hurry and do it! Oh gods, I'm burning up from the inside! I'm stretching so taut, it stings! Connie, *please!*"

With trembling hands and her fingers splayed, Connie knelt down and touched the heaving soccer balls. She exhaled loudly. The round masses of Marge's flesh felt *awesome*. Swollen, somewhat taut, and yet soft enough to bulge out between her fingers. And they *grew*, unrelentingly, their skin shuddering and distending eagerly into the palms of her hands. Connie's breath quickened. Marge's bloat did the same.

Marge grabbed her wrists and struggled to push Connie's hands away.

"Let go! It's not working! They're only growing faster!" she gasped.

"No! Wait! Maybe if I squeeze them—"

Connie dug her fingers into the sensitive orbs as they outgrew pumpkin size. The only response was a sudden jump in size, and not for the smaller. Runs appeared and crisscrossed all over the fabric as it

neared its limits. Connie jerked back, fell from her haunches on her rear and lost her grip. Marge yelped, stooping under her udders' increasing weight, and began to sob.

“What are you doing to me? It's only gotten worse! Oh heavens, why? *Why?!?*”

Connie gulped. Her face burned red with embarrassment. She struggled for words, and then she blurted out in a stuttering confession: “M—maybe because I don't *really* want it to stop.”

Marge stared at her, wide-eyed. Her jaw moved silently as she gasped for air, and then she screamed: “Connie! Are you mad? I'm blowing up! I'm turning into all boobs! *Stop* it!”

“Marge, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I can't do a thing about it! I just *need* to see how you burst out of your clothes! Oh gods, just seeing you stretch that sweater over your chest this morning has made me horny as hell! I know I shouldn't, but I *must* see how you swell out of your garb. I promise, I'll wish you smaller afterwards. But right now, I *must* — I —”

“Connie! Oh please, have mercy! You don't know how that feels! I'm tearing apart! I can't stand it! It's so tight! It stings! It's like my breasts are filling with boiling water! It's gushing into me! I'll *burst!*”

Connie bit her lips. *You've got power over it.*

She stood up and stared down on Marge, how she kneeled before her, her hands groping frantically at her breasts. At breasts that grew and bloated more with every passing moment. Her eyes, full of

panic and fear, begged mutely. Yet all Connie could think about was, *that cleavage! It's swelled out almost as far as her thighs! The sweater's just tatters! It's about to give!*

Connie gulped, and then she shook her head, with sudden unflinching determination in her gaze, and took a step backwards. She stared at the skin that slowly rose out of the remains of Marge's neckline.

"I'm sorry! I won't stop it now." She raised her hands and clenched them into fists. "*Grow — grow faster! Yes! Grow bigger! Bigger! Much bigger!*"

The expansion gained speed. The silent clearing filled with faint sounds of stretching, of ripping fabric, of bubbling liquid and groaning tissue. Marge's face contorted. Veins and sinews appeared on her neck as she grimaced and panted:

"What? Oh please, don't—we've been friends all the years—why do you—listen, I'm sorry I caused you all that trouble that one time with the weed, I never—"

You've got power.

The booze in her system made Connie brave. She leaned over, pointed at her friend's head and giggled, "Marge, *be quiet*. You like it, do you hear? You want to swell *really* big. The bigger the better. It turns you on. And don't worry, you won't burst, ever, no matter how big you get."

As if Connie had flipped a switch in Marge's head, her friend's panicky voice turned into a hoarse moan that seemed to go on for an

eternity. When it finished, she inhaled deeply and purred with a raunchiness that sent shivers down Connie's spine, "Ooooh, so *that's* it?" She licked her full lips. "Little Connie wants her monster tits friend to be a bouncy boob bimbo? Little Connie wants to hug two big milky hooters? Little Connie wants to get suckled by some of *that?*" Marge slapped her arms hard into the quivering, bouncing mass of her boobs. "Little Connie wants to jump around on a boob bed? *Rrrrawwwrrr*. Come here, girl, let me show you what it feels like to be *bigger than big*. Come on, sit on my breasts. Crawl on them! Feel them grow and stretch under you! And then let me bury my face between your thighs and eat you out."

Marge stared at Connie, her eyes now burning with feral desire. She dug her fingers into her straining hemline and pulled. The cloth rent with a clear, high screech, and the orbs spilled out, dragging her the rest of the way down to the floor. They rebounded and needed quite some time to find their weighty, sloshing rest. Marge knelt on the floor, her arms halfway around the round masses, corralling them as well as she could. Her efforts grew vainer with every quiver and stretching pulse, and she slowly rose from her haunches to her knees to keep on top of her growing bosom.

Connie bit her tongue to fight her dry mouth. Her breath quickened and came in spasms of arousal. And with a delighted yelp, she threw herself at the trembling, round beanbag chairs of milk glands that her friend offered.

She rested on her stomach on the flattened cushion of throbbing tissue that was Marge's left boob, holding the nervous nipple between her thighs. Marge's spherical pillow of warm glandular mass served as a shared comfortable rest for their forward-slanted bodies as their lips

met and their tongues united in a fierce, untamed kiss. With their arms interlocked, they devoured each other with a passion. Connie quickly learned that a slight squeeze with her legs against the rough teat easily pushed Marge over the edge into a rampant climax, and she gave her friend a chain of gushing orgasms, drinking the moans and gasps straight from her gaping mouth.

After an especially strong squeeze, warm wetness trickled down Connie's legs. Marge's face contorted in ecstasy, and her eyelids fluttered shut in time of her mouth turning into a gaping O. She humped against her own breast, again and again, and the warmth on the skin of Connie's legs spread rapidly as creamy milk gushed and sprayed from the ducts in Marge's nipple and soaked Connie's trousers.

“Oh yes! Milk me! More! More! Drink from me!” Marge groaned, bouncing into her own breast like humping a giant rubber ball.

The sweat made Marge's skin slippery, and the milk spraying with each of her ecstatic bumps into the pair of each almost one and a half yards across balls of her breasts didn't help. Connie lost her grip and slipped down the orb, landing with her crotch right on the protruding can-sized nipple. Marge yelped in delight and shuddered backwards. The move yanked the rough protrusion out of Connie's clutch, and the amateur witch stumbled and fell on her back in front of the towering pair of orbs. She clambered away, but the ground was a morass, drenched with milk. She only pushed lumps of soaked earth around instead of crawling to safety.

Marge noticed the attempted retreat of her friend, disappeared behind her breasts as she knelt down to add more batch, and smacked her lips.

“Tsk-tsk. Nuh-uh, flat tits can’t just run away now. You want it, you’ll get it. Let’s play some more, darling!”

She jumped up, throwing herself at her breasts. The two orbs lurched towards Connie, rolled over her legs and pinned her to the ground. Marge struggled to keep her balance. Spread-legged, she held her one breast with both arms, the one breast that had Connie buried under it. Marge groaned. Jolts of delight surged through her body with every push and prod and punch as her helpless catch tried in vain to break free.

“Marge! Get off me! Let me go!” came Connie’s muffled voice out from under the giant breast.

Marge didn’t listen. Well, she listened, but a mean streak wandered over her face.

“I said *drink from me!*” she hissed.

Marge grabbed her boob with both hands and pushed and pulled at the almost immobile orb. The undulating movements rubbed the can-sized nipple over Connie’s face, again and again. Connie punched and shoved with her hands and feet against the soft, yielding sphere pinning her down, but its tensile skin just absorbed all of her struggling movements. Instead of giving her air to breathe, each push expressed more of the warm milk. She swallowed, coughed, spat and gargled helplessly.

I—I must shrink her! She's gone mad! She'll drown me! Shrink! How do I — a balloon. Imagine a balloon. And now I let go of the nozzle —

Marge froze and gasped for air. Connie's eyes grew big. And so did the nipple right in front of her. It opened up, stretching and changing into a hollow, thin-walled five inch tube, opening a pipe right into the heart of the sponge of distended milk ducts inside the tent-sized breasts.

Oh nooooo—

The last thing Connie saw was something white jumping out at her. She raised her arms to shield her face, and then the warm, arm-thick jet splashed all over it. She sank into a quickly growing bubble of milk forming under Marge's mammoth breast.

She didn't hear Marge's panting and moaning. She only heard the gargling and bubbling of the dozens of gallons of milk being expressed at once and rushing against her, until finally the pressure in the trapped milk bubble lifted Marge's spending boob up and broke the seal. On the crescent of the white wave, Connie washed out from underneath the orb. The liberated surge carried her and sent her tumbling away like caught in the crosshairs of a water gun.

* * *

Connie coughed and wheezed, lying in a white puddle on the soaked forest floor. The gushes had subsided, finally. She staggered to her feet and clambered to her delirious friend. Marge's limp body slowly descended, resting on her deflating breasts, and still a rich stream of milk bubbled out beneath her flattened cleavage. Seeing the

cushions of skin as they contracted and disappeared under the girl's torso unsettled Connie, even though Marge still quivered with delight, enjoying every twitch and contracting ripple that ran through her chest.

Marge shook her head and sent sweatdrops flying from her spiky hair. Panting, she pushed herself up on her hands and feet, her now melon-sized gland bags swaying and spraying, and finally she settled on her haunches. Both she and Connie got a good glimpse at her dangling breasts as the orbs lifted themselves off Marge's thighs in their shrinking skin and crawled higher on her chest. They assumed their old-new firm shape, slightly undershot their size and bounced back in a cartoony, rubbery way. Her skin shone golden in a sun ray that pierced the forest twilight. What remained of Marge's clothing was in tatters, soaked in mud and milk and sprinkled with old fir needles.

Connie stooped, grabbed her friend's shoulder and shook her gently. "Marge? You hear me? You okay?"

The dripping young woman nodded, still stunned and dazed, slowly feeling up her breasts. Her hands barely fit around *one* at a time. "*Mmmh*. Sort of. Was that real? Did you really—?"

"I don't know! Maybe? It's all a blur. I mean, look around! Everything is soaked! What do *you* remember?"

Marge narrowed her eyes and jumped at her.

"All of it! You blew me up like a damned rubber fuck toy! You drunken bitch!"

“Marge, I—,” wailed Connie, backing away and cowering down in expectation of a punch or a slap. Instead, the bare-breasted girl licked her lips, grabbed Connie’s shoulders with both hands and grinned, pulling her tight for a fierce hug, passionately kissing her cheeks.

“Oh *Connie!* That was totally rad! The best rush I ever had! You think you can do it again? Only bigger? More? And, can you do my ass, too? Like, a huge, round, fat ass? Oh please, please, once more! I’ll make out with you for as long as you want, just blow me up again!”

“What? *No!*” Connie raised her arms in defense and stuttered, “Marge, *no!* I — I need to think about what all that means! I — let’s just wait a day or two, okay? I—I gotta get sober, can’t think like that. Gods, I’m all wasted. I’ll drive you — no, *you* drive, here, take my car keys, gotta get you home now, you can’t ride your bike with your clothes soaked and torn like tha—*mmmgff!*”

Marge shut her up with another fierce kiss that went on quite a while until their lips parted with a smack. The black-haired young woman poked the tip of Connie’s nose and smiled.

“What would I do without you, Miss Sensible, eh?”

Part 2 — Standing On The Bosoms Of Giants

Meek magic-wielding Connie gets a nightmarish glimpse of what may be in store for her while her spunky and recently-accidentally-turned-buxom BFF Marge devises her own plans for the shy girl who holds power over her body. And does she ever have big plans ...

Proof-reading: Well, uh ... uh-oh. You guess what's coming, don't you? My proof-reading volunteer had to re-evaluate some priorities, and I wanted to keep the parts "temporally connected," so ... uh, here you have the raw text, kind of an uncut gem (a.k.a. "sharp-edged rock") of writing, straight from the dark depths of English-As-Second-Language-Writer Land's word mines, its coarse surface soiled with grammar cracks and misplaced commas. ;)

Obscure musical reference:

"But a breath of life / Can make our engines roar ... A kiss of life for sleeping giants" — The Lightning Seeds, Bound In A Nutshell

Chapter 5: Panicky Night

Note: This one chapter has extreme giantess growth, domination AND bursting. If you're looking mainly for sweet fun, then You May Not Like It. In this case, skip to the next chapter, please.

Connie couldn't recall where she was, how she had gotten where she was, how she had ended up in her friend's embrace, or, as a matter of fact, *what had happened at all* after she dropped Marge off at her flat. She distinctly remembered driving in uncomfortable silence, seeing Marge scamper to the door, her stooped frame as she held the old leather jacket shut with one hand to hide the ripped garments underneath while she frantically fumbled on the lock. She vaguely remembered fighting the booze in her system for control, coming home to her tiny student flat, locking the door and sitting on her bed, not moving at all, just staring at her hands, watching the faint glow under her skin as it faded over the next hours.

So why then was she in this bland hotel room, and why was Marge there, and why was Marge spread-eagled *under* her? The hints were pretty obvious. Her skin was covered in hot sweat, and the scents of lovemaking filled the bedroom. The sheets clinging to her naked

legs were soaked. And the taste on her tongue was ... distinctly female, yet not from a place as decent as the cheek.

Panting fiercely, Marge struggled to her elbows and stared with wide eyes and a manic grin into Connie's confused face.

"Gods, Connie, where did you learn to do those things with your tongue?"

"I? What I — what did I do?! That's — I — I didn't do a thing!"

Marge laughed whole-heartedly and ruffled her friend's disheveled mane.

"Yeah, *not a thing*. Oh heavens, you did *a hundred* different things, and they all were incredible! I can't believe I've wasted so much time chasing boys with a sex goddess like *you* around! I could go for another round. Flip over, let's try sixty-nine again!"

"*No!* That wasn't me!" yelled Connie, struggling to her hands and knees and crawling backwards from the bed. She stared at the big wet spot in the sheets between Marge's toned legs, and touched her own face to find her cheeks and chin covered in gooey moisture.

"Well, you sure seemed beside yourself when you munched your way into me," giggled Marge and winked.

Still shivering with confusion and terror, Connie clambered to her feet and backed away from the figure splayed out on the rumpled bed.

"Marge, I, I," she stammered and lost her voice as she ran into the wall.

The curvy girl rose from the bed and slunk closer. She raised her arms and put her splayed fingers on the wall to the left and right of Connie's shoulders, trapping her taller friend. Her hot and sweaty skin pressed against the shaking figure. She pulled down Connie's head to hers and closed her confused lover's trembling lips with a passionate kiss.

After a few moments of writhing in a surge of desire, Connie pushed her away.

"No, Marge, I — "

The world *blinked*.

Marge closed in again and cupped Connie's head in her hands.

"Oh sweetie, you don't have to feel ashamed. Whatever you want, whatever you desire, you know you can tell it to me. And whatever you want to do with my body, I'm game!"

"Marge, *stop!* It's — it's all wrong! This has to *stop!*"

"Oh, all right!" Marge shoved Connie's shoulder and backed away, frustration in her gaze. "First you lure me into playing for the other team, and then you get all coy about it? Some day you'll have to admit to yourself you're the biggest dyke for miles!" She sat down heavily on the bed and reached for her clothes, struggling into her sweater. "Damn, I could've sworn it wasn't so tight before. You've given me another pound up top, Missy Magic?"

Connie just stared at her friend. Slowly, her trembling hand wandered to her chin.

“M—Marge, c—come here.”

“Huh?” Marge probingly squeezed her breasts through the fabric of her pullover, then she raised her eyebrows. “*Oh*. So *now* you want — It’s that ripping clothes kink of yours again, eh? Right-o, just go ahead, I’ve got another one —”

“*Shut up and come here!*” yelled Connie. Taken by surprise, Marge obediently jumped to her feet. Connie grabbed her shoulders. She didn’t need to lean down any more to do that.

“You’re — oh gods, you’re taller now! You’re as tall as me! You weren’t just seconds ago! You *never* were as tall as me!”

Blink.

Bump.

“*Ouch! Nnnngh—*”

Rrrrip—snap.

Connie jumped back as the torn pieces of the sweater *burst* from Marge’s body and fluttered down on the floor. The raven-haired girl stooped and held her concussed head that had run into the ceiling. From her new nine-foot height, she stared down on her friend in surprise, and then her broad face changed into an over-eager smile as she sat down on the bed. The sturdy frame creaked when she spread her thighs wide and put her elbows on her knees, leaning in to Connie. She pointed her forefinger, as long as Connie’s whole hand now, at her friend.

“You kinky little witch, you! You’re making me *grow all over!* Oh wow, that’s even better than just tits and ass! I’ll be like Godzilla! A hot, naked, giant Godzilla girl! So, how big do you want me to be? Big as houses? Big as a skyscraper?”

With her back against the wall, Connie crabbed sideways towards the door. “No, please, I — I don’t want that — not at all —” Her fingers wrapped around the door handle.

Marge darted forward. Her plate-sized hand slammed against the slowly opening door and threw it shut again. Connie stared at the muscles on the trunk of her friend’s arm that blocked her only way out.

“Yeah, *right.*” Marge slanted her head and fixated Connie with a greedy, smirking stare. “*Not at all,* just like the *not at all* when you blew up my tits at our plantation, huh?”

Blink.

“*Haaah—!*”

The giantess snapped bigger from one batting of Connie’s eyelids to the next. At least eleven feet of well-proportioned, muscle-filled body crouched on the struggling bed now. Marge exhaled. “*Gods,* that felt great. Look at me! Look at *those!*” She flexed her arms and cupped her bicepses. “I bet I could ...” Marge grabbed the chair by the door and lifted it effortlessly with two fingers. The tubes of the chair’s frame screamed in mechanical agony as she crushed it with both hands into a lump of metal pipes. Tossing it against the wall, she let herself fall backwards on her bed and giggled.

“Heh, like a puppet toy. You think you can give me more of that? Do you wanna ride me as I grow under you? *Hey, quit that running now!*”

Connie jerked back and barely managed to swivel out of the way as Marge’s foot stomped the door shut again. The giantess splayed out on the urgently protesting bed, and Connie was trapped in the triangle formed by the wall and the pair of Marge’s sturdy two-yards legs. Marge reached out, grabbed Connie’s shoulder with her strong paw and drew her closer —

Blink.

“*Unnngh—!*”

Fifteen feet.

Crunch.

Marge laughed, a deep, deafening laughter that shook through her body, sent her breasts bobbing and made the window panes rattle.

“So much for the bed! Oh well, you’ll have me as a mattress, so come here.” She pulled the helpless little figure on top of her midriff. Her big hands fitted easily around Connie’s waist, and her fingers had the strength of steel. “Don’t say you don’t like that, eh? You’re still feeding me your power, I can feel it! Come on, put in a little extra effort for my boobs, I think I’ve got the back to carry them by now.”

You’ve got power over it.

“M—Marge —”

“Huh? Oh heavens, yes, I can feel it building up, it’s almost there, almost — *mmmhhh!*” The giantess licked her lips.

“—*Let go of me!*”

To Connie’s surprise, the clamp-like fingers around her body disappeared. It didn’t help at all, because the very next second —

Blink.

“*Hurrrr—!*”

Twenty-two feet. And Marge’s breasts bulged like overstuffed beanbag chairs over the wreckage of the bed.

“Yes, *that’s* what I’m talking about!” thundered the giantess and corralled her mammaries, twisting her long nipples between her fingertips. Connie slowly pushed herself away. As she slipped with her chest over Marge’s ribbed midriff, she tried not to think about the copious wetness or the curls-covered, wrinkly, meaty flaps with the round, throbbing bump on top that her knees just slid through and over.

Creeeeaaak — Rrrrrumble.

Cracks appeared at the bottom of the walls, and the floor began to tremble under Marge’s weight. Connie lost her hold and bumped with her face into Marge’s barely yielding midriff as she continued to slide downwards. She flailed her arms, searching for a grip, and closed her fingers around the next best protruding thing in reach.

Which was the apple-sized knob peeking from the folds of Marge's vulva. The giantess' breathing stopped for a second, then her gasps turned into moans of lust.

"More!" thundered her voice. "Gimme — make me — grow — *faster!*" She clenched her legs and trapped Connie in their vise. The girl's hands, the hands feeding Marge's transformation, were wrapped tightly around the throbbing giant clit now and in turn were enveloped in the meaty flaps of Marge's labia. She couldn't let go any more. Marge's moans turned into hungry, greedy grunts. Somewhere, bricks tumbled down. Sand rained on Connie's huddled shape as the ceiling collapsed. Marge's strong legs and knees shielded the dwarfish figure from the tumbling concrete, breaking through the rubble like through wet cardboard as she throbbed bigger still.

I need to get away from her! She's feeding on me! I need to — how can I —

Connie stared at the erect clit in her hands.

I hope I know what I'm doing.

She focused. Her hands began to glow, and her power streamed into the eager flesh in her grip. Marge's body froze. Only her agitated, accelerating breathing filled the air. The smooth melon-sized lust bulge in Connie's hand glowed in a deep red from the inside out, and the light of sexual charge spread in a mesh of veins into Marge's body while she slowly spread her legs wide, soaking up all the power that Connie pumped into her.

"Gonna — be — a — *ahhhh!* — big — one!" gasped the giantess, bucking and writhing again. Her legs twitched and stretched,

and the door was gone, torn from the wall together with its frame. Connie let go, dodged Marge's shin, made a dive into the corridor and ran towards the stairs. Behind her, the floor gave in. Marge crashed into the room below. Windows shattered as she flailed in the throes of another climax.

* * *

Only when she pushed open the front door of the lobby did Connie realize she was stark naked. Her steps slowed down until she stood, dazed and confused, in the middle of the six lanes of the road. She didn't recognize the place at all. Aseptic glass-clad skyscrapers all around rose into a thick layer of fog. Traffic lights flashed yellow to nobody in particular. The streets of Generic Downtown Office District were empty.

