**A Night Out**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion, giantess, some weird transformation,* and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

**Commission:** The following is a commission for DeviantArt user *J-T-D*. The character Lessien belongs to them, and is used with express permission.

* *Madam Materia*

It was a rare quiet moment at Madam Materia's Magical Menagerie, as the titular redhead herself wandered her back room. How many orbs lined her shelves? How many were worlds she and her magical Menagerie has visited and left her mark on? And how many had she yet to taint with her vulgar desires?

Thinking about it alone had her positively tickled, reaching up and straightening her wide brimmed witch hat. “So where shall we go today?” she mused to herself, wrapping one arm under her impressive bust as the other tapped a gold painted nail, matching her otherworldly eyes, against her chin.

Her spatted heels clacked against the hard floor as the buxom woman carried herself about her collection, each step bouncing her voluptuous form in her tight fitting dress. Maybe a few minutes simply enjoying one of her past triumphs would help her decide? Reaching out her fingers she brushed a half dozen glass balls, the mists filling them parting to reveal women with breasts too large to move, or so tall they dwarfed the buildings around them. Just their sights brought a pleasant tingle for the devilish redhead.

Settling on one of her stories she was unexpectedly interrupted. A small spark seemed to materialize in the air in front of her, followed by another that forced the woman to take a defensive step back. Arcs of electricity stretched out, forming a ball of blue-white light that lit up Materia's delicate features. From within the sphere a small particle formed, growing outwards into a shell of a device as more and more of its pieces took form.

What was going on? The redheaded witch just shielded her golden eyes as the event unfolded, dying down slowly and leaving a metallic card hovering in the air before her. Curiosity was one thing, common sense was another, as she stared. Seemingly finished its fantastical display the device fell to the ground, tinking gently on the hardwood.

“What are you?” the woman mused as she knelt down, heavy breasts hanging low as she picked it up.

Upon feeling her touch it sprang to life, a stylized V lighting up on the surface before thin lines appeared, and the card spread into a full-size sheet of light. A hologram of a letter, addressed to her.

*“Dear Madam Materia,*

*I am Lessien Viris, owner and head scientist here at Viris Labs. My laboratory has allowed me a glimpse of your work, and I must say I've become a bit of a fan. I would like to hereby cordially invite you for a tour of my facilities, so that I might meet you in person and show off a couple of my own accomplishments.*

*With love, Lessien.”*

Well this was certainly unexpected, to say the least. It wasn’t often the witchy woman received an invitation somewhere. Like a malevolent stranger she often simply showed up where she was needed to make a mess and leave.

With a giggle she raised the small card, “Can you work with this?” she asked her magical Menagerie. The shifting of the world beneath her feet was all the answer the redhead needed, as a delighted grin spread across her ruby lips.

Bright sparks reflected off a pair of tinted lenses, worn tightly over the dark haired woman’s eyes, as she made some minor tweaks to a wrist-mounted device. “Alright,” she mused, giving her toy a brief inspection to ensure everything was in order. It looked to be good, the circuits were all complete and soldered.

Time for a test. She lifted the dark lenses from her face, letting them rest on her forehead and revealing her sapphire-like eyes. With a smirk the woman threw her hand out, tilting her wrist as, with a little hiss, the device shot out a small dart at high speed. The projectile sailed through the air, flying true to slam into a full sized picture of a bored looking pigtailed blonde; directly into the girl’s hefty right breast next to a pair of other test shots.

The wrist launcher whirred, loading the next shot into the chamber as the doctor pulled her arm in. Even so light an action however fired her second shot, the doctor stepping back for safety as the dart flew directly up; into the ceiling to join a few other holes made by her temperamental experiment.

“Still a tad sensitive,” she muttered unhappily, returning to her table and drawing up a screwdriver to do some minor tweaking. If she loosened it just a little, took pressure off the main mechanism… it wouldn’t be as clean of a fit and easy to hide, but it wouldn’t discharge without a more drastic motion. Hopefully.

As she adjusted the main band she barely noticed the door appearing on her wall from the corner of her eye. In the timespan of a blink the smooth surface was broken up by a rustic wooden portal, out of place among the clean, futuristic theme of Viris Labs. The doctor couldn’t help but be curious, feeling a swell within her heavy chest to investigate.

From the other side the brass knob turned. Logic would dictate the door would open into the adjacent workstation, but then again instantly appearing doors didn’t quite apply to the rules of logic. The mysterious portal opened inward to what looked at a glance to be a knickknack shop, the shelves lined with oddities. It was difficult to make out much though with the extravagantly dressed redhead in the doorway.

A frilled purple dress hung down to her knees, cinched in at the waist by a corset that had her generous tits highlighted perfectly. Her hands were clenched behind her back, as she gave a little bow. The doctor couldn’t hide a small pang of disappointment at the ornate choker around the woman’s neck, holding a cravat in place to hide any potential cleavage such beautiful breasts undoubtedly made.

As words readied to be exchanged from the dark haired woman her guest sauntered up on her spatted heels, bending at the waist so her golden eyes were level with the doctor’s massive melons. Her witch hat shielded her face from the buxom woman’s gaze, but it did nothing to mask the envious hum as the redhead stared at boobs each easily the size of her head. One of her gold tipped fingers rose, ready to “inspect” what she was so intently staring at.

The doctor couldn’t help chuckling, tossing her lab coat back with one hand and arcing her chest out a bit; straining the painted on green tee she wore underneath in the action. “Enjoying the view?” she teased, reaching out and tipping the witch's hat back to at least regain eye contact.

The second the brim left her crown a pair of yellowish vulpine ears popped up from her fiery locks, revealing the woman’s true form. Like a can of prank snakes, two foxy tails erupted from her tailbone, dancing mischievously in the air right in front of the dark haired woman. Her gold painted nails disappeared, each digit replaced with a long, menacing claw, and that same pale yellow fur popped up on the woman’s forearms as they thickened.

“Hey,” the witch huffed, straightening instantly and fixing her cap. As it aligned her bestial features disappeared once more, leaving her with her human guise and with a tint in her cheeks, “did I say you could touch that?” she questioned.

The top heavy scientist just crossed her arms under her chest, giving the redhead a disbelieving look as she smirked. “Did I you could touch these?” she countered right back with a little bounce of her melons.

Caught, better to drop that approach then. “Nope,” the redhead answered, reaching into her top between the buttons of her blouse, and behind that accursed cravat, to pull out the small metallic card that had brought her here. “You did invite me though doctor Viris?” she questioned, clearly fishing.

A grin crossed the blue eyed woman’s sharp features as she gave a nod, “Ah yes,” she replied. “Though Lessien is fine. Welcome to my lab Madam Materia,” she offered with an outstretched hand.

With a grin the foxy woman accepted the handshake, “I’m normally the one welcoming people,” she teased, “And as a fan of my work, you can just call me Matty.”

“Alright Matty,” Lessien smiled, gesturing out to the open floor of her laboratory, “shall we start the tour then?” she offered.

Immediately the witchy woman’s golden eyes widened, skipping out on her heels excitedly. The object of her attention, a nearly ten foot woman, with breasts that put even Lessien’s impressive bust to shame, and blonde locks trailing down to her tailbone. Each of the huge girl's steps Matty could feel in her toes, as she dragged her teeth greedily over her painted lip.

That was all the Madam needed to see, tenting her fingers tip to tip, “Please,” she chirped excitedly, bouncing in her dress.

With heavy booted footfalls the dark haired doctor led them to the floor, leaving Matty to look about in wonder as she stood in front of some of her wildest imaginings all in one place. “I was actually expecting you a bit earlier,” Lessien explained, as an excitable little girl made of a caramel coloured slime rushed by, with an armful of mugs balanced on her oversized bosom. “Then again I guess you can’t really rely on mail delivered by temporal distortion to be *timely*,” she joked.

The busty redhead was hardly listening, dancing around the doctor’s top heavy experiments with a childlike wonder. Every time the witchy woman settled her eyes on a buxom cow girl getting milked, they were torn away by a back strengthened android hauling around tits she could have used like a bed. It was like the Menagerie owner’s perverted little heaven.