Connie spun around and froze. Floor upon floor collapsed under the expanding body of her friend. Thick clouds of dust billowed out of the lobby. Somewhere at the fourth floor, a hand like a caterpillar's scoop erupted from the building. Naked flesh squeezed from the inside against the glass front. A pair of bucket-sized nipples squirted streams of milk against the panes. Cracks and rifts wandered through the inches-thick glass. Somewhere up on the eighth floor, Marge's face was pressed up against the windows. Connie staggered backwards, shielding her eyes as a bright flash of magic ignited in Marge's crotch and ate its way through the trapped body of the giantess. She didn't wait around to see the result. The sounds of uncontrolled demolition, mixed with a deafening whale-song of lust, were too much of an indication already.

Connie had made good almost a quarter-mile and had turned around two corners when the sound of Marge's feet echoed through the valleys of glass and concrete like the city's own rumbling heartbeat.

* * *

"Where are you?" thundered the giantess' voice through the fog between the skyscrapers. The white veils curled and whirled ahead of Marge's body as she plowed through the narrow streets and pushed aside the air. Connie darted down the deserted road, her naked feet slapping on the cold wet pavement. Nobody on the sidewalk, no cars on the road, not a single sound except for her footfalls and the earth-shaking thunder of her pursuer's stomping feet. The impacts closed in. Any moment now, Marge would turn the corner. Connie dove into the entrance of an underground parking garage and rattled desperately at the locked gate.

"Connie?!" Marge clicked her tongue. The sharp snaps whiplashed like shots. "Here, Connie, Connie, Connie! Big Marge has got a sweet treat for you!"

Connie threw herself into the triangular space under a nearby staircase. With her eyes closed tightly and her jaw aching as she tried to silence her rattling teeth, she pressed her back into the cold, unyielding concrete.

She can't see me, she can't see me, she can't —

Marge's foot crashed down only yards from Connie's hideout. The ground compressed under the giantess' weight, and a cobweb of cracks spread out quickly through the blacktop. Her hand dived into

the mirrored front of the office block and ran through the windows and the walls like through water. Moments later, shards of glass scattered all over the pavement. Even if Connie tried to run now, the jagged edges would turn her feet into minced meat within a couple of steps.

A hand the size of a pick-up slapped down on the road as Marge squatted down. The minefield of glass couldn't even hope to do anything to her thick skin. She pouted her lips and sniffed. Sweat ran down Connie's face. The loud sucking came closer and closer.

Feet-thick fingers wrapped around the staircase and tore the reinforced concrete away. The ripping steel bars clanged like church bells. Devoid of support, Connie fell on her back. She flailed helplessly, an insect suddenly robbed of its hiding stone, and stared up into the huge face that grinned like a moon above her.

“*There* you are!” Marge's hurricane breath roared by. “Don't you know I can smell your horny wet pussy for *miles*, you bad little girl?”

Her fingers scooped up the shocked and convulsing body.

* * *

Marge raised the struggling living doll, barely as tall as her cupped hands were long, to her face. She only whispered, but it was loud enough to almost split Connie's eardrums. The young woman curled up in the bowl of Marge's palms and pressed her hands on her ears while she sobbed quietly.

“Oh, don’t be afraid. I’ll keep you safe, my little power source. Why, at the size you are, I have just the right place for you.”

The giantess changed her grip, wrapping her fingers around Connie’s legs and holding her like a popsicle. She squatted down and spread her thighs. Her knees dug into the street and piled up mounds of asphalt and concrete as she leaned back and arched her spine. Connie’s world spun again, wind howled by as she felt herself being lowered, down, down, down on the hellish roller coaster ride. The darkness of Marge’s shadow engulfed her, and the air suddenly smelled of sea.

Connie was too dazzled to realize the behemoth girl’s intentions, and by the time her mind was at least half aware again, the stench of salt and moisture was as overwhelming as the constant movement had been before. The trunk-sized fingers of Marge’s other hand whooshed by and dug into the black, entangled bushes in front of Connie. They laid bare a pink, widening crevice, spreading the pair of meaty curtains to reveal the squelching, smacking cave leading into the giantess’ womb. Connie stared helplessly into the abyss. The walls of the muscular, mucous tunnel contracted into a tight rosette, only to widen again seconds later like a hungry mouth.

“You’ll like it in there. My juices will soak you and make you all soft and stretchy, and *then* we’ll have fun,” thundered Marge’s voice from somewhere up high.

“No,” stammered her helpless victim. Trapped in the unyielding fist, she was lifted towards the entrance, and she pushed her hands into the rubbery walls, fighting a losing struggle against her captor.

“*Unnngh*,” groaned the giantess. The tight rosette opened wide and sent gallons of ooze splashing down on Connie, covering her in shiny glaze from head to hip. She spat and coughed, her hands slipped on the inch-thick slime coating the yielding flesh, and —

“*Noooo—mmmgpffff—!*”

Her voice was muffled, then silenced. Marge twisted and turned the desperately wiggling human dildo inside her, then she pulled Connie back out —

“*—Huuurrgg—mmpffff!*”

— And in she went again. Connie barely managed to pull up her arms in time, clutching her head in her hands and shielding her face with her forearms. The ample secretions of the giantess came splashing down on her, rushing by like a geyser of hot slime. With every push and shove, the tight hole grew looser, the pink, ribbed walls retreated.

Marge was growing *again*.

I — I don't want this! That's not me! I'm not wishing this to happen! I don't —

Connie forced her eyes open. Even through the curtains of salty slime covering her face, she saw that her whole shape glowed from the inside out. She *radiated* her power eagerly, and as she did, a horrible weakness grabbed hold of her limbs.

— I do?! I— she's sucking me dry!

She stared at her hands. The glistening coat left a feeling of softness and warmth as it soaked quickly into her body. Her skin started to wrinkle as the flesh beneath it was slowly digested. Her bodily substance evaporated and rose, soaking as a glowing mist into the stretching and expanding mountain of girl towering over her.

“*Uuuuhhh!*” rumbled Marge’s voice. “Oh my sweet little darling, you’re such a delicious witch! Look at me! Look how tall I am now! *Unngh!* My tits are so big! I can’t even see my feet any more! You must be almost empty, so now I can give you what you always desired. Oh yes, I’ll give you two huge udders now, too, I’ll fill you with all my milk. So come here, let me rub some more of my magic juice into you!”

Connie shook in catatonic stupor and finally slipped into merciful unconsciousness, her limp, emaciated body splayed in the puddle of ooze in the palm of the giantess. Marge’s finger slid up and down her body, squeezing and prodding it every now and then like a tiny sponge. Slowly, the pool of foam grew shallower as Connie swelled *rounder*.

* * *

Marge gently brushed a newspaper-sized fingernail against Connie’s head. “Wakey, dear! Wouldn’t want to miss your final *change*, would you?”

The tiny doll on Marge’s palm surged and screamed.

“Shush! You’re disturbing the neighbors.” The tip of Marge’s pinkie was enough to cover Connie’s whole face and to shut her up.

When the giantess lifted it again, Connie kept quiet. Her mouth moved. Marge leaned in and strained her ears to make out the whisper.

“—Need to stop that,” wailed the insect in her hand. The giantess laughed.

“Stop? Now that you’re all prepared and stuff? Oh come on, Connie! I know you want to swell and grow like I did, and now I can give you that! Besides, look at you. You’re only half-changed. You can’t go out in public like that!”

Connie lifted her hand — *so heavy!* — and stared at it. Her fingers — her hand — her *arm* — her *body* —

“What have you done?!” She stared at her swollen, bloated, *fattened* shape. Her belly was a wobbly, squishy abomination squeezing apart her sagging melon breasts which half-hung, half-rose by sheer volume from her chest. Her cheeks — tears welled in her eyes as her thick fingers, barely able to bend for the spongy flesh bulging around her bones, touched the half-orbs that rose from her jaw.

“What? Of course I had to soak you in my juices. It’ll make you nice and stretchy, in fact, it’s almost done by now. Really, sweetie, you’ve got to *listen* to me once in a while. Nice and easy now, hold your head still, I need to make your mouth fit to — *hold still, I said!*”

The giantess changed her grip and pinched Connie’s head between thumb and forefinger. She dipped her other hand’s pinkie into her soaked cunt and aimed the glistening tip at Connie’s tight-lipped mouth.

“*Gmmmp—!*”

The little doll *dared* to put up a little resistance! Marge wiggled her pinkie, forcing it in between her toy’s lips.

Shlurp.

Connie’s puffy lips stretched like rubber over the head-sized tip. It was as if there wasn’t a single bone left in her bloated, jellied shape. She distended like a silly putty doll as Marge’s finger dug into her and widened her mouth and throat into a pink, gaping receptacle.

The finger left her, only to wander over her breasts, kneading and prodding the squishy bags. Connie’s nipples danced and jumped through the rifts and crevices of Marge’s fingerprint like a needle over a scratched vinyl, and to her shame and horror, her engorged nubs sang along as the giantess played a frantic symphony of *lust* on her body.

She wanted to scream, to wail, to — to do *anything at all*. Instead, her mouth remained in the distended, funnel-like pouting shape that Marge’s finger had stretched it into, and her body was a limp lump of coagulated rubber.

“*Now we’re talking! Get ready to swallow a big gulp from me!*”

Marge raised her to her condo-sized breasts.

* * *

Don’t do that to me, please.

Connie's mute pleading went nowhere. All she was still able to do was to swivel her eyes as she was lifted up along the skyscraper that was Marge's perfect body. Every detail on her former friend's figure zipped by like under a magnifying glass. The muscled midriff, the shadows of the giant breasts, the balcony of firm flesh as it rose in front of her, the halo of dark skin around the —

Gods and heavens —!

Milk leaked from Marge's nipples. It might've been a tiny white droplet emerging from a pin-sized milk duct if she were still a woman of five feet. At her current size of a hundred or more feet, things were *different*. The white spills bubbling from the sewer pipe of rough flesh joined at its underside and cascaded down in a thin white waterfall that dispersed into spraying droplets before it even came near the ground.

If Connie were still a human being, she would've stopped breathing now. With her mind trapped in the only vaguely human, rubbery suck-doll shape, she was forced to remain mute and motionless while Marge grabbed her own breast and aimed the foot-thick nipple at Connie's mouth funnel. The giantess' thumb and forefinger kneaded her own barely yielding flesh. More white delicacy spouted from the nozzle.

“Now be careful with your powers, sweetheart! Don't make my breast go all-out udder on you, I don't know how much you can take in one go!”

Squeak. Squeak. Shluup.

The cylinder of warm, slippery skin fit like a hand into the glove of Connie's mouth. A rush of peace and warmth flooded over her.

Mouth. Nipple. Nothing could've been more natural, or more cozy. She even managed to move her lips a little bit and sucked on it, like a tiny living milk pump stuck to the tit of a she-titan.

"Mmmh. Oh, this feels so good! Right, let's get it started. Just a few days of feeding, and you'll be as tall as me." Marge's fingers held Connie in place, and her other hand squeezed the domed areola. Connie's throat fluttered around the sudden jet of warm motherly nurture that thundered into her. Her arms and legs slowly rose, spreading out from her rounding torso as her growing potbelly extended into her chest and hips.

More.

Connie wasn't sure if that treacherous thought was her own, but she liked it. She liked how her body grew taut and firmed up, how her breasts joined her belly's swelling, how the pitiful mounds turned into dangling, bobbing orbs.

Yes, more.

So good. Want. More. Bigger gulps. Much bigger. Marge, give me all you have.

It spelled her doom.

"Connie?! Gods, Connie, no! Not again! Not now! What are you doing to me? Unnnnhhh—!" Marge threw her head in her neck as the surge of ecstasy hit her. Suddenly, there was more, *more, too much* weight on her chest. She dropped to her knees and keeled over

backwards, flattening a whole city block with her body alone. Moments later, the buildings all around crashed down and disappeared into the fog. Squirming on her back, wrestled down by her inflated, stadium-sized breasts, Marge struggled to keep the distending milk blimps from flowing over her face.

The tiny balloon woman sticking to Marge's throbbing, spouting nipple was barely visible over the curve of the white wall in front of the giantess' face.

“Connie! Connie, stop it!” came her wail from somewhere behind the curve. Her voice turned into gasps. “You can't — too much! So — full — milk —”

Connie sucked stronger and narrowed her eyes.

Marge, all of it, for me!

Marge's buds opened wide.

* * *

Breastgasm, was the closest thing to a thought that remained in Marge's head. Her nipples erupted into a pair of thundering geysers. One sent a foaming bolt of milk straight up into the air, and seconds later, the thick white lava splattered down all over the giantess' writhing body.

The other breast discharged straight into Connie's bloated shape. Her circular lip-seal around the fluttering pipe that aimed right into her body prevented her from really smiling in the wave of bliss, but she half-closed her eyes as the fountain rushed into her, feeling the sweet surge in her body like a deep breath of warm air that made her

chest swell. She quivered and stretched, a constantly growing orb of skin rising on top of the endlessly spending breast.

Where moments before still had been the *hint* of a waist on her grotesque shape, there now was only a single, round orb that begged, stole and borrowed skin from any place it could find. Connie's arms and legs shrunk and spread out into her globular body. Her bloated breasts joined shortly afterwards, and as her diameter quickly passed the twenty-foot mark, there was nothing left of them but a pair of dish-sized, slightly darker spots on the swelling sphere. Two patches of blond hair remained, a curly one between a tiny pair of feet, and the other just to the north of where the throbbing spout disappeared into the squeaking and screeching bubble of skin, and that was it.

Marge's hands clawed their way up over her own sagging mountains as she desperately tried to reach for the sucking ball on her breast that pressed down into her cleavage, growing bigger and heavier each second.

"Got to — pull you — off before —," she groaned, grinding her teeth.

More, sang the happy, addled brain in Connie's almost absorbed head. Milk began to seep in tiny droplets from her overfilled skin. Shiny stretch marks zigzagged from her navel, from her feet, from her wrists.

"Connie, please — too much! Too — gods, too late —"

Tears itched in the corner of Marge's eyes. Connie's power still throbbled into her, her breasts surged bigger one more time, squeezing

another truckload of milk through her itching nipples, filling the fifty feet orb beyond its limits.

Ripping pain bit into Connie's right wrist, and she heard the wet *bang*, felt the sudden splash of liquid —

* * *

Darkness.

Connie screamed, twitching and thrashing, trapped in a moist wrapper. Her eyes snapped open. By the side of her head, a faint red glow —

It said: "3:17 am"

Her trembling fingers found the switch of her bedside lamp. She stumbled from the mattress and put the plastic cup that she had spilled in her nightmare's flailing back on the nightstand. Stooped, panting and swaying, she crawled along her student flat's short corridor and clambered into the tiny bathroom, steadying herself on the edge of the sink as she reached for the faucet.

The cold water in her face calmed down Connie's racing breath. Shaking all over, she curled up in her dressing gown and sat down on the plastic lid of her toilet. Connie froze when the damp cloth of her nightgown made contact with her thighs.

Her fingers traced the dripping folds in her crotch, and she shuddered with arousal as her fingertips touched the engorged head of her clit. She didn't even need to bring her hand close to her nose to perceive the fresh smell of her own raging *lust* clinging wetly to her fingertips. As much as she detested the idea, the climax of the horrible

nightmare had given her a gushing orgasm stronger than anything she'd ever have believed possible.

Bursting gets me off. I'm even more of a sick freak than I thought, she sobbed quietly.

Chapter 6: Invitation For A Transformation

Come 2 me. Bring car. Hurry!

Connie stared at her mobile. The year-old off-color snapshot of Marge's grinning face and the cryptic short message beneath it stared back at her. Connie didn't know what to make of it. She didn't know what to expect. Matter of fact, she rarely knew what to expect from Marge, but this time, the lurking images of last night's nightmare rose in her head, again and again.

The quarter of an hour drive through the city's traffic seemed like an eternity to the nervous student until she finally pressed the buzzer of Marge's condo. The door was pulled open before Connie could lift her finger off the button. Marge stood akimbo, dressed in her gaping leather jacket, jeans and a denim blouse struggling and almost overwhelmed by her boobs, and peered up to her friend.

"Damn, finally! What kept you?" She determinedly grabbed Connie's arm and pulled her along as she strode to Connie's beat up rust bucket of a car. "Come on, let's give that gift of yours another spin! To the mall! You drive!"

“Whoa, back off!” Connie wrestled free and raised her hands in defense. “*My gift? You* made yourself a pair of boobies in the first place! That wasn’t my doing! Remember?”

“So? They looked like silicone-pumped *crap*. Then you came along, and suddenly they turned into the best natural pair I’ve ever seen, less *owned*, and I got the whole package of killer abs and a super butt on top of them.” Marge leaned in and punctuated her words with her finger on Connie’s chest: “So, *gift*. Yours. And don’t you forget about the forest! Make ’em bigger, make ’em smaller like *that*?” She snapped her fingers and grinned. “Face it, you’ve got the *touch*, Connie.”

“Yeah, whatever. Whoa, waitaminute, the *mall*? In *public*?! You’re nuts if —”

“Oh shut up! Listen to me for once, ’kay?” Marge stepped closer and lowered her voice to a conspiring whisper. “I don’t want you to turn me into a boob balloon again today, I just want to see if you can play that trick on others, too. No touching. From a distance. Just give a few of those bored housewives an extra cup size or two. Imagine, we could make millions! Boob jobs without surgery! What, you haven’t wondered the whole night how to turn that gift into money?”

“Not exactly,” mumbled Connie.

“Good thing you’ve met me, then!” was Marge’s reply as she grabbed her friend’s arm again. Connie stumbled along, enthralled by Marge’s spunky demeanor.

* * *

In front of the small table at the bistro, people hustled by, paying no attention to the pair of young women stooping over their coffees and gossiping.

Sweat ran over Connie's forehead, and her clenched fingers ached.

"So?" she rasped.

"Nothing at all. She's still fat as hell and barely a B. You're not just, y'know, *faking* it?"

"Marge, I tried. I really tried. I just can't do it any more."

"Right, just wanted to make sure it's not just a talent of yours. So, berry time! Come on, out with the flask."

Marge watched as Connie poured a few drops of the ethereal liquid into her cup and raised it to her lips.

"Weird how it makes circles in the coffee but you can't see it. Well, *I* can't see it. So, how does it fell?"

Connie swallowed. "Feels like — like —" She blinked. "Like nothing. It's a white fog when it reaches my eyeballs, it blinds me for a second or so. And then, I don't know, it's as if everything is *closer*, as if I just need to reach out and I can touch the world."

"Wow. Lucky you."

"Yeah. *Lucky me*," snorted Connie. "I'd rather have your rack than this weird *gift*."

Marge tilted her head and raised her eyebrows. “Okay, so now that you’re berried up, try that one over there! Yeah, *her*, she surely won’t complain. And you better aim right this time.”

Connie glanced over her shoulder and focused, concentrating on the not-quite-remarkable body of the passer-by, a middle-aged woman.

Grow D-cups!

Nothing.

She shook her head and felt a huge rush of relief as she said, “Doesn’t work any more, even with the berries.”

“Maybe say it aloud? Come on, try it again,” Marge begged, with far too much gleeful eagerness for Connie’s taste. Connie’s eyes narrowed.

*Yeah, now you can’t get enough of it, huh? How would **you** like it, suddenly bursting out of your clothes right in the middle of the mall?*

Marge turned pale as her blouse slipped out of her belt and rode up on her chest. “Not *me*,” she hissed through tight lips, stooping and twisting away towards the wall, clutching her chest. “Connie! Are you *mad*?”

“Oh darn!” Connie slapped her hand on her mouth and waved frantically with the other one in Marge’s direction. “Stop! *Stop!* Shrink! Stop — *phew*.”

The straining folds around Marge's blouse buttons disappeared. Exhaling loudly, the buxom raven cast an accusing look at her friend. Connie blushed and kicked her friend's leg under the table before she leaned in.

"Marge, don't give me *that* stare!" she whispered. "It wasn't *my* idea to try it here, remember? No more screwing around with that in public, okay? Right, now we know I've still got *it*. I don't need to say it loud, I just need to think in the, uh, general direction. So there must be some difference between that woman and you."

"She had no berries!" they both blurted out at the same time.

* * *

Connie and Marge stared at the rows of plants in their secret clearing. The nearby puddle of milk had almost disappeared, though the forest floor was still soggy and squelched under the soles of their shoes.

"So, how many flat-chested clients can we gladden with that?" inquired Marge.

Connie gulped. This was it. Marge was unable to see the many, many stems of ripe plump berries glowing with *power*.

This has got to stop!

"A — *ah*, one or two, maybe. If we're frugal. There's almost nothing left on the stems."

Marge cursed. "Great! You just *had* to swallow all of it, didn't you? Oh well, let me think about it — right, so we won't start

spreading the good boobs around just yet. Let's move our own beauty clinic to *next* year. Maybe we can sow some more, or split them, or something. You figure it out. What's left from this batch, keep it safe for me!" She jiggled her ample breasts. "Might need to grow these sisters some more after all. I've got a job interview coming up, you must make me *gorgeous* for that. Well? Pick up what's left! In the meantime, I'll drive my motorbike home, and once you're done here, come over and help me breast up!"

Connie shook her head. "Marge, I think we better —"

"Don't leave me waiting!" Marge yelled over her shoulder, and Connie's protest drowned in the sputtering engine of Marge's motorbike. She sighed and bent down.

* * *

One or two? Connie stared at the overflowing bucket in her hands. *I could probably turn every single woman in the city into a blimp with that, and that's just from one row. I mustn't tell Marge. This is all getting out of hand. I should just — just — trample them, and throw the berries away, and — and —*

She gulped.

You've got power over it. The thought was soothing.

Power. Feeling the world, holding its strings in her hands. No longer being left out. Feeling in charge. Feeling *control*.

Yes. Connie nodded to herself. *I've got it under control. Just need to stop worrying for once. I just need to keep Marge from getting boob-happy. Shouldn't be much of a problem.*

She turned back to her work. The harvest yielded almost a gallon of the glowing, strangely weightless liquid. Connie filled it into a plastic canister that she hid under her bed, and though she wouldn't admit it to herself, there was a tiny part of her mind that silently hoped that the weird glow and the power would fade soon. She only put a small vial into her backpack before she drove over to Marge's place.

* * *

Marge opened the door, wearing a woolly, much too big bathrobe.

"There you are! So, how much —"

Connie held up the tiny vial between thumb and forefinger.

"— Oh crap. That's *all* of it?"

"I'm sorry, Marge. Hopefully, it'll be enough for your — hey now, what kind of company wants big breasts for a job interview after all? You're not — no, you can't be that hard up for cash, you — oh gods, *Marge* — not *that* kind of a job — *Marge* —?!"

"Oh, that," smiled Marge. "Was just a ruse to bring you over quickly."

"So, what — what do you want me to do?" Connie avoided her friend's eyes and breasts, looking straight at the wall over Marge's shoulders.

"Gee, Connie, do you think I'm stupid? You've been all over my boobs, just because you can't hex your own. Guess what? I don't mind! Here, you grab them! Have fun with them!"

Marge laughed as she let her bathrobe slip from her shoulders and stood stark naked, with her legs slightly apart, in front of Connie. The tall girl gasped, spun around and slammed the flat's door shut to keep any prying eyes out.

“*Marge!* So ... so you're really comfortable with this?” gulped Connie, choking on her words as she turned back and looked her friend up and down. “I — I never thought you'd, y'know, uh, you'd be — you always had, uh, *boy*-friends, and y—you ...”

Marge's fingers brushed gently over Connie's arm, yet the slender girl jerked away like hit by a punch. The buxom raven chuckled. “Oh *Connie!* Cutie, this is a special present just for you. I'm so sorry that you can't feel how great *these* are.” She hefted her breasts and pinched her nipples between thumbs and forefingers. “Were you never curious how another girl's boobs felt? You never got down to do a little, heh, *experimenting?*”

Connie shook her head and measured up her friend. Marge's proportions were *perfect*. Her friend was still half a head smaller, but ... *statuesque* was the word Connie was looking for, and the self-confidence Marge exuded by the gallon made her seem much taller. The curvy young woman didn't care for her shy friend's uneasy stare at all when she grabbed her own crotch and started kneading the soft folds of her vulva.

“So, sweetie,” breathed the raven-hair while she worked up her arousal with her slender fingers, “you gave me these — *uuuuuhh!*” Her hands returned to her her breasts and dug into the abundant flesh. “The least I can do is let you play with them. As long as you make them bigger, I'm all game. So, how you wanna play this?”

“Slowly,” mumbled Connie. “Very, *very* slowly.”

Marge laughed. “Like in, chaste cuddling in bed? *Awww sweeeeet*. Oh well, you’ll at least let them swell a teensy tiny bit, eh? Here, step behind me, and you can be my hand bra for today.”

“And no growing,” gulped Connie. Marge pouted.

* * *

Warm. Warm and firm-soft, and oh so heavy. Connie exhaled hard.

That’s what E feels like. I —

Her fingers undulated over Marge’s ample mammaries. The big nipples stuck between Connie’s fore and middle fingers, rough and hard like thimbles. They *begged* of her to let loose all of her weird gift on them. Connie shook her head.

— I mustn’t let them grow. I mustn’t breast.

Marge rolled her shoulders and pressed closer to Connie’s body. Her spiky hair tickled Connie’s face.

Don’t even think about it. Gotta be careful. It’s breast if I — I — No! Gotta Breast. Focus. Gotta focus.

Chained to her friend’s body, Connie followed her into the bedroom.

* * *

“So, how’d you like your borrowed boobs?” whispered Marge over her shoulder, lying on her side in her wide bed.

No reply. Her tall, slender friend had slipped away into sleep, still spooning up on her and cradling the abundant pair of Marge’s breasts. Marge sank back into her pillow and smiled.

Sweet Connie. One of these days, I really need to teach you to be a bit more outgoing, my bookworm. Well, it’s a start, you daring to grab my puppies when you’re sober.

Marge gently patted the cups of Connie’s hands on her mammaries. A vague itching and throbbing filled the heavy mounds, and Marge smiled expectantly.

Feels great. Oh well, some shut-eye before the party starts won’t hurt me either.

* * *

Marge woke two hours later while Connie still napped. The raven-haired girl looked over her shoulder and brushed a stray strand from her friend’s peaceful face before she freed herself from Connie’s embrace. She climbed out of bed, slowly, to not disturb Connie’s slumber, and looked down on the curled-up figure under the sheets.

Oh Connie. You haven’t slept right in days, have you? Always worrying, studying, thinking. You really needed a little time out.

She probingly hefted her own breasts and grinned.

And these two — just what I hoped for. Quite a bit more than before, no matter what you said.

Marge grabbed her new leather bodice and sneaked into the kitchen. Slipping into her party outfit took some time and effort, but admiring herself in the mirror more than made up for that. Her chest rose out of the low frame of the neckline in two pale, taut spheres, and the reflections of the spot lamps in the corridor sparkled on the leather of her thigh-high black boots. She fastened her choker and struck a pose.

Damn, I really need to get a whip to go with that outfit.

Marge took out her mobile, made a quick snapshot of herself and typed “Party?”. She flipped through her address book, knowing that it didn’t really matter who she’d send it to. Five minutes, tops, and a car would be waiting outside.

* * *

Steel howled, and heavy machinery came crashing down all around. Connie sat bolt upright in the bed and cast panicked glances around.

She needed another minute until she managed to find the knob to turn down the volume on Marge’s stereo, choking the grunts and screams of the lead singer. Even with the loudspeakers muted, some of the rattling and rumbling remained. Connie brushed the curtains aside. Rain whipped against the window panes, and every now and then, thunder rolled in the distance.

Despite the rough wake-up call, Connie felt surprisingly refreshed. A tad disoriented from waking up in somebody else’s bedroom, yes, but refreshed nonetheless. She looked at the clock, then she ran her hands over her face and rubbed her eyes.

Now who in their right mind has an alarm going off at 2100?

“Marge?”

The bedroom was empty. She checked the other rooms, but found herself alone in Marge’s flat. On the kitchen table laid a hand-scribbled note.

Gone 2 party. Don’t wait up. If you leave, just pull the door shut. I’ve got my keys. You’re welcome to wait for xtra cuddling when I get back home.

P.S.: U still got it, even in your sleep. Thanks for two much needed extra inches. Gonna blow those wannabes away now!

* * *

By the light of the next day, Connie and Marge stood side by side amidst the remainders of their plantation. The storm had felled a tree, and the tumbling log had flattened the rows of the magical plants for good.

Marge blew a sigh through her pouted lips. “Great. Well, that’s it for our beauty clinic, I guess. Did you find that bush outside the university again?”

Connie shook her head. “They started excavating for the new auditorium last week. Nothing left there, either. Sorry, Marge.”

Marge shoved her. “Yeah, *sorry*. Oh come on, I’m not dumb. You’re glad your career as boob witch is done for. You don’t have to feign concernment. You sure you didn’t *wish* for that to happen?”

“Marge! No, I did *not* wish for that to happen! Besides, I haven’t found anything about those berries and weather. Dammit, all I could think of was trampling them myself! So you better think twice about how you want to spend that last vial dangling into your cleavage.”

Marge pulled it out by the thin chain around her neck and dangled it in front of her face, smiling.

“Oh, I *will*, my dear. I *will*.”

Part 3 — Two Much By Far

Connie tries to find a way out of her predicament, keeping the real amount of remaining transformative juice a secret from ever-greedy Marge. However, when an impromptu make-out session gets out of hand, she is forced to reveal the truth. Soon, Connie is in over her head, struggling between lust and responsibility while the last supply of the juice dwindles and Marge rises to dubious fame ...

Proof-reading: Sigh. Nope. Just me and my non-native-speaker brain.

Obscure musical reference:

“(Oh woh) I’m out on the edge for you / (Oh woh) I’m flowing over” — Jennifer Rush, Live Wire

Chapter 7: Descent Into Desire

A shadow fell on her books and made Connie look up from her table in the campus cafeteria. Marge pulled up a chair and swiveled down. The voluptuous raven pulled at her shirt's hemline and fumbled into her cleavage for a few moments, then she dug something from the dark depths and tossed it on Connie's pile of papers. To Connie, the liquid in the tiny vial sparkled in the ethereal glow of mashed berries.

“Hey, boob witch! Let's go beyond that shy groping of yours. Today, we're going to put that rest of it to use. Half's for you, bottoms up and get your fingers warmed up. The last party was a blast, but there were still a few other girls that matched me. I can't have that happen again tonight, so I need a little more up top and the counterweight to my boot—y!”

“Marge!” hissed Connie while she cast nervous looks around and pushed the glass cylinder away. “Are you *mad*?! You can't just yell around in public like that! And — honestly, any more on your chest, you're in need for custom clothes!”

“Yeah, yeah. Lighten up, bookworm!” Marge leaned in and nabbed the vial, sinking it back into the abyss of her cleavage. She whispered, “How did you know? I’ve got a whole new outfit hanging in my wardrobe! A dream! Red and black leather, and those little silver studs and the lace-up thingies and all that. Y’know, last week, Bob saw me in my old bodice, and he dragged me off to a tailor the very next day.”

“Bob? Who’s Bob?”

“Forget about Bob. He’s just some rich guy, owns a bar or something. Drove me home last Friday. Hey, listen, I told the seamstress to plan *ahead*, y’know? It’ll look good on me only if you walk my sisters down the alphabet some more. So you’ll be home when? Six thirty? I’ll be there, I’ll be all yours again. Until then, start thinking happy boob thoughts, sweetheart.”

Marge patted Connie’s cheek, and she was gone. Connie stared down on her textbooks, but the letters swam before her eyes. The paper rounded towards her. Marge’s boobs. Boobs. Bigger boobs. Swelling. Bulging. She leaned back and clenched her thighs, and her legs squeezed the nervous, swollen folds of her sex.

It’s wrong. I need to stop that. Stop thinking about —

— soft flesh, slowly filling out the cups of her fingers. Silken skin, budding nipples, doming areolae, covered in little nubs, sweet thick milk dripping down, leaning in, pouting, wetting her lips with —

— *Just one more time. One last time. After that, after th—*

Connie shuddered all over and grabbed the edge of the table as her head started to swim and her hips began to rock involuntarily. Wetness worked its way through her panties. Still trembling, she collected her books and stuffed them hastily into her backpack.

Oh gods and heavens, I should've worn a skirt instead of the jeans! Need to get home before they soak through! I'm a worse slut than her!

* * *

She fled the cafeteria and hurried through the endless corridors of the university. Connie already had the tall doors of the exit in her sight when suddenly a hand grabbed her arm. Her momentum carried her in a semicircle around her captor and made her stumble against the wall. She was dragged around a corner into a darker, empty side passage.

“Easy there, Miss Soakypants!” breathed Marge’s voice. Holding Connie’s arms in her grip, she shoved her stunned prey backwards. A swinging door bumped against Connie’s back. The wide echoes of the corridor changed into the confined, harsh ringing of tiles. Marge quickly turned around and locked the door behind them. Her breath came in fast gasps.

“I can’t wait until later! Need it now! I know you’re all wet, too! Don’t care if it’s the last of the berries! *Need it!* So come on!”

She pushed Connie against the wall. The cold of the tiles wormed its way through Connie’s light clothes instantly. Marge grabbed the tiny vial, popped the cork and gulped down half of its meager content.

“Marge! We can’t — what if —,” protested Connie.

“Oh shut up and swallow!”

“Marg—mmmfff—”

Marge’s warm fingers squeezed into Connie’s cheeks. She raised her hand, and moments later, the rest of the taste-free juice oozed from the vial into Connie’s forcefully pouted mouth and down her throat.

“—ulp!”

A thin rivulet ran from the corner of Connie’s lips and disappeared into Marge’s mouth when she kissed and licked her way all over her friend’s face.

The *white* rushed through Connie’s veins. Again, it blinded her for a few seconds, and when she blinked the veil away, Marge had turned around and rubbed her plump, firm buttocks against Connie’s hip, pinning her against the wall with the delicious weight of heart-shaped ass perfection under a rough jeans skirt. She spread her legs and gyrated her aroused sex on Connie’s thigh.

“Marge!” protested Connie. “*Uuuhhnn!* You’re — you’re too heavy! Get off me!” Without thinking, she grabbed her friend’s rear and pushed hard.

The response was instantaneous. Throbbing and tingling shot through Connie’s fingers, and the muscular buttocks *expanded* in her grip. The strong cloth of Marge’s tight skirt creaked. Seams widened. Moments later, the zipper gave in, and Marge’s pale skin peeked through the V-shaped gap.

“*Oooh*, naughty Connie,” moaned the stooped girl. “Do my tits next!” She grabbed Connie’s wrists and brought them up to her chest, squeezing her flesh into Connie’s reluctant hands. The itching and throbbing set in only seconds later.

“*Yeaaaa*, that’s the good stuff,” moaned Marge. Her hard nipples pressed into the cups of her bra, stretching the cloth and straining into the next layer of her clothes. Flesh bubbled bigger and overflowed the cups that barely held the puffy areola in check. She felt the rough texture of her jeans blouse, struggling to restrain the chest avalanche that filled up the garment.

* * *

“Connie—?” gasped Marge. The hands had disappeared, but her jugs kept on filling up. Air just wouldn’t come to her lungs, and she began to feel dizzy as her breathing became shallower and shallower. The expanding amount of pliant breasts quickly consumed all available space in her rugged blouse and slowly crushed her chest.

“Oh gods. *Oh gods!* It’s — choking me! Need — to —”

Marge’s fingers dug into her shirt’s line of buttons. She pulled, and little pieces of plastic rained over the tiles. It brought a little relief, bought a little extra time. There was still one more piece of clothing cutting into her flesh. Her hands flailed and struggled as she tried to reach behind her back.

“Not — enough — hurry, open — the bra!” Reddened massive flesh bulged over the cups, and the straps already dug deep into Marge’s back, leaving white ridges in her shoulders and sides. “Gods, Connie, *please!*”

Connie snapped from her empty-eyed stupor, pulled the hem of Marge's torn shirt from the belt and flipped it over her friend's head. The bra's lock strained to keep the straps together and was strung short of its breaking point. She leaned in and pulled. The whiplash cracking echoed through the room, and Connie licked her aching fingertips to the rhythm of Marge's relieved panting and gasping.

* * *

Marge's legs regained their strength. She straightened, lifted her buttocks off her friend and staggered away. "*Phew!* That was close! You got a little eager there, huh?" she gasped, one hand against the wall, the other straightening her gaping shirt.

She looked down. After a short, breathless moment of inspection, she growled: "Oh come *on!* What am I going to do with *these?*"

Connie grew pale and splayed her arms, keeping her hands far from Marge's exploded body. Her friend's new cartoonish breasts bulged out from just below her collarbones, reaching out at least one and a half foot in a breathtaking curve only broken by the plum-sized nipples, and returned to her ribs with a little sag that shadowed Marge's navel. Their slight teardrop-shape gave the impression of taut, water-filled beach balls, and only the counterweight of Marge's impressive ass granted her the ability of standing upright, with a heavy backwards slant to balance the weight.

"Marge, I'm — I'm sorry, I thought you'd say 'when', but — and — *buh.*" Connie twisted away and held up her arms when Marge raised her hand.

Marge patted Connie's cheek, and when she withdrew her hand, she let her fingers trace along the curve of the blond girl's cheekbones and dipped her forefinger's tip between her friend's lips for a second.

"Shhh," she whispered, pouted, and licked the tiny droplet of Connie's saliva from the tip. Slowly gyrating her hips as she circled her own lips with her finger, she continued, "No harm done. Wasn't quite what I expected, but I guess we're tucked away safe enough to have me star in one of your cute inflation fantasies, eh?"

Connie just stared at her. She had expected a hissy fit, or a slap, or — or anything, anything but the shameless flirting show. She'd never have thought Marge would give in so easily to —

The bigger the better. It turns you on. And you won't burst, ever. Those had been her own words, two weeks ago, in the forest.

Gods, I — her mind's still like I wished it! What have I done?!

"So?" demanded Marge's voice, snapping back to impatience. "Put your hands back to work! If you want to see them *big*, then let's *do* this! Load them up with milk!"

"Marge, we better—"

Connie's mouth simply stopped moving for lack of any coherent thought when her friend turned around again and offered her the breathtaking sight of her narrow waist and the dangling *udders* that bulged out sideways over her hourglass contour.

Breasts. Massive. B—breasts. Need to cuddle up. Spoon. Reach around. Feel them. Soft. In my hands. Need to — hold them. Want them.

She shook her head and took a deep breath. The primal urge in Connie's mind gave way to a moment of rational thought. Connie used it to rationalize.

You've got power over it. She sighed and shrugged. *Oh well, can always undo it later.*

“All right, Marge. Here it comes now...”

With her arms held out wide, steering clear of any part of her friend's body, Connie leaned down further. Her hips pressed against the warm bulge of Marge's ass and lower back. Marge couldn't hold up their combined weight and slipped. Connie reached for a hold, her hands found the comfort of Marge's deliciously clutch-able breasts, and the entangled couple fell flat on the cold tiles. Marge squeaked in sudden nipple-chilling surprise as her resilient balcony was squeezed flat against the floor. Together, Marge and Connie bobbed up and down on the squeaking pillows.

“—*Ouff! Hey! H—heeeeeyyyy... Uuooaaahhh!*”

Marge's protest changed into a lascivious moan that mixed with more groaning and squeaking noises. Connie felt herself being lifted higher, higher and higher on an undulating mattress. The taut skin in her grip bulged out farther. She tried to change her hands' position and let them slip down along Marge's sides.

Her fingertips brushed against another pair of rapidly developing balloons. She gulped and rolled off her friend's back, clambering away. There was no way of rationalizing *this*.

“Uh, M—Marge —,” she stuttered, gawking wide-eyed at the other girl’s chest as Marge also struggled to her hands and knees and the eye-popping amount of orbs dangled freely, round and proud from her ribcage.

* * *

“Four? *Four* breasts?! What were you *thinking*?” bitched Marge as she inspected the second, slightly smaller pair now attached to her ribs right beneath her original breasts. Their size had evened out a bit while their combined volume was still *beyond*. Her fingers pinched the new nipples, and a shudder and twitching shot right through her body and grounded the lightning of her anger into lust.

“*I?* I wasn’t thinking of anything! I was just thinking, thinking, — that you’d say *when*! How could I know you’d just keep on going?” stammered Connie.

Marge gasped for air. Her voice had lost the hostile edge. She gnawed on her lower lip and winked at her friend with bedroom eyes.

“*Very* well done.” She wetted her lips and smacked. “We can always make the disappear again later, I guess. While they’re — while — *mmmmhhh*... come back here. Step behind me. Put your arms around me, and let me kiss your magic hands.”

* * *

Marge’s lips fluttered all over Connie’s hand on her mouth, licking the trembling fingers and sucking them into her mouth time and again. The tip of Marge’s tongue wiggled between Connie’s fingers and tickled over her palms, then her wrist.

Her palm. And her wrist. *At the same time.* Connie's eyes grew big.

"*Mmmh,*" mumbled the horny raven. "I mwike thaff. Fe fmore I puff ouf, fe flonger if getfs."

She turned her head sideways. Connie got a good glimpse of —

— The *tentacle*. Its tip was a tongue like any other. After the first few inches, it changed into a muscular tube and wrapped around Connie's wrist like a constrictor. Connie tried to pull away. The long, wet muscle was stronger. It drew her hand back to Marge's mouth, and the girl kept on licking and nibbling on Connie's hand.

* * *

Marge finally let go. She turned around to face Connie, sat on her haunches, cradled her lower pair of breasts and brought her shoulders forward to squeeze her upper pair with her elbows, too. Offering the four domed areola and the bloated, nervous nipples to Connie, she moaned, "Grab them! Grab them and mash them together and make them grow while I run my tongue dofffn—*mmmh!*"

Connie's hands trembled.

This is — it's just too weird. She looks like a fuck-demon from some eastern temple. Got to make that extra stuff disappear. I should

She blinked. *No. I'll ask myself 'what if' forever if I don't try that now. This is off the maps anyway.*

Connie dug her fingers into the warm yielding orbs. In her touch, the skin struggling around Marge's mammary mass began to flutter and tremble like the distending rubber of a balloon filling up with water. It spread her fingers apart until they couldn't splay any further and the expanding surface slipped by under her fingertips.

"*Aaanngghhh—*," moaned her friend, the vowels streaming from her gaping mouth and pouted lips together with the dripping, elongating tentacle. It crept over her chin and disappeared, twisting and wiggling, into the small tunnel that formed along Marge's breastbone where her breasts' taut volume kept them from mashing against each other. Nodding up and down like an oil pump, Marge worked the firm rod into her cleavage. The tip wrestled free somewhere at her navel's height. She closed her eyes and focused her wish, drawing on Connie's powers. More inches of her tongue spilled forward. The tip found the rim of her skirt and struggled behind the tight cloth. Sweaty, salty curls slipped by, then came folds of skin, until the warmth of the onset of Marge's thighs enveloped her own tongue. She curved the tip and found the right spot, slowly spreading her labia. Her whole body rocked back and forth, thrusting her still swelling breasts into Connie's hands.

Marge pouted her lips and closed them around the root of the agile muscle, moaning through her nose. She knew what kind of tongue movements she wanted when someone went down on her, yet she never had found a way to express that during the fevers of sex. Now she didn't need to explain it to anyone. She simply *did* what she liked best.

Connie let go and backed away when Marge's swelling jugs in her hands passed the prize pumpkin stage. Marge didn't care. Her skin

glistened with sweat, and her body, thighs and arms and all, shook for eternal minutes while she ate herself out, rubbing and twisting her tongue over her aroused clit in the ways she always had longed for.

* * *

In the end, Marge stooped slowly until gravity took over and sent her bouncing down on the quadruple pillows of her rack.

“Phew!” She laughed, wobbling on the bed of her own mammoth mammaries, and slurped her tongue back into her mouth. “Now *that* was freaky fun! Right, Connie, you better clean up this mess now. Four of them at that size will just get in the way. Make me presentable again, I don’t know how long the *out of service* sign will keep people away.”

Connie stared at her non-glowing hands and remained mute.

“Connie—?” An undertone of worry was in Marge’s voice now.