With a laugh the doctor shook her head, “It’s safe to touch,” she teased, “I try to keep a very 'hands on' workplace policy.”

You couldn’t keep the grin from Matty’s face. Upon getting the go ahead the woman wandered into a milking stall, where a dark skinned cow girl was getting her body-sized udders milked of their chocolatey bounty. The woman looked up surprised at the redhead’s entry, only have her expression change to shock as the excitable woman jumped at her.

Like leaping onto a fresh hotel bed, the witchy woman tossed herself into the woman’s cleavage. “Moo!” was the best the startled cattle could express as the weight of the foxy redhead made her fill her pumps. The cups overflowed with chocolate milk as the machine struggled to process it, precious drops leaking out and dribbling down the perfect roundness of the girl’s under boob.

Clearly it was still a pleasurable experience, as redness tinted the dark cow girl's cheeks. With a wiggle Matty got comfortable, sinking into the soft breast flesh with a titillated little grin. “Oh, it’s been so long since I got to do more than watch,” she purred, tracing little hearts with her finger over her chocolate cuddler.

Lessien let out a giggle, gathering a drop of her experiment's milk on her fingertip for a taste. Always better when the girls were enjoying themselves. “Odd,” she mused at her guest’s statement, licking her lips of every little bit sweetness her cow had offered, “You have a one for one success rate, how could you possibly achieve that only watching?” the doctor inquired.

Sinking her hands into pliant boob, making her cow girl cushion let out a pleased groan as more of her bounty was drained, the redhead managed sit up. “Trial and error,” she answered simply, tapping her nose with a finger as her good eyes met with the doctor’s.

“I don’t follow,” the dark haired woman mused, crossing her arms under her heaving bosom.

Matty just smirked, “Whenever someone walks into my Menagerie,” she began, talking with her hands like little puppets, “the place lets me try out an outcome. I get to walk through the motions, make mistakes, often get slapped in the face,” she mused, rubbing her cheek, “then rewind and do it all over again. Fake it till I make it and get them to go down the road I want to turn them into my enjoyable little plaything,” she explained, flopping back into her busty little bed.

The explanation sullied the buxom scientist a bit, “So you just constantly reset reality with no consequences?” she accused.

The redhead just shrugged. That was a simple enough distillation of it, “Yup,” she replied, the tip of her tongue poking through her lips as she stroked her happy new cow girl friend.

With a huff Lessien turned away. “Oh come on, where's the fun in that?” she asked, making her guest perk up a little. “Half the fun of life comes from failure. Wouldn’t it be so much more fun to step out of your safe little bubble and we go to a bar?” she suggested, throwing an arm out as she spoke, “Spike someone’s drink for the tenth time and watch them swell up into a wet dream of a sex body. Get that fulfilling sensation of watching your handiwork first hand, and tasting the fruits of your-“

Turning the redhead was nowhere in sight, leaving the doctor looking around the space to find her. Coming into the space once more, the witchy Materia was doing up a coat; catching the look the blue eyed scientist was giving her. “What?” she asked with a tilt of her fiery head, “I thought we were going to the bar?”

The dark haired woman couldn’t help laughing, shaking her head in disbelief. “Oh I'm going to show you a proper good time,” she declared with a naughty grin on her face.

“You don’t think the lab coat is a little conspicuous?” Matty asked as the pair were settling into their table; tucked against the back wall, across from the bar so they had a nice view of the whole place. From the entrance to the currently hopping dance floor, the redhead and the doctor had a clear line of sight to anyone they wanted to target for the night's shenanigans.

Lessien just gave a scoff, her sleeve rolled up to the elbow as she played with a small touch display she'd rigged to her new wrist launcher. “Says the one dressed like she walked out of the middle ages,” she countered, shooting her blue eyes up at the purple hat, sticking out like a beacon in the modern setting.

A fair point. The disguised woman just shrugged, hanging her coat over the back of her chair and sinking her plush tush into the seat. “Ooh, crème liqueur,” she purred, snatching up their drink menu from the center of the table.

Drinking tonight was secondary. The dark haired scientist tilted her hand, feeling the hair trigger of her device pressing on the soft of her wrist. Tonight was a field test for her new toy, and of course a chance to see what the witch could do, “So what did you bring to play with?” Lessien asked, pulling her white sleeve back up to conceal her weapon of mass accumulation.

With a smirk Matty reached back, fishing into her coat's pocket and pulling out a foot long, thin, and tapered piece of wood. Ornately carved it had an obvious handle at its thick end, which upon the redhead wrapping her hand around the opposite tip sprang to life with a soft red glow. “This,” she announced, waving it like a conductor's baton and leaving red tracing lines along its path.

The doctor wasn’t unfamiliar with magic. Hell, at one point in her life she'd even tried to practice it, only to find out she was the equivalent of rolling the dice and hoping for the best whenever she came in contact with any arcane powers. “How does it work?” she asked curiously.

Despite her dress, the foxy girl wasn’t really an expert. “Basically it uses symbols,” she explained, “I just focus on intent, and it should tell me what I need to draw to get the outcome I want.”

Lessien chuckled at that. Of course the witch would pick something with training wheels. “We’ll see how it stacks up against hard science,” she challenged as their waitress arrived to the table.

The pair put on good faces, small smiles that belayed they were going to have fun, without blowing the lid off their intentions. “Can I get you girls anything?” the tightly wrapped server asked, fishing a pad out of her apron.

Matty's mouth was still watering at the idea of a stiff creamy drink. “A full bottle of the crème liqueur, with a glass,” she told the girl, “No ice.”

That was a fine enough drink, after all the doctor’s mind was on other things. “Make it two glasses,” she told their lithe server, in her tight fitting branded black tee.

The girl gave a nod, tousling her brown locks as she wrote all that down, “I’ll have that right out for you,” she promised, skipping off to collect a few more orders before she dipped to the bar to deliver the round.

The witchy woman stared intently, enjoying the petite server's figure as her pert little bottom bounced around the establishment. “What about your toy?” the redhead asked, breaking herself from her trance.

With a smile Lessien gave an excited little wiggle, making her pendulous tits sway hypnotically, “How about I show you?” she offered.

Placing her finger on the table the doctor let her blue eyes scan the room. The opening hand was all about grandeur, so she needed to pick someone who'd make a good show. There were so many potentials that had the dark haired woman's mind racing with possibility, but not for what she had pre-loaded into her first chamber. Once she settled on her target though, the grin that crept over her lips told all.

She dragged her finger across the table's surface, lining up her arm with her mark. She was an innocent enough looking girl, sitting at the bar with her back to the duo and a fruity drink in her hand. The way she was looking around, a bored glaze in her eyes as just like the duo she was looking for something. Attention. Her low cut spaghetti strand top, the way her tight jeans were practically painted on her slender thighs, it was all in an attempt to draw eyes her way. And the generous doctor was about to give the girl exactly what she wanted.

Flicking her wrist her device gave a pressurized hiss, barely louder than a whisper, as it fired out the first dart in its payload. A direct hit, striking the attention seeker in the rear through the back pocket. The girl didn’t even flinch it was so subtle a prick.

Tenting her fingers and resting her chin across the bridge Lessien's grin turned to a smirk, “And now we watch the fun,” she announced to her partner in crime.

It was a slow burn, the best way to leave a victim oblivious to what was going on. The first sign of anything was the girl reaching down and scratching the injection site, making the spent dart fall and roll under the bar. The look on her face was one of the lightest discomfort. She knew she’d picked her tightest bottoms deliberately, but maybe they were getting a bit small; riding up into her crotch and making her squirm in her seat.

The unrelenting denim seemed to inflate, pulling everywhere it could as it fought to contain what was happening underneath its surface. Their clean blue lightened as flesh started to pile onto the girl’s rear and thighs, forcing the threads further and further apart. There was a small groan as she shifted, the seams straining and making the poor girl go red in the face with embarrassment. How had she let herself go out with such an ill-fitting choice of clothing? Maybe she was gaining more weight than she thought.

If only she knew. Matty couldn’t hide her interest, nibbling her painted lip as she watched. She could see them, the thick white threads of the girl’s seams growing further apart and showing off a pencil thin line of the girl’s milky pale skin beneath. The tension was building as fast as the witch’s anticipation, towards the inevitable bursting of the dam.