Chapter 8: Running From Empty

“I — I can’t. I’m empty. There wasn’t that much in the vial, and, and you became so demanding, I — I just lost it, and I must’ve used up all the berry power.”

Marge tried to get up, but the weight of her breasts held her chained to the floor.

“What do we do *now*?” she squeaked in rising panic as the situation sank in.

“I — I don’t know! I —” Connie backed away on shaky knees.

“*Connie!*” barked Marge. “You’re the clever one! Come on, I can’t — gods, I can’t be found like that! *Connie! Snap out of it!*”

Connie gulped. Then she took another step backwards, and gulped again. She cleared her throat. Another gulp, another cough.

How to put it, how to put it.

She scratched her head.

“M — maybe, maybe there are some berries left. Let me sneak out —”

“To the plantation? *Please, no!* It’ll take you an hour or longer! The next break starts in thirty minutes! Someone will call the janitor! *They’ll find me!*”

“No, I mean, I — I got some ...” She sighed. At least there was no way Marge was going to jump up and slap her this time. “I still got some juice at my place.”

* * *

“You still got some?” Marge exhaled in profound relief. “Thank heavens!” And, pointing at her fourfold ball-and-chain, she immediately added, “Well? *Hurry!*”

“I’m on it! I’m on it!” Connie struggled with the window handle. She opened the milk glass pane and threw a checking glance outside. “Gotta climb down the vines, I can’t lock the door from the outside. Marge, you really, really, owe me for that one!” She swung her legs over the window sill. Moments later, she was gone.

“Hey, Connie! Say, just how much of the juice have you — *Connie!*”

No reply. Marge sighed and rested her chin on her hands. Her elbows dug into the soft pillows of her upper breasts.

Pfff. She’ll need fifteen minutes at least.

Booooring.

She crossed her arms and observed her left nipple that peeked out over the horizon of her mammaries. Marge walked her right hand's fingers over her jugs, faking goose steps with index and middle finger. She flicked against the plump strawberry of flesh and shuddered at the touch.

Damn, that's pretty sensitive. Cool.

A playful pinch sent heat through the whole orb. Goosebumps spread over her body. She squeezed harder and inhaled sharply.

Whoa! That's pretty nice. H—hey!

Marge's midriff started to quiver in tiny spasms, and her point of view slowly rose. The joints between the tiles wandered over her skin as her breasts grew firmer and lost their flattened shape.

Filling up! Oh fuck, I'm— waitaminute...

Her fingers suddenly dripped with warm wetness, and the upward movement stopped. She raised her hand to her face and sampled the white coating.

Mmmh... Sweet. I guess I can milk a quarter of an hour from that.

Marge reached blindly for the domed areolae. Her mouth spread into a happy smile as she cupped the palm-sized mounds and twisted her nipples between her fingers. Firm and taut as her breasts had grown now, she couldn't dream of pulling them close enough to her lips to suck on the plump nipples. Marge settled for her agile tongue instead, stretching it out to lick and prod and strangle her teats one after the other.

* * *

Connie stared down on the puddles of milk on the floor.

“*Marge!*”

“Oh *what?* I got bored and played with my new assets. It’s not like my milk bar will go away by itself. So, you’re all berried up again?”

“You bet. Here, that one’s for you.” She handed a test tube to Marge and watched her gulp down the fresh shot. The glow spread under her skin only moments later. Connie scratched her cheek, pondering.

“Right, last time, there was a whole lot of milk in your breasts, and they shrunk after — *oh no!*”

“Connie, don’t *oh no* me! What is it *now?* We’ve got maybe fifteen minutes left! Come on, get my nipples spraying.”

“I can’t!” The blonde shook her head. She realized there was *another* problem waiting.

“What do you mean? You *must!*” Now there *was* panic in Marge’s voice.

“Look around! There’s no floor drain in here! If I make your boobs let down now, the milk can’t go anywhere but outside! Do you remember how much you squirted the last time? I almost *drowned!* If you let loose here, the whole *corridor* will be ankles deep in milk! Unless —”

“Unless *what?* — *Ouch!*” Marge cringed. “*Ow—ow—ow!* Let go! Let go of my nipples! Let — oh gods! What are you doing? Are you — You’re squeezing my nipples shut *with your mind!*” Her breath came quicker. “Don’t do that! It’s like kneading them! It makes my breasts wake up again! *Oh gods! Getting fuller!*” The pressure kept on rising in her exited glands.

Connie knelt down in front of Marge’s right breast, Marge’s *upper* right breast, to be precise. Her splayed fingers enclosed the doming, plate-sized areola and began to send the firm, milk-soaked flesh into wavy motions. A groan mixed of fear and lust slipped over Marge’s pouted lips. Eyes closed, Connie mumbled and whispered.

“Connie, talk to me! What are you doing — I’m — I’m too full! I’m —”

The whole three-foot orb undulated steadily now, and every wave running into Marge’s ribcage took a little gush from the trapped milk and spread it out under her skin. The swelling wandered lower, a warm wavefront of liquid creeping down along Marge’s toned midriff. Soon, her chiseled abs disappeared under round bloat. A growing potbelly squeezed forward between the dangling lower pair of her breasts. Hot skin stretched slowly and steadily from the end of her ribcage to the top of her pubic bone and wedged Marge’s pulled-up thighs apart, spreading her legs as she straddled the expanding ball bulging from her center.

“Connie, I — I don’t like that! I don’t like that at all! Tell me what you’re up to! Are you knocking me up?!”

Without opening her eyes, Connie groaned, “Can’t move you about if you’re four solid udders. And you don’t fit into one of the

stalls either. So it's belly ball time for now. Gonna roll you to the sinks, hang your crotch over one and drain you trough your vag."

Marge stared at her with wide-open eyes. "Connie, that's about the *sickest* thing I've heard in while!"

"I—I'm sorry, I—"

The raven-haired girl laughed. "What for? Sounds like fun! Squirting O of a lifetime! Hurry up and *do* it!"

* * *

Sweat ran down Marge's contorted face as she stooped over the sphere of her womb, clutching the four-feet spread of squeaking skin with arms and legs, rocking back and forth helplessly.

"In—intense! *Guuuhnnnn!* Connie, hurry! I can barely hold it together! My belly! My belly's bursting!"

Connie stopped her pumping and ran her fingers over the straining orb. She sensed *power*, sheer, raw, trapped power, coursing through the balloon. She shook her head.

"Fat chance of that. Feels like you could swell on *forever*."

"*Uhhhh—*Gods! F—forever?!" Marge licked her lips. "Really? *Hhhhaaahhh!* K—keep going! *Mmmmh!* I'm — so — wet — dripping — down my legs — Connie — rub me! Grab my — pussy —"

Connie ignored Marge's lecherous pleading and kept on kneading and squeezing the breasts until the lower pair was absorbed into the round protrusion and the upper pair rested its old buxom-yet-

possible size on the orb that Marge's front had birthed. She grabbed the shoulders of her panting friend and stood up, tipping the bloated girl towards the row of sinks.

* * *

The cold enamel pressed into Marge's thighs. Connie wrestled her hand through the tight, sweat-greased fold between Marge's taut womb and her legs. Her fingertips touched wet, wiry, curly hair, then a swollen, stiff nub slick with sticky ooze.

"*Yes!* Yes, pinch it! Rub it!" gasped Marge. "C—cummin'!"

"Oh, you will! And for once I'm happy you didn't wear panties today. Right, you'll get horny now. You'll have the gushing climax of a lifetime," sneered the blonde into her friend's tense face. Her fingers kneaded the throbbing clit. She focused, digging her fingertips into the swollen lips at the top of Marge's vulva.

The white bolt of magical discharge struck. Marge's eyes fluttered shut as she felt her cave become wide, flooding with the hot liquid from her giant paunch. Her entrance opened up, the liquid shot out in one single, massive bolt, and the sink filled to the brim with sweet milk in seconds. Connie gasped and quickly covered the distended hole with her hands to quench the tide.

"Hold it tight!" she commanded, and Marge's labia contracted and wrinkled up like a sphincter in her palm. The riptide turned into a trickle.

"No! Let it out! Let it out! Must keep cummin'," squeaked the inflated girl.

“Oh *shut up!* I need to think!” She gave Marge’s buttocks a push, and Marge rolled over, just barely able to stop her momentum with her arms thrust out ahead, hanging upside down from the orb of her own belly.

Dammit. Dammit dammit dammit. She’s too full. Too much. The sink can’t take all that, not in ten minutes. Too much spill. Can’t — but, what if —

She knelt down and inspected the two-inches chrome tube that sprouted from the wall and ran up into the basin, and then turned and thoughtfully looked at Marge’s pussy and the thin current of milk that still seeped through the cramped labia valve under the bloated, high-lifted buttocks.

* * *

“Right, Marge, now go lower until you feel the tube against your — you know.”

Connie laid on the cold tiles and watched as Marge bent her knees further. The girl had her back to the wall and her thighs wide. The gurgling four-foot sphere of her belly rested on the cool floor between her feet, and inch by inch, she lowered her crotch towards the pipe. The sink laid in shattered pieces in the corner by the door. Only the chrome-plated drainpipe angled out and up from the wall, and now Marge’s crotch slowly descended towards it while Connie aimed the tip.

“*Haaah—!*” Marge jerked and shivered as the cold rim touched.

Connie's fingers tugged and pushed until the position was right. *Moist and slippery*, commanded her thoughts. Immediately, thick whitish drops appeared in the depths of Marge's reddened funnel. Connie's fingers splayed into the swollen labia, pulled them apart and followed the penetrating pipe.

"*Unngh* — I like that dildo," came from somewhere above the expanse of stretched skin.

Connie frowned and shook her head. A sigh, then she focused on the obedient flesh in her grip and ordered, "Right, now — open up!"

Hissing and bubbling marked the beginning, then a deep rumble went through the old walls of the building. The tubes clanged and trembled. The noise of mechanical mayhem drowned out Marge's moan of relief. The vastest part of the milk avalanche thundered down the drain it was intended to go, yet some thin white jets still found their way around her muscles' seal. Connie hurried to crawl away before she got soaked too badly. Stooped, panting and shivering, one hand against the wall, the other on her knee, she watched her impaled friend's rapidly shrinking belly. Marge's head dangled in mindless ecstasy as she power-flushed the vintage plumping of the old building with milk.

* * *

"Let's never, ever, do that again, okay?" gasped Connie, kneeling down in front of her friend and squeezing the last of the bulging belly inwards until it snapped back by itself into the enviable shape of a super heroine's abs.

“At least let’s not try it again in a place without adequate sewers,” grinned Marge, brushing her sweat-drenched hair from her face. She rose, and the pipe disconnected with a *shluurp-pop*. Her fingers traced Connie’s chin. “*Mmmh*. Still was quite a trip. And just how much of our magical juice *have* you saved, you little liar?”

Connie threw her head in her neck, shook it, closed her eyes and sighed, “Marge, please, *no!*”

Chapter 9: The Rise And Fall Of Major Boobage

Connie glanced around the terraces of the auditorium. This was the third time in a week that Marge had missed one of the morning courses. The place by Connie's side was empty. The first few times, she had worried that Marge was angry at her for something or other, but when Marge showed up late, she acted in the same weird blend of brash affection as always. Something kept her up at night, though. Shadows showed under her eyes. Connie had asked. Marge had laughed and pinched her cheek, spilling nothing. Strangely enough, Marge hadn't asked for *enhancement* either since the botched make-out in the toilet. Connie was rather sure she hadn't done any wishing, yet Marge behaved a lot less erratic than before. They still met to cuddle maybe once or twice a week, and even *then*, the overflowing raven was more than happy to just let Connie hold on to her breasts, no demands, no questions asked.

* * *

"I'll be gone for a week," Marge announced suddenly. Connie turned her head from the taste-free lunch in the canteen and frowned.

“A workshop,” continued the black-haired young woman.

Connie’s stare didn’t really light up with understanding.

“Modern dance,” Marge finished.

“Modern dance?” And, after a few seconds, Connie added, “*You?*”

“Well, yeah. Guess what? Someone noticed my *balcony!* And I don’t mean one of these beaus that drop their trays in surprise when they see me in the queue. No, this is *serious*. Been there for auditing the last few times I was late, y’know? They think I’ve got potential. Just need to hone my skills a bit, they said.”

Connie frowned. “You remember what you told me, about when you become too eager? About stopping you?”

Marge laughed. “Really? Can’t imagine why I should’ve told you something like that!”

“Well, you’re becoming too eager now, again. Do I need to stop you, for your own good?”

Connie backed away when Marge suddenly leaned in and narrowed her eyes.

“Don’t you dare,” growled the young woman.

Connie didn’t.

* * *

The cell phone clunked to the ground and kept on wandering over the floor with each buzzing of the ringer. Connie groaned as she fished for it, reaching it with two fingertips only until she struggled from her bed.

“Marge, what is it this time?” mumbled the tired student, rolling back into her bed. She glanced at the clock.

Five a.m. Figures.

Contrary to her expectations, Marge’s voice was neither slurred nor sprinkled with incoherent giggles. Granted, there was the Marge-typical background of a noisy party, but for all purposes, Marge didn’t seem her early-morning inebriated self for once. Connie’s brain finally picked up speed. Time zones. Wonderful things, until they bit you in the ass at five a.m. because your sorta-best-friend probably hasn’t got a clue about them.

“Marge, what continent *are* you on? You realize it’s *early* early morning here?”

“Silly, I know! It’s early morning here, too. I’m almost next door, in the northern district of the city. You got a pen and paper? I’ll give you the address. Come and pick me up! I’ve got *big* news for you!” Her voice turned away, and Connie could barely make out the “Gee, she thought I’m on holiday! Oh, she’s *so* sweet, you gotta meet her!” and then the giggle of at least two or three other women in the same room.

After Connie jotted down the street and number, she yawned, “Marge, that’s all across town! Can’t you get a cab?”

“A cab? Connie, if I wanted a cab, I would’ve called one. Come on over! This is important! You’ve just *got* to come over and see it! If you hurry, you’ll catch my last show for today!”

Click.

Uh—oh, was the summary of Connie’s thoughts as she reached for her clothes.

* * *

“Uh, hi, I’m —”

Connie gulped. She had circled the building three times with her car, just to make sure she had the right address. It was a nightclub of sorts, though it lacked any blatant advertising save for a small brass sign with the establishment’s name. The man at the door, blocking Connie’s way now, was a head taller than her and built like a brick wall, and just as easily impressionable. He measured her up with a detached, professional gaze and came to the only possible conclusion in light of her last-decade tree hugger outfit.

“No.”

“No, see, I *don’t* want to go in there, I’m just here to pick up Marge. She — she just called me, said I had to come over and ...”

“Of *course* she did. D’you know how many times I heard that in the last hour alone? Still, no.”

“You don’t understand! I’m her friend! We’ve been to school together, and now she’s studying with me.”

The brutish guy cocked his head and grinned.

“Uh-huh. Humm, you’re a bit taller than her. Pretty flat, too. So I guess you’re her man girl with the strap-on?” he inquired.

“*Wha—?* No! No, we’re not — she’s just — we — we’re not doing *these* things!” blushed Connie.

“Yeah, *right*. So our Margie is a shy little lady and you two are just cuddling in bed, eh?”

“Yes! No! I — I mean, I —”

“Oh lay it off. You’re not getting in there tonight. Not in *that* outfit, you don’t.”

“Ah. So you don’t need this job any more, Carl?” came Marge’s voice from the shadows of the corridor, accompanied by the *tock—tock—tock* of impossibly high heels. The bouncer shrunk in her icy stare as she slunk closer, wrapped in a dressing gown.

“Sorry, Miss Marge. Won’t happen again. I thought she’s just another of those fans —”

“You’re not getting paid enough to *think*, Carl. Now remember this: *She* gets in whenever she wants to,” sneered Marge. “So, Connie, come with me.” She glanced over her shoulder as she put her arm around Connie’s waist. “And, for the record, yes, we *are* cuddling.”

* * *

Marge led Connie down the faintly lit corridor. “What a jerk! Hey, sweetie, listen, I just need to do another *da capo*, they’re all

going crazy over me. Do you hear them? And it's almost six in the morning, yet the place is still packed!" Giggling, she added, "*Fuck*, it's great to be a star!" She pushed a door open and gently shoved Connie inside. Snapping her fingers, she told the bartender, "Jacky, the lady's with me. Whatever she wants, it's on the house. Give her a table near the stage." Marge winked at Connie. "Make that a *solo* table. And if anybody tries to hit on her, hit 'em with the two-by-four. Wouldn't want to make my best friend feel uncomfortable, eh?"

"*Buh — gah — wha — Marge—!*" stammered Connie, but her friend had already disappeared backstage.

The bartender curtsied to her. "If you'd please follow me?"

* * *

Connie trailed him as he led her through the maze of tables to a small alcove by the side of the stage. None of the other guests gave her more than a passing glance. When the waiter asked for her order, she just shook her head and slipped thankfully into the concealing shadows of her seat. The quiet murmur of people waiting filled the room. Connie quickly scanned the place from the corner of her eyes.

A silvery pole in the center of a circular pedestal marked the front end of the stage. From there, the elevated floor of illuminated plastic tiles widened, forming a triangle with its base at the curtain. The whole place didn't quite fulfill Connie's crude movie-powered mental image of "seedy strip joint," and for that, she was quite thankful. It reminded her more of some kind of vaudeville club.

Caught unaware, she jerked in her seat when the deafening, lecherous moan of a giantess made the glasses rattle. Only after the

echoes and the drumbeats set in did she realize it was the soundtrack to the next performance, blasting from some unseen but impressive speaker system. The lights dimmed down further until a single spotlight pulled the glittering curtain from the near impenetrable blackness.

* * *

Two hands grabbed the edges of the curtains and threw them open when the next bass pulse ripped through the air. Connie recognized Marge in an instant. Her face was hidden by the brim of her huge cowboy hat, but there couldn't be another pair like those humongous breasts in the world. Two more beats, a dizzying spin that sent those mind-blowing jugs flying, and then Marge stood wide-legged in the spotlight. Rhinestones sparkled on her thigh-high brown leather boots with the impossible heels, the short brown leather chaps and her tautly filled denim shirt. Its massive content had two more beats to calm down again as Marge stood like a statue but for her gyrating hips, but the quivering breasts just couldn't stop sloshing that fast for sheer volume.

Swaying to the driving beat, the bouncy girl worked her way across the stage, the pole firmly fixed in her sights. Connie gulped. The sudden silence of a skipped beat marked Marge's first grip at the silvery rod. She raised her right thigh and hooked her shank around it, spinning slowly while she leaned back until her breasts pointed straight to the ceiling, round and balloon-like in the struggling confinement of her shirt that did not permit the slightest sagging of the pliant orbs.

* * *

The beat returned again. Marge groaned and grabbed the pole harder, righting her body against the overwhelming weight of her breasts until the metal brushed over her nipples while she undulated left and right. Her leg around the pole unwrapped. Standing straight up again and shifting her weight forward over the tipping point, she used the unyielding pole to force her taut shirt into the depths of her cleavage. Her body thrust against the metal. The music froze, and Marge's motions slowed down until she simply leaned into the resistance, panting heavily.

Connie watched her friend's agitated breathing and how the rising and falling motions slowly worked the cloth into the chasm. There wasn't enough material to both wrap around the mammary mass and to coat the inside of her cleavage. The high-pitched tearing of seams cut through the breathless silence of the audience. Liberated white breast flesh jutted through the widening gaps along her sides.

Two more spotlights. The women appearing to her left and right wore a similar cowboy outfit, and while they were more than adequately qualified for their line of work, they couldn't hold a candle to their mistress. Their long fingernails clawed into Marge's sleeves. A harsh pull, and the skimpy dress on Marge's body was gone. She grabbed her hat and threw it into the audience.

* * *

Connie stopped breathing for a second or five, and when she started again, she did it with a gasp she feared could be heard from across the room.

"Oh *Marge*...", she whispered when she felt sure enough she could control her voice instead of squealing incoherently.

Her friend's breasts were *gigantic*. Well, *that* wasn't exactly news to Connie. It was the way Marge had decided to highlight their size and the obvious comparisons coming with them.

Connie had chalked up the paleness of Marge's face to a trick of the stage lights. Now she saw that the uninhibited dancer had covered her whole body in white paint with irregular black spots. On her head, two plastic horns sprouted from her black spiky hair, and between her buttocks, a fake tail whipped against her thighs in her hips' fierce swaying.

With her breathtaking proportions dramatically lit in the sudden glare emanating from the disco floor tiles, Marge was made up as a literal *cow-girl* save for the fact that her udders dangled from her chest instead of her lower belly.

* * *

The curtain split once again. Connie almost toppled with her chair when she jerked back. The man — the *beast* — stepping out on the stage had to be at least seven feet tall. She needed a few moments to recognize the head and the foot-long horns for a minotaur mask. Bulging muscles shifted under the oiled, brown-black skin of the naked giant who must've stepped right out of an old 70s fantasy movie. Marge thrust her glaring white body against him in some kind of fertility dance. It showed results, thick and hard results, in a couple of seconds.

Her hand barely fit around the lower arm that grew out of the giant's crotch. Grabbing the bobbing appendage, Marge led him along to an elevated pedestal that the other two women had quickly rolled on the stage. She climbed on it and went down on hands and knees, with

her hips raised to just the right height and her udders dangling freely. Connie wasn't surprised any more that the milkmaids already did some dance routine that involved shiny chrome buckets while the guy ran his hands over Marge's back and kneaded her derriere.

* * *

The man-bull standing behind Marge bent his knees and moved forward. His curved rod slipped between Marge's thighs, peeked out in front for its sheer length and bobbed against her belly, almost reaching her navel. Backing away again and taking aim, he pushed the swollen tip of his erection against Marge's crotch. Marge moaned, then she let out a bellowing "*Moo*" as the hard intruder split her open. And then, under Connie's incredulous stare, *she took it to the last inch*. Connie's lips were dry. Marge, the girl who once had told Connie, just to watch her squirm uncomfortably, "I can't even use a *regular* dildo because my vaggie's so incredibly *tight*," now knelt in front of Connie's eyes, on the stage of a strip club, milked by a pair of girls while being mounted balls-deep by a can-thick prick that had to push inside her up to her *stomach*.