Unable to get comfortable the inflating woman uncrossed her legs, hoping maybe swapping them over would get things out of her sensitive folds. It was clearly a mistake, as her now thick leg climbed up and broke the proverbial camel's back. A sharp pop rang out across the bar, as the seam gave way. Three stitches burst and opened a clear diamond window to her meaty thigh.

The redness in the now rather bottom heavy girl deepened, as her hand reflexively went to the new hole. One wasn’t enough though, as the seat of her pants groaned painfully. With a shred that echoed out, her swelling cheeks tore free, showing off the girl’s cute pink panties riding high in the cleavage of her backside.

Now more free her growing size was truly revealed. The width of her hips surpassed her shoulders, and the perfect roundness of her ass went even further; only marred by the fact she was now far too big for the barstool. What had to be pounds of smooth flesh hung over the sides of her seat, as the girl squirmed and struggled for her comfort. Each little motion had her mouth watering backside bouncing hypnotically, drawing in the attention the girl had come in craving.

Her fashion emergency became a background thought, as suddenly the bartender arrived with a drink for her. “From the fellow there,” the buxom server told her, pointing to a cute boy up the bar.

He gave a wave, which left the pear shaped girl blushing. Maybe it wasn’t so bad, as she gave a shy little wave back, her growth spurt coming to an end and leaving her pants from the knees up in complete tatters.

Matty couldn’t help smile of her own, licking her lips. “Very nice,” she complimented the doctor on her work.

“Thank you,” Lessien replied with a prideful little flourish. “Now though I think it’s your turn to show off,” she teased with a grin.

Interrupting them was their waitress, carrying the crème liqueur and the two glasses on her tray. “Here you are ladies,” she chirped, putting on her best act for a tip as she popped the bottle and poured them their first drinks.

The redhead gave a small giggle, turning her golden eyes on their mousy server, “Thanks,” she purred, drawing up her treat and taking a nice swig to wet her whistle.

With a smile the girl turned, going back to her rounds with a swell of confidence from the oddly dressed woman's flattering gaze.

The gaze was twofold though, as Matty drew up her wand. “Alright, let’s see what you think of this show,” she bragged.

Lessien settled in, taking the first half of her drink down in a single shot. The witchy woman had an excellent taste in drinks, the creamy drink going down smooth and leaving her tingling. Without even finishing the glass she went for a top up, filling her cup to the brim as the redhead went to work.

It was artistry in motion. A flash of red passed over Materia's eyes as she focused on her desires; on how she planned to reshape the oblivious girl. Her disguised fingers danced, the tip of her tool drawing on the air and leaving a trail of her movements.

As she finished her first symbol she pulled back, before dipping back in to start a second right overtop of the first. Their lines intertwined, crossing over as they became a complex arcane rune. The whole little act took seconds, by which time the serving girl was at her next table taking orders on her pad. With a smirk and a deliberate point of her wand the symbol shrank into the tool, an invisible arc shooting out to strike her target true.

The girl flinched, hit by the unseen force and unable to help from looking around to see what it might have been, earning a small amount of ire from the group she was supposed to be taking orders from. “Sorry,” the brunette apologized, returning her focus to the table.

There was very little buildup compared to Lessien’s experiment. It was more like someone had just hooked a pump up to the girl and let it go. The hem of her black tee rode up her midriff as her breasts inflated before her eyes, filling the space at the bottom of her field of view as she stared at her pad. Yet the girl didn’t react, even as her previous nothing was swelling into a range comparable to the redhead.

As her boobs continued to grow the tie of her apron slid up from her hips, settling in the place of least resistance at the small of her back. The tight work tee was no less struggling, as visible gaps in the cheap seams started to form. The thin fabric became almost sheer, as it offered every ounce of elasticity it could to keep its wearer contained; only to fail as holes burst at the sides, showing off the soft creamy skin beneath.

The waitress didn’t even flinch. Not even as her top burst at the front, showing off the deep cleavage contained within, making the table she was serving go slack jawed. The brunette just rolled her eyes, pulling her pad higher up as her tits had begun to obscure it. She just rest her wrists on her huge bust, as she obliviously continued to do her job.