Connie really wished she hadn't passed on the free drink.

* * *

The music thundered on. Marge still rested on her hands and knees, and her assistants each held one huge, milk-laden breast in both hands, oiling and kneading the pliant spheres in deft, long strokes. The cow-girl's features barely managed to express the overwhelming ecstasy raging through her body while she writhed to the driving wall of sound, impaled on the firm piston that made her abs swell out and shrink back again with its voluminous thrusts. Slowly, helped along by

the lubricated and glistening hands of her handlers, her upper body rose. Each squeeze into Marge's breast flesh forced tiny droplets from the reluctant pores in her hard nipples. Connie glanced around, huddled in her seat. In the twilight of the room, there wasn't a single guest who hadn't whipped out his aching rod and was stroking it feverishly. Though limited as her knowledge about strip clubs was, Connie was quite sure this was *not* what usually happened. She averted her face and stared back at the stage.

* * *

Connie instantly recognized the expression on her friend's face. Marge was about to explode. She arched her back, grabbed the heads of her milkmaids and forced their lips on her nipples. The music stopped for good. Marge's moaning inhale filled the air. The cheeks of the women bulged. White cascades bubbled from their lips. They struggled free, cupped Marge's breasts and held them up, sending thin arcs of milk all over the audience. Burying himself into Marge to the hilt, the bull held on to her ass, frozen in rapture.

The spectators also stopped moving for a couple of seconds, then they sagged back into their seats. Connie quickly fled the room and hid in a corner of the corridor.

Chapter 10: Decisions, Decisions ...

“Uh, so, do you want to ... to talk about that?”

Marge laughed. “No, not really. Ugh, I’m beat. Eight hours of that bull-riding is fun, but it really wears you out.” She snuggled against her seat and yawned. “Hey, thanks for the magical twat you gave me, by the way. Never would’ve thought I could take Mack’s prick in one piece. Wake me when we’re at my door, willya?”

You won’t burst, ever. Her own words. In the clearing. Connie grabbed the rim of the steering wheel harder.

“Marge, we need to talk! Seriously! Look at you! What if you — if you catch something? And when was the last time you showed up for your courses? They’ll throw you out! And look at your clothes! What’s that? Plus-sized? It looks like *fetish* clothes on you! And the others in your courses are starting to *talk!* What if they find out you’re *Mighty Major Boobage* at the — at that — at *that* bar?!”

“Yeah, so what? Let ’em talk! And, come on. Catch something? Mack’s exclusively for me, it’s not like he can find any other girl that

can take him, and we're all getting screened once a week anyway. It's the law. Oh, and I'm going to give up on the studying. Waste of time. Do you have *any* idea of the dough I'm raking in now?"

"You'll give up — *Marge!* You can't — Marge, I — I need —"

Marge ruffled Connie's mane. "I know, sweetie. Don't worry! I'll pay you the same you got from my parents for the tutoring. No, strike that! I'll *triple* it! You just gotta be my personal assistant. So, deal?"

Thrice the pay. It would definitely allow Connie to continue her courses, and she wouldn't have to fight each month to make ends meet.

Connie nodded reluctantly. They drove the rest of the way in silence.

* * *

Weeks later...

* * *

"Marge, this isn't you!" Connie struggled in her friend's embrace, trying to push away with her hands on Marge's shoulders while the curvy assailant kept on nuzzling into the shallow valley between Connie's meager breasts. Marge's arms were locked firmly around Connie's waist, and the feisty young woman pushed Connie backwards until they stumbled upon Connie's creaky futon bed.

"Oh yes, you're right!" she laughed, biting playfully into Connie's neck. "I'm all besides myself now! Rrrrowwwrrrr!"

Marge dug her teeth into the rim of Connie's top and wiggled lower. The edge of the plain cloth scraped over Connie's excited nipples and finally ripped as Marge pulled harder. Her pouted lips closed around the engorged rough nub on Connie's left breast. The blonde gasped. Heat rushed into her cheeks, and the words stumbled from her lips.

“M—*mmmmh!*—Marge, please, p—please, don't — don't —”

Marge's wet, hot tongue drew a shiny line from the left nipple to the right before her burning lips swallowed the other rough bud. The deft fingers squeezing Connie's buttocks wandered lower and started to do *things*.

Connie's body was on fire. Every nerve and fiber demanded to be relieved from all her pent-up desires. She grabbed Marge's head and guided the relentlessly kissing mouth lower. The raven's pouted lips took a little detour and adhered to the soft, sensitive skin of the inside of Connie's thighs, pinching it with her shiny teeth. Connie gave in.

“— Don't — stop! Don't stop! *Unnngh!*”

* * *

The days of summer went by, one after the other. A little tweak here, another inch added there, a hint of puffiness to Marge's lips, just a faint tug at her waist, enhancing the puffy nipples, plumping the areolae, drawing muscle ribs along the thighs ... as the stock of juice dwindled, Marge's hotness went through the roof. She *radiated* sensuousness. Men were barely able to breathe in her vicinity, and even straight women struggled to maintain their senses.

Connie slowly caught her breath again. She didn't know *why* she returned to Marge's bedroom at a single call, day and again. No, that was a lie. She knew it all too well, and the money that Marge had promised — a promise she'd kept — was not part of it. It was just so unbelievably *good* to have her friend go down on her, with all the augmented abundance that her body offered. Marge usually left the strip club by six in the morning, had a little nap, and invariably Connie's mobile would go off as soon as Marge woke for her second breakfast around ten a.m. More often than not, *Connie* was Marge's second breakfast, and vice versa.

Just a drop of the rich, sweet cream seeping from Marge's nipples at the slightest provocation was nectar of the gods. Closing her lips around the rough spouts of delight, feeling the many thin jets tickling her cheeks from the inside, meant paradise. Resting her tired head on the soft pillows after feasting on the nurturing fountains, massaging the supple mountains that easily overwhelmed a single pair of hands and yet stood proud and sag-less as soon as Marge stood up, curling up against Marge's curves, all this opened the gates to Connie's personal nirvana.

Just the sight of Marge's face, with her lips pouting against Connie's curly bush and her cheeks pumping as she *sucked* and *blew* and *sucked* and *blew*, and the *tongue* ... heavens, that tongue alone, it whipped over her vulva with warm, viscid firmness, it wormed into Connie's depths like an angry snake, it made her cave contract in spasms of blissful ecstasy. Marge never showed *that* trick when she danced on the stage, she *never* let anyone see what really hid inside her throat. She kept the foot-long, muscular abomination concealed,

revealing it only as a special treat for her friend, her lover, her *body mechanic*. The curling, wiggling, stroking, digging, drilling appendage robbed Connie of her senses. It was the leash that pulled her back, time and again. It was the whip that made her obey Marge's constant demands of *more* and *rounder* and *jigglier*.

The moment Marge got what she wanted, she'd slump back into her bed and fall asleep in minutes, while Connie was left feeling guilty. Never guilty enough to actually try and stop it, at least not until today.

She looked her friend's figure up and down. The hourglass arrangement of breasts and hips and ass scraped the border of plausibility and possibility now, from the far side no less. It was on that day that Connie's thoughts became lost and scared in the uncanny valleys of Marge's boobs and butt. It was on that day that Connie finally made up her mind.

* * *

This needs to stop. I — I can't let her — I —

Connie's eyes rested on her friend's gorgeous bosom, rising and falling to her sleep's gentle breathing.

No, I can't take that away from her. She's looking just too good. But she mustn't —

Connie's hands trembled a little as she took a small gulp from her flask.

No. This is it. Never again. Do you hear me, world? I don't want that. I don't want to play around with these powers. Never should've

started. I can't handle all that. She can't handle that, either. She is losing herself. If I let this go on, then she'll dissolve inside. I know it.

Connie leaned in to the sleeping buxom beauty. A little of the sheen and shine still glittered on Marge's skin, just barely enough to reach in and *touch* her.

“Marge, you won't go back to that strip joint. You'll quit there. Find some other place, someplace *decent*. And — and you'll not have that crazy urge to grow bigger any more, and not all that hunger for sex, either. You'll — you'll be *you* again, understood? No crazy tongue, no rug munching cravings. Just best friends.”

Holding her breath, Connie put her hand on her bedfellow's shoulder. Once more, the tingling and trembling rushed into her fingers. Faint glow wandered over Marge's skin and faded as it spread. The sleeping girl shuddered lightly. Vague movement crawled under the skin of her throat, and a little of her ballooned mammaries' and buttocks' volume shifted to even out her narrow waist. Marge was still *unbelievably hot*, but no longer on the wrong side of reality.

The power faded away for good. Connie's perception of the world *shrunk* and returned to normal.

That's the right thing to do, she assured herself, despite the sudden rush of *loss* that sent her shivering. *It's over. Thank the gods.* She exhaled and reached for her scattered clothes.

* * *

The half-full hip flask in her backpack gurgled faintly as she picked it up and quietly left Marge's room.

* * *

“Hey, Connie! *Connie!* Over here!”

Connie turned around on the stairs to the university and saw Marge waving at her, climbing from the passenger seat of an expensive sports car. The spunky girl waved her ride goodbye, ran over, grabbed Connie around the waist and effortlessly lifted her into a wild spin.

“I got it! They gave me the job! Come December, I’ll be the new lead model at Leather’n’Lace! Y’know, the folks who tailored me that awesome bodice? They instantly recognized me!”

“*Gnnnghhh*—that’s great!” Connie gasped for air until Marge put her down again and released her from the vise of her arms and the soft envelope of her cleavage. “And, the, y’know, the *other* job?”

“They’re not happy to see me go, of course. Tough. Their problem. Cut quite hard into my paycheck, though. Ah, hell with ’em. Got another job to bridge over until then. Until December, I’ll be waiting tables down at the diner.”

She pinched Connie’s nose and leaned in.

“You hexed me into all that, last night, right? Took away all that crazy sex weirdness, eh? Damn, I should be angry at you, but I just can’t bring myself to that. But just so you know, I already miss going down on you. You had such a nice fruity taste. You sure you don’t want to bring my mind back into that mood?”

“*Marge!*” gasped Connie. “Even if I w—wanted to, uh, there’s nothing of the juice left.”

“Damn!” Her friend’s face darkened. She glanced around and whispered, “Connie, are you sure about that? I really could’ve used — I’ve still got one problem. My — no, better take a look at it. Come! Hurry!” She grabbed Connie’s wrist and pulled her along through the doors and towards the restrooms.

* * *

“So what is—”

“*Ssssst!*” hissed Marge, walking along the stalls and checking that they truly were alone. Satisfied, she straightened herself in front of Connie. “Okay, listen, I should be *pissed*, what with you sneaking out in the dead of night after you redecorate my brain and my body! Do you think it’s funny, waking up with part of my assets missing and the urge to work a square job?”

Connie remained silent. She couldn’t think of any reply.

“Yeah, didn’t think so, either. Good thing it worked out in the end. Bad thing is you’ve forgotten about a very private part of me!”

“What? No, I — I didn’t —,” stammered Connie.

Marge spread her legs, bowed, grabbed the hem of her skirt and pulled it up.

“Uh-huh? Then what is *this?*”

Connie gulped. *Of course* Marge had gone without panties again, some things just couldn’t be changed. Connie knelt down and tried to do some kind of detached visual inspection, to find out what Marge was complaining about. She couldn’t see anything unusual.

Nice, plump outer lips swelled out in a palm-pleasing curvature. The curly, glistening inner lips and the slightly protruding hood of Marge's clit made for a sight straight out of Connie's biology books.

“Uh, well, it is — *beautiful?*”

As soon as she said it, Connie almost bit her lips. *Beautiful? Fuck, where did that come from?*

“Uh, er, I, eh, it's — it's like it's supposed to look, I mean, it's your pussy. I guess it looks what it's supposed to look like. It's not like I've ever wanted to get this close to it.”

“Gee. As if I hadn't noticed, Miss Coyness. And *of course* it's beautiful! It's *pussy*. They only come in *beautiful*. Trouble is, they usually don't come in that *size*, Connie! I mean, before all this started, it fit in my *palm*. Now it barely fits in my *hand*! And just look at *this!*”

Marge stooped, holding her skirt up with her elbows, and grabbed her labia. She pulled them apart, and they stretched effortlessly into a pair of pink butterfly wings, forming a funnel with a small, wrinkled hole that quickly relaxed into a gaping, dripping rosette. Connie jerked back.

“Holy *shit!*”

“Yeah, right. That's a cave for a cow, not for a *girl*. You better fix that *now!*”

“Heavens, Marge, I'm sorry! I—I hadn't thought of that when I wished you back.”

“Uh-huh. You don't say. Seems like it. *Well?*”

Connie reached for her backpack. “Yes, yes, I think I can fix—”

Marge’s hand snatched her wrist. With her other, she wrestled the flask from Connie’s hand and held it out of her reach. “Ah—*hah!* Gotcha! *Nothing left*, again? Do you think I’m stupid enough to fall twice for that?” She grinned from ear to ear, right into Connie’s scared face, popped the cap and raised the flask to her mouth.

“Marge! *No!*” Stooping in the pain of Marge’s vise-like grip on her wrist, Connie froze, gasped for air and stared at her friend. The flask was still half-full. Neither of them had ever swallowed that much of the juice before.

Marge glanced at Connie from the corner of her eyes while she cocked her eyebrow and tilted the bottle further to her pouted lips. Connie didn’t dare to move or struggle. She could *see* the glitter of the liquid shining on Marge’s mouth as the juice inched closer to the spout.

“Marge, please, don’t! It’s the very last! If you drink it all, I — I can’t control it any more! I don’t know what’ll happen — if you want your, uh, tiny twat back, then, then, don’t — *oh please, Marge! No! Gods, no!*”

The raven-haired girl suddenly lowered the bottle and laughed. She let go of Connie’s wrist and screwed the cap back on.

“Nah, was just messing with you. No juice today. You can leave my pussy well alone, I like it the way it is now! Did you see how it opened up? I can make it *gape* *and* I can make it nice and tight, it’s all muscles in there! It’s great! I can shove my own *fist* in there until I

squirt, and next moment, I can make myself cum with just a pair of grapes! It *rocks!*

“And you didn’t really think I wanted to grow a four-pack of boobs again, eh? Or were you afraid it would turn me into some kind of Boobzilla and I’d go Tokyo on the city or what? Hey, gimme a *little* credit.”

Marge pouted with a smile before she tossed the flask back at Connie, who fumbled it from mid-air and clutched it with both hands, breathing heavily.

“Gods, Marge, don’t joke about that! I’m keeping this rest safe because, if anything weird starts to happen with you, this might be my only hope of fixing it!”

“*Pfffft*, yeah, *weird*. Haven’t we used up our quota of *weird* for the rest of our lives?” Marge snorted and straightened her clothes. Her next question came right out of left field and stumped Connie for a few seconds.

“Hey, you’ve got any plans for Halloween next week?”

Connie bit her lower lip. “*What?* Why? Uh, no, not really. I thought I’d just watch some TV and —”

“*No way!* Hey, I owe you for fixing my life. So I’m gonna cook up a surprise for my favorite little witch! Okay, so, Halloween, at the diner, around seven, and then we’ll see what comes up.” She pointed at the flask in Connie’s hands. “And don’t forget to bring our little secret.”

Uh-oh. Connie grew pale. “Marge, I’m never going to use that stuff ever again.”

“*Suuuure.* That’s why you haven’t poured it down the sink and you’re always carrying it around with you, eh? Oh, just bring it along and listen to my idea. Still need to work out a few things, but I know this time you’ll like it. I promise it’s not about *me.* — Damn, look at the time. Gotta run.” She leaned in and kissed Connie smack dab on the mouth until the tall blonde felt dizzy.

The swing door clanked, and Connie was alone again. She slumped against the wall and slowly sagged down until she sat on her haunches, clutching the half-empty flask and trembling with residual adrenalin.

I only wanted to make sure I wasn't imagining those berries! Oh please, will this ever end?

Her stomach cramped. She dragged herself to the nearest stall and threw up.

Part 4 — Revenge Blown Out Of Proportion

It's the evening of Halloween, and Connie's BFF Marge neither forgot nor forgave their object of shared detestation, Pearl, for hooking up with Marge's ex-boyfriend Danny. Bent on revenge, Marge uses her temp job at the Diner to lace the happy couple's drinks with the last of Connie's berry juice and goads Connie into something they'll come to regret. As transformations get out of control, Connie must face a decision that will change some lives forever...

Proof-reading: Nope. Sorry. Well, of course I read it through several times, but since I'm not a native writer of English, how am I to judge if the word X in the context of Y really means what I was so sure it means? Also, you may find grammar constructs of elevated weirdness ;)

Obscure musical reference:

"You stole my heart and left me blue / It looks like crime pays for you ..." — Hall & Oates, *Crime Pays*

Chapter 11: With Great Power Comes ... Great Mischief

“Marge, that’s crazy,” Connie protested quietly, trying to move her lips as little as possible. She drew up her shoulders, sitting with her arms crossed and her elbows on the narrow table of the two-seater booth in a corner of the busy diner. Her fingers fidgeted with a few strands of her straight, long, ash-blond hair. Leaning against her waist was her old backpack, and the small flask with the last remainder of the glowing liquid waited inside.

Just a sip, and then ... the power, whispered her treacherous thoughts in the back of her mind.

Connie shook her head to silence the alluring voice, brushed her hair out of the way and tugged nervously at the sleeve of her pullover. The cheap leather imitate of the bench’s upholstery creaked under her jeans-clad buttocks as she shifted uncomfortably in her seat. Connie glanced around. She was the only guest without some kind of halloween mask or disguise.

“Marge, really now! We can’t just — darn, why did I even come here? I should’ve never listened to you in the first place. It’s *wrong!*”

Pushing it too far. *Much* too far.” She chewed on her lower lip. The flashing green light from the neon tubes of the signpost in the parking lot outside gave Connie’s narrow, pale face a sick look, and her agitated breathing carried an undertone of shivers.

Marge had her notepad open and acted as if she was busy writing Connie’s bill, standing by her table. It was half past seven p.m., and her shift was almost over. From the corner of her eyes, the buxom waitress glanced hatefully at the happy couple of Pearl and Danny, vampire queen and pirate, sitting at a small table across the room. Raising her hand to brush a few unruly green strands of her revealing witch costume’s wig back behind her ear, she whispered under her breath:

“Oh come on! Just let her boobs blow up her top? Right here in the diner for all to see? Now’s your chance! She’s *primed*. They’ve swallowed their whole cups of laced java and never noticed a thing! She even tipped me on the bill! See?” Marge wiggled her shoulders. A greenback sprouted prominently from the valley of her breasts. “That bitch, first she steals my guy, and now she even feigned a little embarrassment when she recognized me. — Hurry, they’re about to leave! Come on! Her honkers are almost falling out of her neckline already with that vampire hussy costume of hers! So have them spill on the table! Give her something to whine about! Make her a laughingstock!”

*Yeah, like **your** dairy section is not about to come crashing, too,* Connie groused as Marge leaned over the table and her two bloated hemispheres bulged forward, driven by gravity and guided by the deep, V-shaped neckline of Marge’s tight costume. *At least Pearl doesn’t let any wide-eyed gawker tug a dollar in her cleavage.*

Marge put down a paper cup in front of her friend and nodded at it, keeping her eyes on Connie.

Come on, wimp, said her face.

Connie couldn't recall why she suddenly held the empty hip flask in her hand, its screw-on cap dangling on the small metal chain. Inside the paper cup swirled the last of the berry juice. Connie stared down on it.

No, I know better — I shouldn't, I really shouldn't — what if —

Under the table, Marge kicked against her shin ever so slightly. “Huh? Pretty please? Scare her, just a little? That's the very last of the harvest, so here's our only chance to get even with her. If *that* isn't a worthy cause to spend it on, then what is? You want to, too, don'tcha?”

Connie bit her lip. Marge had a point there. If the plain, timid blonde was a mouse, then Pearl wasn't a cat by comparison. No, Pearl was the six hundred pounds white tigress in the Las Vegas spotlight who *crushed* whole armies of Connies under her diamond-studded claws without even noticing, oblivious to the horrid pulp of dreams and hopes dripping from her hands like the world was oblivious to the faint glow of the strange plants and their berries.

“Well, maybe a little. Yes,” Connie admitted. Though Pearl had never been *really* mean or anything, she just was so much *more* than the bland young woman that her presence alone had made Connie hurt and ache, crushing her self-esteem. Being the butt of many of Pearl's thoughtless insults and unflattering remarks hadn't helped Connie's self-worth either.

“See?” Marge goaded her on. “What’s the worst that can happen? You’re the big bad witch now. Make that bloodsucker your little voodoo doll. Oh, lighten up, for goodness’ sake! Just have a little fun at her expense. Remember what you were able to do to *me*. And? It’s all back to normal! It doesn’t show at all!”

Except you’ve turned into a mean slut ever since you got those boobs, Connie thought. She didn’t say it out loud, because, slut or not, Marge was right after all. She longed to get even with Pearl. Finally. After all those months. And, ironically, on Halloween. *Real* witching around on Halloween. That was the icing on the cake. Connie knew she would never again get such a chance. Next year, Pearl was destined to be up high among the captains of the industry, sixty floors and a thousand miles away. Good riddance, but ...

*No. Not gonna back down, not again. For once, just for once, I want to stand up to that have-it-all and **gloat**.*

Connie exhaled and grabbed the cup.

“Bottoms up!”

She emptied it to the last drop in two big gulps. Moments later, the wavefront of glow and that delicious feeling of *control* streamed in hot pulses through her veins. Her breath quickened. Connie felt herself become *more*. Now she *owned* the place. Everything was within her reach. The world *obeyed* her, and the feeling was just so *good*. A mean little grin painted dimples into the corners of her mouth.

Oh yes. Yes. Let’s start slowly.

She closed her eyes, placed her hands flat on the table and focused on Pearl's nipples. What might they look like? Big — no. No, not big. Starting big was no fun at all. No, they would be tiny.

Connie's smile widened. Yes, *tiny* felt right. Tiny, tiny nipples. And Pearl's manicured fingers would involuntary brush over them as she reached for her mantle. Faintly at first, those rough buds would start to throb, to swell. Rubbing against the bra. Oh yes, it would feel so good. So arousing. That shameless cunt, she had surely had her mind on a little nightly fun for the whole day, planning, wishing, working herself up into *dripping*, readying herself to drain her stud into her to the last drop.

Okay, so let her enjoy it for now. Let them have their fun and play.

Connie shuddered, feeling the tickle and the warmth spreading through her body as she *tweaked* the world around her. They would go out into the parking lot, Pearl and Danny, his arm around her shoulder. Slowly she'd get nervous now, because her bra would begin to get uncomfortably tight. And then tighter and tighter as the breasts bulged into the cups—

“Not *me* again!” Marge hissed nervously, stooping down with one hand on the table and the other pressed against her straining neckline. Connie's bubble of wicked delight burst. She jerked in her seat and tried to think of ice cubes and cold water. The pricking in her fingers dissipated, though the glow remained.

“I *wasn't* thinking of *you!*” she whispered under her breath.

“Well, I felt it in *my* rack, m’kay? You focus a bit better next time, right?”

“But—”

Marge glanced over her shoulder.

“Dammit! They’ve left already! Okay, so that explains it. Maybe you need to be closer to her or have a line of sight or whatever. Connie, grab your things and go get your car. Hurry, they’ll drive someplace and start humping, I just know it! I’ll catch the manager and take the rest of the shift off.” She jiggled her breasts. “Won’t be a problem. He’s putty in my hands, he’s been ogling me for days now. *Ooh*, yes! We can swat two flies at once! Danny, you’ll regret shagging her! Tonight, she’ll *crush* you under her cans!”

* * *

Marge threw her backpack onto the rear bench and jumped into the passenger seat. The aged upholstery groaned and squeaked a faint protest.

“Ready, go go *go!*” She shoved Connie as she leaned in to slam the door shut.

“Where to? And what’s that in—”

“Binoculars and a video camera. Wouldn’t want to miss *that* show for the life of me! Pearl, say hello to MyTube! What? Oh don’t give me that look! Step on it! Let her rip!”

“*Where to?! By now, they could be anywhere!*”

“Spoiled brat has her own private mansion, didn’t you know? Parent’s summer house or something. So I don’t think she’ll shag on the back seat of her Porsche when she’s got her very own playground nearby.” Marge hesitated. “Say, *does* a Porsche have a back seat?”

“Uh— *what?*”

“Forget it. Turn right at the next crossroad, and then ten miles north on the interstate. Well? What are you waiting for? We’ll still have to climb the garden wall, but it’s covered in vines and I haven’t seen any security there. We can sneak right up to her windows. Hey, do you think *Housewrecking Hooters Girl* is a good title for an uploaded video? Or should we call it *Ballooning Boobs Bimb—*”

Connie glanced at her friend.

“Whoa, back off! You *stalked* her? She could have had you locked away if she’d noticed! What are you, *nuts?*”

“Hey! *She* hooked up with *my* boyfriend, for fuck’s sake! I’m *entitled*. C’mon, hit it!”

The low light from the dashboard painted evil shadows into Marge’s face, and her eyes had a fiery glow to them which Connie didn’t like at all. This was all getting out of hand, too far, too fast, *again*. But she obediently shifted gears and brought the rattling carcass of her car out on the road, where the traffic kept her occupied enough to keep her from pondering beyond *I started it, now I need to keep things under control until it blows over*.

Chapter 12: A Pearl And A Growing Oyster

The wide tires of the sports car ground to a halt in front of the two-storey mansion with the sprawling garden.

“Well, I’m glad we’re out of there,” sighed Danny, relaxing into the bucket seat after Pearl’s unleashed driving.

Pearl turned the key, and the gargling of the engine died down. She reached for the door handle, hesitated and laughed. “Oh yes, tell me about it! I didn’t know the *diner* had become a *hooters!* I never saw breasts like those on that waitress ever before. Sweetie, you don’t think I was a bit over the top, tugging her tip in between them, do you? I’m not exactly familiar with the customs of that kind of establishment.”

Danny stared at her. “You did not recognize her? That was *Marge!* Your classmate!”

“Classmate?” Pearl shook her head. “No, I — no, wait, there was this one girl, always hung out with that blond weirdo. Naaah. She

was practically a boy, from the looks of it. Haven't seen her for a while, she must've dropped out some time this year."

"That's her! Pearl, I swear, that was Marge! For a moment there, when she brought the plates and held the knives, I thought we'd be *dead!* She's got quite a nasty temper, and — she must've had something done to her chests, she wasn't that *huge* when I dated her —"

Pearl slanted her head and placed her forefinger on his lips. "Whoa, Danny. Remember what we agreed upon? We don't want to hear about each other's pasts, ever. I wasn't quite Mrs. Nice before I met you, either."

He fell silent.

"Oh, all right," she sighed, holding her temples with her left hand. "If you need to get it out of your head, then spill it." Her smile returned, and she licked her lips. "Besides, a girl's wise to know what gets her man going. *Especially* on their big night! So? What was her trick? I *bet* I can beat her at it!"

"I sure hope not! Marge and me, we went out a couple of times, but she got so clingy, and that one night when she jumped me, I — I got scared of her. She was so, so fierce and reckless in everything she did. I broke up with her hours before we met." Danny lowered his head. "Sent her a *text message*. I was just scared shitless. I couldn't face her. I was such a total dickhead ..."

"*Texting* a goodbye? You know, Danny, I now have to do this in the name of all womankind, right?"

Slap.

Pearl leaned in and kissed his burning cheek.

“Then again, if you hadn’t dumped her like that, I wouldn’t have found my sweet sad moping boy that evening, eh?” she whispered. “Let’s not talk about the past any more. Let’s not *talk* at all!” Twisting over in the confined car, she twined her arms around his head and closed his mouth with her soft lips.

* * *

“Danny — Danny, Danny, Danny!” Pearl broke their wild kissing on the doorstep and shoved him away, playfully. “At least let’s get inside first! What happened to the meek cutie? You’re like some wild beast tonight!” She smiled and ran her forefinger along his jawline. “*Mmmh*, Lady likes her very own horny stallion. Oh, are *you* going to get a special *trrrrrreat* for Halloween!” she growled, turning as she searched her handbag for the door key.

“It’s you! You’re my hot little devil girl,” he moaned, pressed up against her back and nibbled at her ear. His hands strayed from her firm buttocks, ran over her narrow waist and ended up cupping her ample breasts. She giggled and fumbled at the lock until the door to her mansion swung open.

“Be a darling and fix us something to drink,” she purred, put her head in her neck and added, her voice a mere waft now, “—first.”

Wrestling free from his embrace, Pearl pointed over her shoulder at a huge door frame that led into a dark room. She unmounted from

her high heels in a hurry and kicked them across the hallway before she threw her mantle after them on a not-quite-neat pile in a corner.

“Fridge’s stocked. Through the living room, under the kitchen counter. Take your pick. I’ll put on my *special* Halloween surprise now.”

She waved to him and danced up the stairs.

Danny exhaled through pursed lips. His eyes followed her swaying hips. *Wow. She’s so hot. Oh, this is gonna be a crazy night!*

* * *

After Pearl disappeared upstairs, Danny looked around.

*I never knew she’s **that** well off. Damn, the hallway alone is bigger than my whole student flat. Must be family money. Heavens, how she must’ve laughed after she saw my shack.* He smiled. *She didn’t dump me then, though.*

He walked through the double-wide slide door into the dark living room. A few lamps in the walled garden cast dim, greenish light from the outside through a row of large patio doors. The twilight revealed the contours of tall wall units full of books, and the solitary red dot-eyes of a sleeping flatscreen TV and stereo stared back at him from the shadows.

“Danny—!” purred Pearl from the top of the stairs.

“Uh, sorry, I—I’m still searching—”

“Well, stop searching and sit down on the sofa, so you can see the staircase, ’kay? *Nngh*. Ouch, that’s tight. Okay, now — friggin’ plug thing, c’mon — Now! So, are you sitting—?”

“Yes...?”

“Ready or not, here I come,” she cooed.

Click. Click.

The hallway went dark but for a moment, then a single spot pulled the stairs from the blackness.

Tock. Tock. Tock...

Her feet appeared. No, make that *her toe tips appeared*. Danny gulped. The last time he’d seen anything like these high heel boots, it had been in some freaky high-octane sci-fi action blockbuster. Glossy black leather creaked. Only after Pearl’s knees descended into sight did the boots end and the fishnet stockings and garters begin.

She paraded on down the stairs, swinging her naked hips, putting one foot before the other with slow, slinky gracefulness. No panty hid away her dark curly bush. Pearl’s hands rested on her hips, accentuated by the garter belt and the corset around her already narrow waist. Her breasts, heavy and yet shapely, hung ever so slightly over the rim of the corset’s cups. The soft mounds kept shaking and bobbing with every hard *tock* of her pointed heels. Every stair and every feline roll of Pearl’s shoulders aided in the swaying movements. She held a cheap plastic wand in one hand and slapped it into the palm of the other with each step down the stairs. A tacky,

pointy witch hat rested on her head, and the wide rim hid her face in the shadows. Her glossy, painted lips shone like a red grinning wound.

His mouth fell open. As he made an effort to rise from the couch, she lifted a forefinger and waved a no-no while stepping into the living room.

“*Tsk-tsk-tsk*. Sit, boy.”

Two more steps, then she stood in front of him, turned around and took a challenging stance with her legs wide apart and her hands on her hips, peering at him over her shoulder. She bent forward, slowly bending her knees and pushing out her rear. And when he reached for those toned buttocks with his hands, she slapped his fingers hard with the wand. He yelped and pulled back.

“*Ouch!* What—”

“Shush. *Bad* Danny. Danny needs a little punishment for his attitude. *And* it’s witches night. *I* get to play tonight. Maybe later I’ll let you find out if a witch’s tit really is *that* cold.”

Her bare crotch hovered above his groin for a few moments, then she straightened up again, running her fingers over her thighs.

“Your special magic wand’s hardening now?” she inquired.

“You bet!” he answered hoarsely.

“Already hard enough for a little demonic fun with your mistress of the dark?”

He nodded. “Hard enough for all the horny demonesses in hell.”

She pursed her lips and raised her eyebrows.

“Tall words, traveller. I’ll have to verify if your poker’s fit to stir my embers,” she replied, spun around and knelt down between his legs. The wand flew across the room and clattered down in a corner. Pearl’s fingers tugged at the buckle of Danny’s broad pirate belt, worked the button of his jeans, and then her long blood-red fingernails snatched the zipper. She took her sweet time, teasing him as she opened it slowly, letting the slider jump one metal tooth at a time while she ran the splayed fingers of her other hand over the bulge in his trousers.

“That’s ‘hard’ for you? Oh *Danny*,” she purred and shook her head. “that’s not nearly good enough for me. This boy needs fattening before he’s ready to be shoved into the oven, methinks. Let me help you along some more.” Her tongue circled her lips, leaving glistening wetness in its wake. “I want him hard enough to rip your jeans.”

Danny clenched his hands into fists and groaned as heat rushed into his rod. The tough denim creaked. In the blink of an eye, his dick tore his trousers’ zipper open and ripped apart his slip. It stood rock-solid with a slight upward slant, the glans throbbing with his racing heartbeat.

* * *

Connie blinked and shuddered. Her face screwed up. Marge glanced at her.

“You okay?”

Connie’s face smoothed again.

“Yeah, yeah. First bout of a headache, I guess. How much longer?”

“With your rust bucket? Couple o’ minutes. The back road, over there. See it?”

* * *

“Wow!” gasped Pearl. Her fingers ran over the hot flesh in front of her face. She traced the bulging veins. “Now that *is* hard. Danny! Why didn’t you tell me sooner? *Mmm*, what other secrets have you been hiding?” She pulled at his trousers until they hung around his ankles.

“It’s you! He’s never been like that before!”

“Ooh, well played, Mister Sweet-Talker! Every lady likes such a compliment!” She smiled and licked her lips. “The big bad witch is going to eat you anyway, skin and *boner*, y’know?” She wrapped her fingers around the throbbing pole and whistled appreciatively. Every push and pull she did went straight on into his hips, as if his rod was bolted to his bones.

“Now that’s a hard-on if I ever saw one! You truly have the hots for me, huh?” She jiggled her jugs. “Or for those sisters?”

“The three of you!” he gasped.

“Uh-huh?” Her lips moved closer to the head, and another shudder went through the rod in her grip. Pearl cocked her eyebrow. “I think your love meat’s not *quite* done yet, huh? You know, I like to feel a really *big* pole inside me. Maybe we can make it grow a bit lo—*oomm*ggg!”

Danny hissed through clenched teeth. Another bolt of fire raced through his body. The sensations of his manhood's expanding flesh trapped his mind between the delights of pure bestial potency and the howling pain of over-stretched skin. With creaking and groaning noises, Danny's rod gained another two inches and pushed its fat tip right in between Pearl's lips. She jerked back in surprise.

"Did you see that?" she gasped.

Danny dug his fingers into the cushions and threw his head back into the couch's upholstery, again and again.

"See?" he moaned and panted. "I *felt* it! Gods, it was as if my dick would rip apart! What are you doing to me?!"

"What am I — I'm not doing a thing! *Your* dick suddenly jumped into my mouth, Mr. *Stallion!*"

"Well, y—*iyyyyhh! Hiiiiii!*"

He tried to retort, but found it impossible to utter words. All he managed was a hoarse whinnying, and the brutish feeling of *strength* in his crotch increased ever more. Pearl backed away further. His dick outgrew anything remotely human and entered the realm of red-hot fetish fantasy, throbbing to sixteen inches of taut skin with a porcelaneous gloss and pulsating veins.

"Stop that!" Pearl gasped.

And it stopped. Instantly. His manhood stood straight up, a flagpole swaying ever so slightly and standing to attention. She licked her lips and narrowed her eyes.

“Hiiii! Fffrrr. Chhhr. Chrrr.”

Staring at Pearl's breasts, Danny whinnied, bared his teeth and snorted, with his elbows pressed to his ribs and his forearms raised, his hands dangling at the wrists and his legs twitching nervously.

“Oh *stop that!* You're no stallion, Danny. Your dick only happens to look the part,” she chided.

Danny gasped for air and cleared his throat. His face turned pale as he tried to shrink away into the couch pillows.

“I was — my head, like I couldn't — Pearl, I didn't know you have — I won't tell anyone you've got those powers! Please, don't t— turn me into s—some mindless—,” he stuttered, staring at her in sudden horror.

Pearl's eyes grew big. She slapped her hands over her mouth, staggered backwards and started to giggle hysterically, shaking all over. “You — you think I'm a real witch? You think *I* did that—?”

She grabbed her forehead and paced up and down in front of him, trying to calm her racing thoughts.

“Danny, I've got no clue what's going on here. I — I haven't — it's impossible! It's like twilight zone! That's not how the world works. That can't — it's all wrong!”

He whispered something that Pearl couldn't quite pick up.

“Sorry, what?” She turned to face him —

— And stumbled as the momentum of unfamiliar *weight* dragged her upper body on. Pearl fell forward, bumping her shoulder into Danny's unyielding pole. He yelped in pain, then she came crashing down on him with her chest swaying about like two big shopping bags full of pudding. The couch toppled.

After a few breathless seconds filled with numb pain, she struggled to her elbows on top of his midriff while his dick kept on thumping against her cheek, caught between her shoulder and her neck. Pearl pushed herself up and gasped as the weight on her chest shifted and pulled her down again.

“You wished me *bigger boobs?!?*” she bitched. “They were *perfect!*”

“Just getting even! *You* wanted me to be hung like a horse!”

“Now you—!” she began, but hesitated and pondered for a moment. “No, hold it. Not a word. We’ve got to — maybe —”

She pointed at him and commanded, “I want you back to normal! Right now! You and me both! All undone! Everything! *Now!*” She clenched her fists defiantly.

There was a moment of uncertainty, as if the whole world *blinked*, and then Pearl exhaled as her hands groped her chest.

“*Phew!* I’m ordinary again.”

“Yeah. Same here,” Danny replied, with more than just a hint of regret. Pearl noticed it well. She smiled and slid up closer against his body, goose-stepping her fingers over his pectorals and winking at him from the corners of her eyes.

“Okay, so it’s under our control. A Halloween thing maybe?”

Hunger, raw sexual hunger from her empty womb sent a twitch into the corner of her mouth as she recalled the sight of her boyfriend’s augmented, equine appendage. Pearl thought of a certain piece of latex that she had hidden away safely in a cardboard box at the bottom of her wardrobe, and of the most intense delights she had experience with it, with no hope of ever meeting a man to match its raw girth and length.

Yet. Her smile broadened, and she licked her incisors.

“What you say? Let’s give that weird gift another try while the night lasts?” *Oh please, say yes! Ohpleaseohpleaseohpl—*

Blink.

“Hhhh . . . D—Danny? Are you okay?”

Danny shrugged and clambered to his feet. “Yeah, sure.” He leaned in and gently bit her earlobe before he whispered, “Does the big bad witch still want her boy toy, or would she prefer the stallion?”

Pearl cracked her knuckles.

“You bet she would,” she cooed, flexing her fingers. “Back on the floor! On your back. *Now!* Let’s see how much we can do . . .”

* * *

“Hurry, Connie! — Hey!”

Connie blinked. Her head jerked around, she reached up and covered her eyes with her arms. Marge twisted over and grabbed the

steering wheel. She barely managed to keep the car on the right side of the road. Drivers honked and flashed their headlights as they swerved out of the way. The car came to a grinding halt on the shoulder.

“The fuck?! Are you trying to get us killed? What’s the matter with you?” hissed Marge.

Connie rubbed her eyes.

“Over there — a lightning. Incredibly bright. Still can’t see right. All’s just spots and sparkles.”

“I didn’t notice a lightning.”

“Well, then *something* has just fired a shitload of magic energy!”

* * *

“So, Danny, how big do you want to be?” whispered Pearl, wetting her lips. She knelt by his side, her fingers played with his flaccid member, and she turned her head and cocked an eyebrow.

His fingertips stroked the fold where her delicious breasts met her ribs, and he answered her loving smile.

“Doesn’t the witch queen have a size in mind already?”

“Don’t tempt me, lover! Oh look, he’s twitching! *Yeeees*, good boy! Who’s a nice boy? *Whooose* a nice boy?” Her fingers closed around the root. Slowly, Pearl’s grip was spread apart, and his fattening head rose from the retreating foreskin. “Oh *yes!* Feels as good for you as it does for me, sweetie?”

“Too much stretching — again — *nnngh!*” groaned Danny.

“Oh no, slow down. Slow and easy, so it won’t hurt. Yes, there won’t be pain, *I command it!* Here, let me kiss it better now...” Pearl bent down and nibbled gently along the swelling meat before she licked it up and down a few times, coating it with her saliva.

“A little rubbing and grinding sure will help him along, eh?”

Spreading her legs, she straddled Danny, sank down on him and trapped his swelling manhood between their bodies.

* * *

“Pearl! Oh heavens, that’s insane! *Gods! Unnngh! So — good!* But if you keep this going, then soon it won’t fit!”

She rode him, sitting on top of his hips, with her lower back leaning against his pulled-up thighs, a witch queen on her throne, shaping her obedient mount’s body to her whim. His hard, hot erection sprouted from the warm, swollen lips of her crotch bearing down on it while she rocked back and forth on his growing poker. Every thrust of her hips gave his hard-on another tenth of an inch in length, and Pearl ground her hips on him like a sewing machine. The peach-sized head passed over his navel and wandered on, sliding smoothly in a bed of pre-cum that leaked from the wide-open hole.

Pearl’s eyes sparkled with desire, and she licked her lips before she replied, “Oh, you’ve got no idea! That’s the one chance I always wanted. It *will* fit!” She put her splayed fingers on her womb, threw her head back in her neck and declared, with closed eyes, “I want myself to *always* fit over your dick, no matter how big it gets!”

Blink.

A shudder raced through her body. Pearl gasped and opened her eyes, staring down on him. Her gaze gained a fiery flicker when the thought hit her. Leaning forward, she put her splayed fingers on his heaving chest. Her other hand sneaked around her hips and cupped his sack, gently rolling the walnut-sized eggs in her palm.

“Oh, you’ll like this. Listen: I want your balls big, so big that I can sit on them like a throne! Yes, now you’ll grow a beanbag chair sack for me!”

“Pearl, that’s no—*oooooh—mmmmmmhh—*”

Hissss. Groooooaan.

Her smile grew bigger, along with his inflating scrotum. Pearl turned around and grabbed his balls, one firm apple-sized sphere in each hand. The veins and semen ducts clinging to the surface of the concealed sperm factories throbbed in her grip. She glanced over her shoulder and let go, reached for his ankles and spread Danny’s legs wide apart. Her hands slipped into the back of his knees and pulled them up.

“Yes, like *that*, and put them —”

She dug her flat hands under his bloating, stretching sack and pulled it in position between his feet.

“— Right *there*, now — grow for momma! Grow! Oh yes! *Grow!*”

Pearl snickered and chortled, running her hands over the incessantly expanding balloons, teasing, pinching and pulling at the skin.

* * *

Danny tried to slide away, only once. The pull of the heavy, immovable, now three-foot-high skin bag with the pair of beach ball ovoids in it wasn't exactly painful, but it went from his groin right through to his hips. He was chained to his balls, unable to escape.

"Huunh! I can't move any more! Pearl, oh mercy, they're too heavy! My sack's too big!"

She smiled and wiggled her rear into a comfortable position as she sat down on the resilient skin bridge between the bulging spheres to her left and right, resting her elbows on the firm egg shapes and her hands on his pulled-up knees. Slow contractions walked through the veins and glands in his balls as they collected their constant output, and she felt the wavy motions as a gentle massage under her butt cheeks.