Lessien could hardly hide her delight, on the edge of her seat as she watched the redhead’s handiwork. The server's nipples became obvious through her apron, uncontained by the shred of a bra left that could be seen through her rapidly failing top. Each nub was round, and the size of a fist, capping her melons which now hung down well below her ribcage.

In a final burst of spectacle the girl’s dark top tore apart, dangling where it still managed to drape over her body. She barely saw it as a nuisance, the girl just brushing the ruined fabric off herself to fall on the floor, leaving her in nothing but her now ill fitting apron; the garment pulled well above her crotch, and only barely keeping her enormous nipples hidden. The soft pink of her areola could be seen by the duo, even from this side angle, stretching out inches past the edge of her only top-covering piece.

Her table were still staring, leading the waitress to just roll her eyes with an annoyed huff, “Look, I get it,” she mused, leering to them, “They’re big. Can you just accept it and we move on?” she asked, tilting her head. Even so small a motion had her mammoth breasts jiggling, threatening to pop out onto display for the world.

It was horrid edging watching such beauty tease without payoff. The doctor bit her lip, watching every little motion the girl made as she finally managed to get the orders from the oglers; secretly praying that one of those beautiful boobs would slip out and give her a peek.

There were other more pressing thoughts buzzing around her head though, “She’s not even aware you changed her,” the dark haired woman noted, turning to the witch as she brought her drink to her mouth.

Licking her lips of her creamy shot Matty gave a nod, “Mmhmm. That was what I wanted, part of why the symbol took so long,” she explained, lifting her wand and miming the first symbol she'd done.

Watching the doctor nodded, finishing her second glass of their crème liqueur, “So each layer you drew then was an addition to the spell?” she inquired, tapping her forearm. The screen from her wrist device sprang to life, bright enough the blue eyed beauty could make out her options through her sleeve, and make some adjustments.

“Yup,” the foxy woman answered, trying to recall each layer as the wand had described them to her. “One to make her oblivious to it, one to make the spell invisible, and of course the all important ones to make the boobs,” she said, taking her own impressive fun bags in her hands, “bigger,” she finished, throwing them out in an exaggerated miming of her dirty work.

With a giggle Lessien shook her head, feeling the airy, lightheaded sensation of a buzz forming from the drinks. Or maybe it was something else? “A girl after my own heart,” she teased with a grin, turning her attention to the dance floor.

She could feel herself stirring, making her shift in her seat as the doctor did her best to keep it contained. For now at least. “What say we turn up the heat?” she offered, nodding towards her next target.

Matty's golden eyes followed the prompting, seeing the dye-haired girl tearing up the dance floor. Black and blue locks were flying about, as the girl’s body moved every which way. It was hard to really make out her body, the flowy top and skirt she was wearing moved like water with every little thrust of her hips and shake of her shoulders, but the young shape of her face and the smoothness of her neck hinted it was a sight to see. And would undoubtedly be more so in a few moments.

The witchy woman was red in the cheeks, giving a full toothy grin ear to ear. “Oh yes,” she purred, slipping into the doctor’s dirty mind as she accurately imagined what was about to happen.

This didn’t call for as accurate a shot as last time. Lessien simply turned her attention to the spunky dancer, giving a small flourish of her wrist and firing out her freshly programmed dart. Like its predecessor it sailed through the air, so small as to hardly be noticed, before connecting with her target's side.

The girl gave a small flinch, cradling the place between her ribs where she'd been hit. She’d already worked up quite a sweat on the dance floor, it only made sense she'd get a little cramp here and there. The dye-haired girl wasn’t about to let it spoil her fun though. The stabbing sensation passed soon enough, as the dart fell out after delivering its perverted payload, and she was back to putting her all into it with a shake of her hips.

Watching intently Matty sipped at her drink, waiting for the moment when the doctor’s concoction would kick in. It happened subtly, the dancer throwing her rear out and showing off its roundness against the silky fabric of her skirt. Only the trained eye caught how the flowy thing had ridden up an inch, adjusting to the growing mass it was tasked with hiding.

It wasn’t the only point of interest though. As the punky girl swung her shoulders back and forth, the tiniest little bumps of her hard nipples, dragging across the inside of her top, relayed that her bra no longer covered the sensitive nubs. A tint hit the girl’s cheeks, and she gave a shimmy that highlighted the edges of her breasts as she savoured the electric feeling shooting through her from her top's caress.

Raising her arms over her head you could make out their shape, perfect teardrops pushed up by an undersized bra as they slowly expanded. Just a small bit at a time, accentuated with each little motion of her body that had them jiggling; tossing weight around she was unused to and had her stumbling. It couldn’t stop her enthusiasm though, as she continued to dance up a sweat with her rapidly sexualizing body.

Clearly her display didn’t go unnoticed as someone scooted up behind her, resting their hands just over the girl’s wide hips. The dye-haired girl turned a grin over her shoulder at her new dance partner, clearly unperturbed by their presence as she bent forward for them, grinding her growing rear against them. Each buck of her hips had her ass jumping, rising and falling heavy against her mystery partners groin, and riding up her skirt a few more inches each round.

The thinnest line of her pale skin started to show around her waist, as her once loose flowing top was now being pulled by the raw size of her chest. Boobs that would no longer fit in an over the counter bra swayed hypnotically as she continued to dance obliviously. Or maybe the dye-haired dancer didn’t care, as she successfully threw around her new curves like an expert.

As the duo watched from their table at the back, Lessien felt a familiar sensation tingling within her. As much as she wanted to continue enjoying her handiwork, it appeared the girl wasn’t going to be the only one going through changes. She felt her nipples going hard in her bra, swelling in size until each of her magnificent tits was capped with soft, round mound. Behind them she couldn’t deny the building pressure, that pleasure that made her tingle and squirm in her boots. She was filling with milk.

It could have been her arousal; the cream in her drink; anything really, causing her flare up. The only thing for sure was that once it started there wasn’t anything the doctor could do to stop it. Her breasts had already swollen up a number of sizes, her green shirt popping out from being tucked in her belt, as the neckline dipped trying to contain her milky mammaries.

Her ears flicked, stretching out into spotted leathery flaps that hung from her head. Her dark bangs were pushed forward as bovine horns stretched themselves out of her temples, growing inches long in seconds with no sign of stopping. A light pop rang out behind her as her whip like tail sprouted, tearing a hole in the back of her pants to hang freely over the edge of her seat.

All around she was blowing up like her dancer victim. Her once loose pants were now practically painted on her thick thighs, and holes had already started forming on the sides of her top; thankfully hidden by her lab coat. “Mmm-oh dear,” she murmured, feeling the haze that came with her cow girl affliction clouding her thoughts.

Her witchy cohort however failed to notice, transfixed on the scene unfolding on the dance floor. The buxom girl turned on her partner, her growing assets bouncing about from the sudden motion. Each breast was getting close to the size of the girl’s head, yet still she was going strong; rolling her wide hips as she sauntered up and pressed her chest into her audacious dancing mate. Her pillowy tits pressed out, riding her top up higher as they demanded more of the space within, enveloping the whole of her dance partner's chest and bringing red into their cheeks. And likely a tingle in their pants.

The once flowing folds of her skirt were pulled taught around her massive rear, those magnificent cheeks tapering down to smooth, meaty things. Each passing moment more and more of that cream coloured skin was being revealed. How much longer until the bottom of that glorious booty saw the light?

Matty's golden eyes watched, biting her ruby lip as the fabric dragged up the girl’s thighs; now so thick they couldn’t keep from rubbing against one another as the girl moved. Those now more than shoulder width hips swayed back and forth to the rhythm, each time hitting their apex and leaving those fat cheeks rippling with movement. The witch's teeth dragged while she was craning down, waiting as the moment of truth approached, and making bets in her head about what colour the girl’s underpants were. Blue like her hair? A gothic black like her skirt?

Slowly the hem lifted, revealing the bottom curve of those big bubbles. The redhead couldn’t help a small groan of disappointment as she saw the girl’s nude coloured panties, pulled tight over the sex between her thighs. The most boring of choices for a girl that on the surface was so fun and exciting.