"Mmmh. Too big? *I* think it's just the right size for me!"

Running her toes over his raging erection that laid flush against his abs, she teased him and was rewarded with nervous twitches and throbs in his red, angry dick.

"Humm. Now, that's pretty nice, but not quite a scepter worthy of the mighty witch queen yet." She leaned in, put her left elbow on her knee and scratched her chin, raised her head and looked down on him from under lowered eyelids. "You know, if we're going for *big*, then why not all the way?"

Danny shook his head in disbelief. He inhaled, but before he was able to think of anything to say, Pearl cut him off.

“Yes, this might just work. All right, instead of a lower arm, your dick shall become a tree trunk now. *Rise!*” she declared, pointing at his cock.

His body convulsed, and he exhaled in one long moan. All around his groin, from his abs to his thighs, veins swelled and bulged, converging on his manhood. Like — roots. They reached the base of his erection, and with the sound of groaning wood, his member rose from his midriff and pointed straight up before it stretched longer and wider.

Nodding with a devious grin, Pearl leaned in to watch. She tried to wrap her hands around the moving, growing pillar, but her fingertips didn't meet any more. Following her lover's transformation with bated breath, she nodded faintly and smiled wider and wider, even as his glans rose like a small melon riding on a thick, six-inch-wide fence post. Pre-cum pulsed from its slit and wormed in glistening meanders down the stretching skin.

“That's enough! Let me hug this tree now!”

Spreading her thighs, Pearl slipped down and forward over his gurgling sack and pressed her body against the unyielding trunk right in front of her, embracing it, spreading the trails of lubricating ooze. The mesh of throbbing veins felt almost like bark, but it undulated and stretched bigger still under her fingers.

“Keep rubbing it,” moaned Danny. “Feels good, but no way we can—”

Pearl's grip closed around the rim beneath his glans, and she pulled herself up along the solid pillar. Standing tall, with her legs just

far enough apart to put her feet to the sides of his hips, the tip of Danny's fat rod almost reached to her navel now, motionless but for a little springy swaying, in waiting.

"Yes way," she replied. Steadying herself with one hand on his gargantuan erection, she dove her fingers into her crotch. "I — *mmmmgh!* — I will have — a — *ooooaaah!* —"

Pearl never got around to say *what* she wanted, but within seconds, it was all too obvious what her aroused mind envisioned. Her forefinger's fingertip touched the slick button in her folds.

Bigger, wished the panting, swaying woman.

"*Huuunnnngh—*"

Fire crawled under her skin and closed in on the knob, swelling it into a strawberry-sized nipple, and when she moved her touch higher and cupped the soft flesh of her pubes, the swelling followed eagerly. Pearl's smooth mount of Venus rose into a *mountain* of Venus and filled the cup of her palm in quick throbs before it overflowed her grasp with the solid firmness of a taut, silicone-stuffed third boob between her legs. She ran her fingers closer to her slit, and immediately, her labia fattened in her grip, stretching longer and plumper.

L—longer, and the muscles in Pearl's face twitched as she focused on the growing crevice between her legs.

Her nervous lust button firmed up against her palm, and beneath it, the slit stretched, revealing a vast stock of wrinkled, wet, pink skin inside as the thick bulges of her outer labia bloated bigger around her

cave's enlarging entrance. Pearl slipped a fingertip into the upper end of her fold, and as she gently pressed against the firm clit from underneath, it crept higher along her pubes, dragging her vulva to unseen lengths in its wake. She quickly grabbed the round shapes of her outer lips with both hands and rubbed them, her thumbs sliding along the edges of her cave.

Fuller, Pearl gasped as she parted her knees further.

Her legs trembled under the weird, rousing sensation of her sex organs growing along with the rest of her vulva into an udder-like protrusion to give her struggling vagina a comfortable home. The warm, sensitive flesh bulged out of her kneading grip. Her index finger circled her tautening knob, wandering deeper and scratching in between the sagging and lengthening labia for a moment.

Stretchier, Pearl added after a quick glance at the enormous, rounded, cone-shaped head of her lover's dick.

Between her legs, spreading them apart to the groans and creaks of her adapting hip bone, her sex prepared itself, growing to match and devour the head-sized tip of Danny's hard-on in a single gulp. Glistening and dripping, Pearl's slit now reached from the far side of her crotch to her lower abs' massive bulge, home to her engorged clit. The cleft opened slightly to let the inner labia unfurl. Her juices dribbled from the rosy flaps.

She arched her back and slanted her hip forward, grabbing Danny's rod with both hands.

“— And in you go!”

She leapfrogged, shoving the cone-shaped head into position. Droplets of ooze flew as Pearl's engorged labia smacked against the fat glans. For a few seconds, she hung in mid-air, all of her weight bearing down on her reluctant entrance, spreading herself slowly on the hot wedge. Her feet dangled above the ground, and then —

Smack. Slllp. Shluuurrrp.

Pearl's absurdly enlarged pussy swallowed the slick cone like a snake swallowed an egg, greedy but laboriously. His rod struggled in, inch by inch, stretching the membranes of her oversized sex thinner and tauter, squeezing ample juice from her boiling well, until her straining labia locked into the rim behind Danny's glans, and she balanced *on* it, with her legs pushing into the throbbing pillar to straighten herself.

It's — moving again! Gods and heavens, it's — it's filling me! Too much! I — nnnngghh!

Her womb bulged ever so slightly. By all means, her midriff should've been stretched taut and fat from the glans alone as the gallon volume of the head passed into her. And yet, there was only a little growth while she impaled herself further on the trunk. Slow and steady, with her dripping labia smacking, she descended along the rod. Pearl arched her back and shut her eyes, clutching her elbows tight against her ribs, as she was *filled* from her crotch up with his mammoth manhood that made her feel like a thin-stretched skin wrapped around his erection.

His penetration came to a sudden halt, reluctantly squeezed and shuddered on as it made good another half-inch, and then it stopped.

Pearl was *full*. She was barely able to breathe. Warm, gooey liquid trickled down the inside of her thighs.

Oh — gods — b—bursting — taut —

Trembling and convulsing, she gazed down along her womb on the massive tower that still remained outside. Her brain swam in distilled ecstasy, and focusing became increasingly difficult.

Want that in me. All the way. Want. F—full. Too full. Need to —

Her fingers traced her D-cups. While her body felt heavy and stuffed and *big*, her breasts were still soft and pliant to her touch.

—Make way inside me. Must p—put stuff somewhere. Yes...

And again, the world *blinked*.

“Huuuunnnnghh!”

Pearl exhaled in surprise as she suddenly continued to slide down Danny's pillar. Panting in short gasps, she heard and felt the tearing of her corsage as the wandering bulge of his glans inside her ripped the front seams of the tight garment open along its path. The sensations of lustful joy overwhelmed her, and she cocked her head and shut her eyes. Her innards *streamed* out of the way of Danny's erection rushing forward. Her breasts firmed up, bloating from the inside, swelling out of her grip. She clutched her taut skin, twisting and squeezing her nipples, but soon they flowed out of her reach, so she settled for rubbing and kneading the root of her expanding mammaries, massaging the patches of her stretching skin that laid beneath her collarbones. Her feet touched the carpet again. Her hungry womb gobbled up the final stretch his mammoth member. Her

trembling knees neared the floor. Even faster was the swelling and sagging of her breasts as they kept growing bigger and heavier, eagerly accepting all of the volume that the penetrating piston pumped out of its way.

My r—ribs, now it's so far in, it's going into my ribcage, it's — oh that's soo good! — It's — hrrruunnng—!

Pearl climaxed, all of her senses exploding in one giant blaze. She twitched and jerked, unable to sway or collapse, her body convulsing around the pillar of her own conjuration that held her upright even as she slumped down and her arms dropped limp to her sides. She was *vagina* from head to toe, all hunger and wet ooze, consuming him to the hilt. Wave upon wave of bliss rushed through her, slowly receding as her strength waned until she hung like an impaled trophy on Danny's enormous rod.

All of her body felt like a giant, filled womb now as finally her taut, sopping labia touched down on his crotch. Pearl ran her fingers over her midriff, to find it slightly distended, but by no means disfigured. She opened her eyes.

Danny stared up at her, overwhelmed and unable to move, waiting for her next command. She enveloped him with her breasts, heavy and full and *big*, their shapes dangling down like giant teardrops, their nipples poking into the shaggy carpet. The huge dome between her legs and the round rim of her labia around the root of his pillar revealed that something far removed from reality kept on taking place inside her.

She gulped. Her breath still came fast and ragged while the last flashes of her long orgasm waned.

“Oh—okay,” she stammered. “Was — a bit — much in — one go.”

Her smile returned with a devious twist. The delicious itch in her love cave returned, too, spreading slowly over her skin. Growing big felt *good*. She moved her hips and knew his answer well before she asked:

“So, Danny, ready to do some *serious* pumping for me?”

* * *

Marge and Connie climbed the wall into the garden. Once inside, they kept to the thicket hiding the wall as they slowly circled the house, searching for a spot where they could ogle whatever was about to take place. Marge tittered quietly every now and then, and Connie became increasingly nervous. *Something* already happened in that mansion, and she was quite certain *she* had not started anything yet.

* * *

Danny forced his hands under the soft breast avalanches hanging from Pearl’s chest and grabbed her apple-sized nipples. She panted, “Oh yes! Yes! You’re a machine! You laid your pipe in me, and now you’re gonna fill me up! Pump me! Fill me! *Big!*”

He grew even harder and bigger inside her, sealing her gate perfectly now.

“Yeah, you’d like that, wouldya?” he groaned. “Well, if I’m a pump, then your breasts must be like two of those huge domes at the refinery! I want your breasts to turn into giant round balloons!”

She giggled.

“*Ooh*, I’ll be two big blimps! Yes, yes! And you’re the nozzle to fill me! Come on! Pump me up! Pump! *Huuuh—*”

Pearl held her breath. The hot, red pillar twitched and bulged in her, filling her from her crotch to her racing heart. She ran her hands over her breasts’ slick, sweaty skin as far as she could reach.

Yes. Big. Oh, it’s so good. So good! I want you to blow me up. Must grow bigger. Must keep growing! I want to bloat with your seed. I want you to —

She pointed her forefinger at the man under her.

“Cum!”

Heat engulfed his sack. His testicles began to quiver, to spasm; then they shook and contracted, alternating between left and right ball, a living, always replenishing two-cylinder pump quickly gaining speed. The first of his warm juice pulsed forward, worked its way through his groin and streamed in long, voluminous rushes through the giant tube.

“Uh—unngh—*Peeeeearrllll!*”

* * *

“Oh my goodness!” Marge cackled, staring at the tiny screen of the camera in her hand. “Look at that! She’s got tits almost the size of a SUV! And she’s sitting on his — oh fuck. I didn’t know your magic could do *that!* Heh! Those freaky weirdos! That’s no chair — that’s his sack! Look at that! Will you look at that! Her legs! She’s doing a

split and his dick's fat like a sewer pipe sprouting from his crotch! Right up her clam! She's still growing! Oh just look! Now he's disappearing between her mams! He must be shooting his spunk up her twat like a fountain. Not much longer before her boobs will swell into the ceiling! That video is going to be pure *gold*."

"Marge, they are out of control! I never wanted her to bloat that much! That's not my doing! Please, let me try and stop —"

"Shut up, you wuss! *I* say we wait at least until she fills the room and knocks out the windows! Come on, can't you make it tight and painful for her? Have her skin tighten up around her boobs like a drum skin? Give her stretch marks from hell? Leave her worn out and loose like a harbor whore? She's looking like she's having far too much fun! I want to see her *suffer*, that righteous bitch! Give her itchy wrinkly pussy lips hanging to her knees!"

"*Marge!*"

"All *right*, you wimp. Just saying. Once that vid goes public, she'll have to suffer through buying herself a new face anyw—oh my goodness! Is that *milk?!?*" Marge lifted her field glasses and gasped in delight. "Either that, or she's so full, his spunk's already coming out of her teats! She's squirting so hard from her nipples, she's gushing the books out of the shelves! Oops! Now *that* window has turned into milk glass alright!"

She shoved Connie. "Come on, we need to find a better spot. Can't get a clean shot through those dripping panes."

“Marge, that’s enough! *Enough!* I need to stop them *right now* while I still can! And put away that damn video camera! This is all getting too weird!”

Chapter 13: Crackdown

And then “weird” shifted gears and put the pedal to the metal.

Heavy diesel engines thundered in the night. The two girls swiveled around and stared at the gate. Bobbing headlights approached from the outside. A huge truck bore down on the wrought iron, threw it open and ripped it from the hinges. The twisted bars clanged and bounced into the lawn which moments later turned into mud under the tires of dozens of black, unmarked jeeps pouring into the garden and encircling the house. Lamps on hydraulic poles rose, light cones of glaring white lit up the walls of the building. All of a sudden, the courtyard was swarming with people in heavy combat gear.

Connie and Marge covered down as a huge black helicopter thundered in low approach across the trees. It circled around the mansion, its spotlight a trembling white finger zigzagging through the night.

Marge was the first to find her voice again after a minute of panicked panting. She gulped and slowly began to slide back down from the boulder she rested on.

“What the — Connie! Those guys with the truck and the helicopter — who are they? They’re like a commando or something! Just stop bloating Pearl and hex her back to normal, and then let’s bolt!” Marge took another glance through her binocs. “Oh fuck, they’ve got guns! Those guys mean business! And they’re fast — the wall! They’ve torn out the whole side! They’re bringing them out now — with a forklift! *Look at her!*”

She slumped back behind the rock and pressed up against the cold stone, trembling all over.

“Oh shit. Oh shit! They’ve got night vision glasses. I think they’ve seen me!”

Connie didn’t listen to her. She just stared at her hands, now again barely visible in the darkness.

“I don’t glow any more. Power’s gone. So why doesn’t she stop? I didn’t want — I never —”

The memory hit her, and she fell silent. *Let them have their fun and play.*

“Connie? Hey! Maybe it’s like you said? You need to *wish* it to stop? Like, an on/off switch?”

“But we haven’t got any berries left! I can’t stop it!” hissed Connie, on the verge of panic.

“Then let’s *run!* I don’t want to — to get disappeared!” Marge crouched deeper behind the bushes and gripped the binoculars so hard that their joint creaked. She stared ahead as realization and belated sanity set in. “Oh gods, *we* caused all that! *I* gave them that cup! What if those guys find out — What if she keeps on — *Connie!* You — you added this ‘never burst ever’ safety thing, right? They can’t explode, *right?!?*”

Connie gulped and slowly turned her head to her friend. The white of her wide-open, fearful eyes showed even in the shadows of the garden. Marge stared back at her.

“Oh no. Connie...? Connie, please, *please* tell me you ... you did ...”

Marge sagged down heavily on her bottom. “You didn’t. What if she bursts? It’s our fault! We poisoned them! We’ll be in for murder!”

Connie grabbed her shoulders and shook her. “Marge! Get a grip! I had no time to do anything, remember?” She let go of her friend but kept on talking while she inched slowly around the side of the boulder to take another peek. “I mean, yes, maybe I wanted *something* to happen, but all I did was — I just said — thought — wished — I just — ‘let them have their fun and play’ was all I ever wished! I never — How could I have known she’d grow so big, and keep on growing — oh heavens, he’s still shooting his load into her! Did you see his dick whip about? Her belly—no, wait, it’s shrinking, it’s like her belly’s *swallowing*, and now her breasts are growing *again!* And they — they don’t notice anything around them, they just keep going! She’s like a giant sperm pump! The forklift’s toppling

under her tits' weight now! No, it can't be *our* fault! I never wanted *that* to happen to them! She's much too big! She's —"

Connie jerked back and pressed herself flat against the boulder. "Oh fuck, yes, we need to bolt! One of them just pointed over here! Let's get away before someone's aski—"

There was *movement* in the air, and then a harsh female voice barked: "Asking *what?*"

The girls spun around and fell over, backing away on all fours from the leather-clad body who suddenly stood akimbo behind them. A magnesium flare lit up the sky above their little hideout and cast glaring white light all over the place.

"Who are — what did you hear —," stammered Connie, blinking up into the shadow against the day-bright sky. *She's alone — maybe there's enough magic left in me —*

"Grow!" she barked all of a sudden, her arm outstretched against her captor, her fingers splayed.

A snicker was the reply. And the voice wasn't mean, it wasn't even unsympathetic when it added, "Oh *girl*, you've got *no* clue, right? Takes more than a little finger-wiggling to stop *me*, y'know? Besides, where's your power now? Maybe you want some more berries first and then try it again? Did you think something would happen, maybe something like — *this?*" She snapped her fingers.

"Connie — help me — she's inside my head — I'm growiiiiii —!" yelped Marge, rolling on the ground and clutching her temples. Then her voice failed her in the delirious rush of an orgasm like none

she had ever felt before. Her blouse billowed out in seconds and rained a shotgun blast of buttons as the cloth surrendered to her bloating breasts. She grasped at Connie's shoulder but let go as her eyes suddenly lost focus. A moan rose from her open mouth. Her hip bucked wildly, sending her whole body into convulsions. Her trousers soaked through with viscid liquid gushing from her crotch.

“Nothing like a good climax to make people shut up. Nighty-night, Marge.”

The stranger quickly bent down, reached out and brushed her fingertips against Marge's head. The girl slumped to the ground and laid still. Her beanbag-chair-sized orbs quavered on for a while as their growth slowed and finally stopped.

Connie's eyes adapted to the bright light; now she was able to make out some more details. An amused, tight-lipped grin played around the black-haired woman's full, blood-red lips. She had high cheekbones, a slightly narrow jaw and something like a watered-down south-eastern deserts complexion to her flawless facial skin. The seams of her tight blue-black catsuit accentuated the sensuous, slightly athletic curves of her tall enviable body. Her eyes were hidden behind dark sunglasses. Connie's face was a but a tiny distorted reflection in those black panes that were framed by the stranger's straight, shoulder-long black hair. Connie didn't dare to look away while her fingers searched blindly for her friend.

“Marge? Marge?! Marge! Talk to me! — What did she do to you? Did she —” Connie turned her head to her friend's motionless frame. Marge was buried under her own breasts. Connie couldn't even see if she was still breathing. There were only those two pale, yard-

high skin bags with the milk-seeping nipples angling outwards, Marge's legs sticking out under them and not a movement but for the liquid trickling down in tiny rivulets.

"Gods and heavens, you killed her! Why — no, don't —," Connie's voice turned into a gargle as the woman's hand casually grabbed her neck, and a thumb with a pointed nail dug into her throat.

"Shush!" growled the stranger at the trembling girl, while the forefinger of her other hand tapped against something in her ear.

"I'm listening now. Mission Control, please repeat."

Pause.

"Oh all right, patch him through. Dammit."

Pause.

"Good evening, Minister. ... Thanks. ... No. No, I —"

She raised her eyebrows.

"No, I don't think I enjoy this way too much. You want it done another way, you come down here and do it yourself, 'kay?"

Pause. Her upper lip quivered slightly as she listened, but the inaudible reply seemed to calm her down.

"And give the Sacheks a raise and two weeks of paid leave. Their new scanner is head and shoulders above what even the Valkyrie can do."

Listening to another mute reply in her ear, she looked at Connie from the corner of her eyes. The girl trembled with fear in her grip. Connie's rich knowledge of movies made her all the more certain that right now, someone high up and far away casually drew a line across one more item on a long list of names and ordered his infernal servant to *dispose of the witnesses* —

“Maybe. Maybe not. Haven't decided. For now, let's keep the quarantine cover-up our first choice. Amanda out.”

* * *

She forced Connie to face her again.

“You listen now. Your friend? I didn't harm her. *Yet*. She's just a stupid tag-along with a temper. She'll be taken care of, one way or the other. Now *you*, on the other hand, I'll —”

She pulled off her sunglasses and stared at the girl. Connie's eyes bulged in fear.

That's it. She's one of them. Oh gods, they're real! All the stories are true! The black unitard. The eyes, those shining empty eyes — don't look in her eyes, she'll —

“— make you an offer. You're *gifted*. Let's talk about a generous *scholarship* and a crisis-safe job, shall we? Need a lift home?”

Tires ground over the gravel near the wall as a stretch limo with blackened side windows came to a halt behind them. Through the windshield mirroring the bright light of the flare dangling down under a tiny parachute, Connie saw that there was no-one at the wheel. There

was no engine noise, either. The stranger forced Connie's head back in front of her face.

“You *might* have a bright future waiting for you, little girl. So you better ponder your answer.” She flexed her fingers, and long, sharp, inhuman claws sprouted from the tips. “You're one of a rare kind, an almost pure witchblood. After all those centuries. Of course, you might decide it's easier to deal with being accused of three cases of intentional poisoning with a biological weapon, torture, infliction of unwanted bodily modification and brainwashing.”

Her voice grew cold.

“Or *I* could decide the publicity's too dangerous and it's easier to let Marge here wake up with no recollection of this night and her clothes soaked with *your* blood, with a blotted knife found conveniently nearby and your assorted body parts strewn all over the garden. Might throw in an extra helping of minced Pearl and Danny while I'm at it. But hey, no pressure, right?”

She licked her lips and smiled mirthlessly, and her smile was full of pointy canines. The human face around it suddenly seemed to be little more than a veneer over something much more sinister.

“So what's it gonna be, girl? Are you with me? Yes or no?”

Connie's fist went right to her temple.

The very next moment, Connie curled up and clutched her aching hand against her womb. Tears welled in her eyes. She might as well have struck a rock with all her strength. The stranger hadn't even budged.

“Heroic last effort? Willing to sacrifice yourself? My. That’s so *adorable*. All the more reason I want you in on the team.”

Connie raised her pain-contorted face. “You want me in? Then stop threatening me! Leave Marge alone! And Pearl as well!”

“Agreed. About Marge, that is. But that Pearl girl and her filler — *fellow*, sorry — not much I can do for them right now. They *will* join us, at least for a while. She’s simply not done yet. She can’t get enough. She doesn’t *want* to stop. That’s why she keeps on swelling. Even if you were all berried up, not even the two of us combined would be able to hold her back for long. That’s one crazy sexed-up bitch prowling under that popular girl facade, and you’ve set her free. We’ll just have to wait and see how long it takes before she overeats, passes out and lets go. I have just the right place where they won’t catch hypothermia or mash themselves to death.”

She hesitated and listened to the hoarse moans and the faint screeching of *expansion*.

“I just hope we get there before she exceeds the payload limit. Oh, and hi. I’m Amanda. I know who *you* are, Miss Cornelia Prince, no need to introduce yourself.”

“You—you’re Amanda DeSaphin! The DeSaCo bankruptcy! The rich girl gone missing!”

“Someone’s been reading newspapers? And remembering? These days? A—mazing!”

The magnesium flare fizzled out. Darkness descended, filled only with the faint light bouncing back from the white garden wall.

* * *

Amanda slunk closer. Her voice changed again. It grew warm, soothing, gentle. Still, when she bowed down and reached for Connie, the trembling girl shied away and crawled deeper into the shadow of the boulder. She blindly fumbled with her hands behind her back and her heels digging little trenches into the grass. Her fingers scraped over the ground, trying to bring at least a little distance between that woman and herself.

“My offer stands, Connie. You haven’t answered me yet, though you have upped your price again. Do not think your little evasion went unnoticed.”

“And if I promise I will never again use my power — I swear! Let me go,” Connie wailed, cracking up, “oh please, let me go! I’ll behave, I’ll be just an ordinary girl, I won’t be any trouble! I never wanted to be any trouble! I just wanted to help! Oh ple—*he—he—hease*...”

Amanda slowly crouched down on all fours. Her drawn-out sigh had a purring undertone, and the way she put one hand before the other and her shoulders rolled under the glistening black of her suit as she prowled closer made her all the more feline.

That she moistened her lips with a quick flick of her tongue didn’t help to calm down her prey either. She halted, straightened up her torso and sat on her haunches.

“You’re afraid. Of me, of course. But that’s not all. You’ve been scared for a much longer time, haven’t you? When you first noticed something about you was *different*. Then came the revelation. It

wasn't all just in your head, it was *real*. So you grew scared of what you've become, of what you can do. Of your *powers*. Of their *price*. Oh yes, the price.”

She lowered her eyes.

“I know about the price of power. I pay it, every moment I wear this suit. But it feels so good, having that much power, eh?”

She cocked her head as she raised her eyebrows. “Feels great, having *control*, doesn't it?” she whispered.

Connie bit her lip. And then she nodded, mutely and fast. Amanda nodded in accord.

“Oh yes it does,” she continued, “and that's why, no matter what you promise to me now, you will never be able to stop and let it be. Oh, you may not have your berries at hand right now, so it's easy for you to say you'll behave. Until, one sunny day, you'll once again notice a strange plant, or a bush, or just a heap of pale fruits, and then *what?* Will you just walk on by? Or will you remember that fine rush of *control* they can give you?”

“But it's not all about a price to pay. There's a prize in it for you. I need your special gift. You put it at my disposal, and I will give you countless opportunities to use and enjoy it. And of course there will be ... *perks*.”

Amanda inched nearer and knelt down between Connie's spread, half pulled-up legs. The girl's eyes grew wide as Amanda's breasts *swelled*. Moments before, the seams on the black unitard had started to wander and arrange themselves into a grid over those two nice but

unspectacular mounds on the lady in black. Now the gaps in that grid widened. Mass and volume grew on her chest. The mounds turned into half-spheres, then sagged into small melons dangling down like giant teardrops. Thimble-sized nipples, all covered in the black, oil-like wrapper, throbbed outward. Amanda moaned and sighed quietly with her eyes closed and her gloved hands wandering over her bliss-contorted face. Then her eyelids fluttered open again. The green-glowing coating on them was gone. Human irises stared unflinchingly back at Connie. She leaned in, resting her weight on her one arm. Her other hand parted the girl's parka and slowly crawled up over the rough cloth of Connie's denim shirt. Her fingers slid in between the snap buttons and touched the girl's skin through her underwear.

“Couldn't change yourself with your powers. Too bad, but that's *your* price you pay. Longed so much for that special feeling of growing bigger, and for knowing how it feels to be a sex goddess, didn't you? But for all you tried, it didn't work for you, and things were so *unfair*.”

Only inches separated Amanda's face now from Connie's. The would-be witch nodded, her jaw trembling.

“So long, so strongly you longed to own a hot body. Oh yesssss.”

Amanda pouted with each *O* and inched closer, too. Her gentle fingers caressed Connie's left breast and slid into the depression between Connie's little mounds.

“Marge was so wonderful a proxy for all your desires, wasn't she? But it's just not the same when you watch someone else get all the action. You want more than just to see it. You want to *feel* it in

you. And you want to share it with someone. But Marge can't be your friend, not in the *special* way you long for. Not unless you mess with her mind.”

Connie turned her head away, away from the unspoken accusation.

“I never wanted to do that! It was so horrible, seeing her turn into a mindless sex freak! I only wanted someone close, someone willing to — to hold me and touch me. I wanted some of the fun that they all can get so easily!”

She whispered the words when really she wanted to scream them.

“I can give you that,” breathed the woman into her ear, “that, and much, much more.”

Her right hand went down flat on Connie's breastbone and pushed her to the ground. Amanda's pinkie slipped *into* the base of Connie's left, her thumb into the base of the girl's right breast, fast, painlessly, with only the slight discomfort of displaced flesh. Connie gasped when suddenly something *hot* and liquid streamed into her mounds in long, voluminous pulses.

* * *

Connie stared down on the impossible sight. The sensation of spreading warmth inside her breasts was incredible. She blew up for real. Her skin spanned as growing pockets of *whatever* formed under her breasts, in her breasts, *all over* her breasts and forced them upwards. She struggled against her captor, but it was a weak, half-

hearted struggle, destined and meant to lose. Whatever this strange creature did, it was just too good. Together with her bloating breasts, her raw urge grew. No matter what the price would be, she'd pay it gladly. She'd pay it a hundred times over. If only this feeling never stopped.

Yes! That's how I had imagined it! That's what I wanted!

She strung the words together, but they never crossed her pouted lips or her gaping, panting, gasping mouth.

“Slowly, slowly,” murmured Amanda. “Don't want to go crazy yet when this is just the prelude, do you? Now *this* is what any med school hack could've done for you with implants, given the right amount of money. A little fake bouncy bloat. But no doctor in the whole world can do *this* —”

Amanda retracted her hand, straightened her back and squatted. Cocking her head, she made a faint, barely noticeable gesture of lifting with her fore and middle finger.

Connie inhaled sharply. The strange globs inside her breasts *burped*. She found no better way to describe it. And they kept on throbbing and bubbling like a milk kettle boiling over, foaming up inside her. The girl arched her back, cramping up in the delicious agony of stretching skin. Her spine tensed up and curved backwards like a bow until only her head and her buttocks remained on the ground. Her fingers clawed into the cold, wet turf. Panted moans emanated from her mouth, and her heels moved back and forth and dug trenches into the ground. She fought to bring her head down, to catch a glimpse of her ecstasy's source.

Before her eyes, her breasts ripped open the row of buttons. Shreds of her underwear slipped away. Veined skin grew and shed her shirt's wrapper. In moments, the two orbs shadowed her sight.

She almost screamed when Amanda wrapped her arms around the two balloon-like orbs and *squeezed*. The woman wedged her head into the yard-high cleavage, worming her way through it to the squeaking and screeching noises of Connie's foil-thin skin spanning over the alien foam inside. Amanda raised her arms. Connie's bloated, erect nipples rubbed through the woman's armpits before Amanda let herself fall down into the warm chasm of flesh and came to a rest, again inches from Connie's face.

"So, what's it gonna be, girl?" she panted hot and musky into the flushed face. Her body wiggled like a snake in the valley of glowing sweaty skin. Wavefronts of pleasure surged through Connie. Amanda's soft lips chewed gently on her cheeks and began wandering along the jaw to the chin before she sucked on the girl's protruding lower lip and drew it into her mouth, nibbling at it with her teeth.

"What's it gonna be, blow-up doll?"

She lifted her thigh and rubbed it over Connie's crotch. A thought, an unspoken command, and ribs and nubs formed on the black surface of her suit, increasing Connie's stimulation as Amanda worked the girl's groin up and down against her leg. The young woman writhed and moaned helplessly in her arms.

"Yes! I—I—I'll join you! But you've got to promise to me you won't hurt them! You'll leave them alo—oooo—ne!"

"As you wish."

Amanda made an effort to rise from the trembling body. Connie grabbed her hips and pressed her back down.

“Nu-uh! More perks first!” she moaned.

Amanda exhaled. Then she straddled Connie’s thigh, hefted her ass cheeks and pushed against the girl’s wet crotch. The suit grew two nubs from her lap, and they quickly gained in length and diameter.

“When you walk funny tomorrow, remember you asked for it,” she growled. The agile, rubbery tentacles oozing lubricant all over their skin aligned themselves to both of Connie’s openings at once. Cone-shaped tips entered her a fraction of an inch deep, just enough to widen each puckered ring and to announce their intentions with their spreading warmth.

Amanda’s hand covered Connie’s gaping mouth, moments before the girl squealed in delight.

“Shush. Let’s not bring the whole squadron over to watch us making out, mmm?”

“Mmm—hmm!” nodded the girl.

Amanda’s hand wandered over to caress her cheek and then moved on, brushing through Connie’s hair until she cupped the back of Connie’s head.

“There are other ways to keep your lips sealed,” Amanda moaned quietly as she lowered herself. She pouted and offered her red puffed lips to her newest acquisition. Connie struggled to bring her arms around the heavy bags of her breasts. The velvety touch of the taut surface against her fingers scattered any coherent thought in her

head. Finally she pulled her arms and hands free, clutched Amanda's head and dragged her closer.

She shut her eyes, overwhelmed by the sensation of the two throbbing tentacles entering her at the same time. Amanda's warm, moist lips found hers. Their mouths opened simultaneously.

Their kiss turned into an attempt of mutual devouring as their maws and tongues dueled while the noise of wet, rhythmic squelching kept rising from in between their bucking hips. Connie's eyes grew big as the two throbbing poles swelling from Amanda's suit wormed deeper into her, stretching her vagina and her anus exactly as much as her skin could take. The black, warm substance of the suit ran in rivulets over Amanda's body and collected in the root of the double organ before it flowed on and filled Connie's womb. The labia and her whole crotch around them domed up. Warm, oozing substance squirted into her depths, it spilled through her cervix and coated the inside of her uterus. Connie forgot to breathe, she just wanted to slobber and gnaw at that slithering body, to mash it with her boobs, to suck it as deeply into her holes as she could. She wrapped her breasts around Amanda, her arms, her legs, and held on even as her vision blurred and she became lightheaded —

Chapter 14: Gone South Off The Maps

Connie woke hours later to the sound of waves gently rolling over a beach. Tiny sparkles of reflected sunlight danced on the red cloth that hung like a sail over her bed. The warm air carried the salty smell of a wide-open body of sea water nearby. Every now and then, a slightly stronger flurry brought the rustle of palm leaves as they moved in the soft wind caressing Connie's sweaty face. She propped herself up on her elbows and looked at her body. Someone had swapped her clothes; she now was wrapped in a silk pajama. It flowed like silvery water over the new volume of her boobs. With her torso now at an angle, she noticed for the first time the unfamiliar pull and strain of meaty weight in her breasts. There was no sensation of something artificial to it. In fact, all of it seemed to be very much her own flesh and skin.

How is that possible? And why did nobody tell me just how heavy they feel? What is this? Double-D or triple? More like — what do they call that? Is there an E? Or more?

Still propped up on her elbows, she ran her fingers over her new assets and felt the soft, slightly sagging mass. A gentle slap, and the

quiver went through them like through jelly balloons. Connie gasped. Her areolae contracted ever so slightly and made her nipples perk up.

Oooh. Sensitive! That's going to need some getting used to, she pondered. I wonder how — holy—!

Her mouth fell open as a movement in the corner of her eyes drew her attention from her new chest shape to her surroundings. She immediately felt inadequate and dwarfish again. On a stool by the side of her bed sat a woman with a pair of the biggest breasts she'd ever seen, Pearl's freakishly bloated body excluded.

The stranger's body was rather *petite*. Sitting with her back half-turned to Connie, she was busy brushing the recalcitrant curls of her blond hair while checking herself in a large mirror leaning against a palm tree. A constant trickle of milk seeped from a can-sized, rough teat on a brownish areola's mound a foot across. It ran down the profile of her left boob and dripped over the edge of a weird metal dish with spinning lights floating underneath, supporting the humongous glandular mass. Connie rubbed her eyes. The tit's diameter had to be more than a yard. And the dish really floated in mid-air, because as the woman suddenly turned to her and smiled, her breasts orbited her lithe body like glued-on planets and the weird contraption hovered across the bed. Connie felt a faint pressure bearing down on her legs when the dishes flew over them. She had to lean back to not get milk-slapped by the erect nipples as they whizzed past her face.

The woman dropped her brush and struggled to dampen the fierce swinging of her boobs with both hands. She giggled.

“Oops! Almost got you there! Ah, milk does a body good anyway, doesn’t it?”

With her hooters under control and mostly out of the way, she stooped and twisted until she was able to reach out and extend a slender hand. Connie shook it, still flabbergasted by the sight.

“Connie. Cornelia Prince. Biology major. Tit sem— uh, *third* semester,” she stammered.

The woman smiled, somewhat absent-mindedly. Connie had seen that look before on some of her fellow students, especially on the chemistry majors. And on Marge, that one time when they’d tried her special weed. She must’ve been riding high the night before. Sky high. And she was still some feet above ground, from the look of it.

“Hi there. I’m Caryn. Caryn Dobbs. Accountant. Uh, *ex*-accountant, I guess. I’ve got a feeling that I got fired, but they won’t tell me why or when exactly or what the hell happened at all. Some things are still a bit hazy and mixed up in my head, they say, and that I shouldn’t bother. So I don’t.” She giggled again, and the movements sent little ripples over the swollen breasts.

Connie pinched her eyes. Yes, there it was. The woman *glowed* with energy, more intense than anything she had witnessed before. Connie gulped and backed away ever so slightly from the two orbs. For all she knew, those hooters might be ready to blow up on their own any second now. Maybe that was why they were outdoors. More room. The tropical paradise suddenly seemed like a nuclear ground zero, with the timer ticking.

“Uh-huh. Uh, sorry, but — are you feeling well, or should I call for ... someone?”

Caryn chuckled, put her elbows on top of her breasts and gave Connie a dismissive wave of her hand.

“Te-he-he! Oh, you big silly! I’m feeling *great!* And look at me!”

She grabbed her breasts’ sides, dug her fingers into the supple skin and hefted them. Milk squirted. The two hovering lifter dishes underneath the spheres whirred and beeped as they tried to counterbalance the impetus.

“Now I can get up and move by myself again! You should’ve seen me a year ago! It was just *milk me* and *feed me* day-in day-out at the hangar then. They said I had too much fun before and that’s why I’m now here. The doctor says if I behave and shrink some more, I’ll be allowed to leave in another year!”

She leaned in and whispered conspiratorially, “But I’m not sure if I want to. I like my itty bitty titties so much, and it’s all holidays around here.”

Her hands rubbed over the squeaking skin, and she moaned quietly.

“Love them ... so much ...”

Connie blinked. “What? Doctor? Leave? What — what is this place? Where am I?”

Caryn giggled.

“Oh, that’s what they all say when they first wake up here! Don’t worry, you’ll like it! We call it *Valkyrie Island*. It’s for us *special* cases. It’s such a *great* place to be! The weather’s always fine, and we get to play around all day! And nobody here needs to be afraid of their boobies. They’ve got lots of those shiny thingamabobs that make your boobs float and suck out the milk and such.

“What’s your special problem? You don’t look too bloated. Do they,” she poked one of Connie’s breasts, “only grow every now and then but you can’t stop it? One of the new girls, the ones they first put into the evaluation zone at the Avalanche Beach, she now has her own lagoon that she can comfortably swell into, you know, with the water lifting her whales. You just *have* to watch her let down! It’s like fountains! Nah, mountains. *Tehehe*. No, y’know, these mountains that do all that spraying, what’s the word, no, don’t say it, I know it, I know it — ah, right, *volcanoes!* We call her the supercow, and —”

“Ah, I see you’re already down to the gossiping.”

* * *

Connie swiveled around. Amanda leaned against one of the four palm trees of the sun roof, her arms crossed over her chest. She wore a tank top and a slip now, and Connie immediately envied the exotic beauty’s toned abs. The pieces of cloth were jet black, of course, and looked suspiciously like applied paint. They vaguely reshaped themselves under Connie’s stare and gave Amanda’s proud orbs another gentle push up.

Amanda’s breasts were massively bigger than the night before and the miniscule patches of her clothing hid nothing of her breathtaking figure, but she didn’t seem content with that. She quickly

raised her eyebrows. Somewhere in her head, she must've sent a command, for the garment covering her boobs liquified and shrunk even more, soaking into the swelling nipples and slightly inflating her breasts until what remained of it regained cloth-like quality, now resembling a dainty bikini top. Amanda shuddered with delight and then winked at the student.

Showoff, Connie thought, and then the warmth of embarrassment flushed her face as she remembered the horny and freakish make-out session they had shared the night before.

“Well, Connie? Caryn’s here for rehab after the — a little incident. Oh, she’s really a whole new woman now after that much-needed holiday. But *you* are part of the team now, so maybe you’d like to get up to speed on what’s going on here. So — care to join me for a little tour? Maybe take a gander and sample the new harvest at *our* plantations before we take a look at what your strengths are?”

* * *

“Connie, meet Valkyrie!”

Amanda pushed against the huge gate embedded in the almost vertical rock face of the mesa that rose straight out of the forest to two hundred feet. The engraved lines lit up, starting from her hand and spreading over the square yards of the black metal. Somewhere inside, a bar slid back with a *thump* that shook the floor. The massive doors opened slowly with no sound but the whooshing of displaced air.

“Is that —” Connie started, and then her voice failed her. In the darkness of the cavern, the silvery object with its ever-changing, flowing shape hung in mid-air, suspended in a light beam. There were

no eyes, or lenses, or anything resembling a sensor on it, but Connie *felt* its gaze on her. She felt it *in her head*.

“—a three-dimensional projection of a higher-order interstellar probe of non-human origin? Yes,” Amanda replied.

“And its name is Valkyrie?”

“No. Its *job description* is Valkyrie. The Chooser of the Slain. Of the *infected*. Of the *diseased*.”

Amanda held her temples.

“Look, it’s a long story and I’ve had a rough night. I’ll try to give you the Cliffs Notes version. Ever since this planet formed, a few alien robots kept tabs on it. Explorers, record keepers. Their kind was ordered to lay low and watch if and how life would evolve on Altaerna. The only time they violated their hiding rule was a hundred years ago, when one of them got cozy with my great-great-grandmother. She was given this suit as a reward. That’s how the Valkyrie found me and lured me here.

“They left to ogle another planet, but not before they tagged our world for further examination by their masters. Someday soon, they will show up. The explorers learned about the residual magic, how it works, how to use it, and they passed on that information. Now their masters use it to power their long-range sensors and hyper-engines. This causes ancient magic to re-erupt at their destination. To them, that’s barely noticeable, maybe like a footprint on a beach. To us, well, we’re the tiny crabs unintentionally crushed by their footfall. You barely saw the *first* of what can happen if magic runs rampant.

“Things here will become more unhinged the closer the visitors’ ship gets. Our job is to keep this contained. Find the sources, the leaks where this energy seeps through, keep those places sealed up and away from the clueless and the crazy.”

From the corner of her eyes, she glanced at Connie.

“You saw Caryn? She was a cold, efficient bureaucrat. Then she got caught in the first massive outburst of magic we’ve so far identified.”

Amanda bit her lip.

“It was my fault. By the time I found her, she had already grown to fill a room the size of a cathedral, and the fallout began to spread to others nearby. And then I thought I could swat three flies with one strike. Make her pay a little for past wicked games. Bring her back down to movable size at the same time. And use the inevitable magical discharge to mark our world for the visitors so they’d at least turn down their force feed a notch or two. And there’s no harm in a little fun at a mean bitch’s expense, right?”

She lowered her head for a moment before she continued.

“Wrong. You leave anyone for too long on a bloat trip, their thoughts become all garbled by their ecstasy. Oh, the Valkyrie can untangle that. She’s incredibly powerful. Sometimes, she grants me some of that power. But she doesn’t obey me. She’s got her own priorities. She’s not loyal to *us*, but she’s the only thing we have. Now she sort of plays with Caryn out of curiosity, in the way that someone might play with a puzzle. Whenever she feels like there’s nothing

better to do, the Valkyrie puts some more of Caryn's brain back together."

Connie regained a bit of her composure. "Hold it. I don't understand. This thing is alien, okay. Others are coming, okay. They're powerful. I mean, if she can fix *brains*, then why doesn't she handle all of —"

"She's kind of a second-tier cleaner, built to keep others of her kind in line. She figured that I, being Altaerna native, might do a better job than her at handling human interactions while not sticking out. Turns out I'm a horny antisocial klutz. Maybe you'll do better."

Connie ignored that last remark. Instead, she asked:

"And your suit is —"

"A shape-shifting semi-sentient autonomous particle robot swarm. I only learned about that a couple of years ago. Maybe I'll tell you the story someday. Maybe you'll even get your own.

"Then the Valkyrie calls to me, and guess what? Now I'm stuck with taking out the trash in this planetary cleaning woman hell of a job."

She grabbed into the floating liquid, sending concentric ripples over the silvery mirror. Moments later she pulled her hand back out and threw Connie a V-shaped badge. *O.A.O.* it said in embossed letters, and around a big #02 in the center curved the words *Office of Anomalous Occurrences*.

"Welcome to the twilight zone. Now you're official. Don't flaunt it too much, m'kay?"