It was when another member of the dance floor gave that ass a squeeze that the dancer broke from her trance, shooting upright and nearly getting bowled over by her own oversized assets throwing their weight into her. “W-what?” the girl stammered, no longer able to dismiss what was happening as the adrenaline or a slight tipsiness.

Her once loose top was now stretched over breasts that were struggling to fit in her arms. Her hands barely managed to reach past her raised nipples; unhideable with how they prominently poked through her top. Redness hit her cheeks, and she stumbled a little as she worked to find her center of balance. She was huge, knocking into people now that she wasn’t letting the beat flow through her. By her best guess she had to weigh twice as much, or more, just in the sheer size of her new hourglass figure.

She suddenly became aware of all the eyes on her, and how much she was showing off. The only thought the dye-haired girl could formulate was the desire to run and hide. Find something to cover up with and figure out what happened.

Pushing her way through the crowd, boobs and butt knocking those who got too close aside, the dancer rushed to the bathroom. It was a struggle for her to get through the doorway, needing to turn sideways to get herself in one huge asset at a time. The last anyone caught was her gigantic right breast, squished up before popping through the frame behind her as she slammed the door.

“Boo,” Matty mused with a frown, sipping at her drink, “That was getting good. Excellent work-“ she was cut off, catching sight of what had become of her partner in crime.

Lessien was nearly as big as her last mark, her breasts so large she was resting them on the table for support. Her green top was in tatters, revealing a clearly custom made cow print bra that despite her little growth spurt still fit rather snugly; even if it was a tad skimpy. They were taught with pressure, keeping them almost spherical, but even so the foxy woman guessed they would have hung down to just above her naval.

Her bovine ears flicked once more, drawing attention to her foot long curved horns. “What the hell happened, did you shoot yourself in the foot?” the redhead inquired at the sight.

The cow girl shook her head, “No,” she replied, clearly stumbling on the answer a little, “Just a bit of an episode. Happens from time to time,” she explained.

A bit of an episode? “So you just turn into a cow girl on occasion?” The witchy woman continued, leaning forward and drinking in the sight a little bit. She couldn’t deny the dirty thoughts swimming in her head, wondering if the doctor might get as bad as her chocolatey experiment.

The dark haired woman gave a nod, “Any number of things can trigger it,” she told her companion, shifting in her seat; each little motion eliciting a groan of protest from her overstuffed pants. “A side effect of too much self experimentation. Turn yourself into a cow with a huge bust one too many times to live out a fantasy and it leaves permanent lasting effects on your biology. Not that I mind, it was well worth the fun times. I just need to be milked when I get back to the lab and I'll be fine.”

“Uh huh,” the redhead replied, having barely listened. She caught the main gist though, “Those consequences you were talking about. See, I've got enough reminders of my self modding days,” she explained with a smirk, “Besides, you don’t need to worry about limits with others. Leave them to ruin their own lives when they inevitably go too far, then it’s no skin off your back,” she took another swig of her crème liqueur, setting the near empty glass back on the table.

“Not that tonight hasn’t been fun,” she added with a grin, lifting her wand. “I think it’s my turn right? How about I show you what I can really do?”

As the witch went to work the bovine woman stopped her, “Hold on,” she purred, stirring a bit of just desserts in her addled mind. Part of her original intent for this whole outing, and the potential pieces were falling into place rather nicely. “How about a challenge?” the doctor suggested, “After all, you’re playing with magic and can truly do *anything* compared to me,” she offered with the lightest hint of flattery in her voice.

Clearly Matty liked the bait, as her golden eyes flashed with excitement, “Alright then,” she grinned devilishly, “What’s the challenge? What tickles your fancy good doctor?” the woman asked.

In her condition there were only two things the blue eyed cow girl could think of. Milking, but that wouldn’t get her to what she wanted to accomplish. The other her personal favorite. Just the thought of which had her squirming a little in her undersized bottoms, “Tentacles,” she answered, forcing down the heat in her tone as her eager body tingled with the fantasy.

The redhead’s eyes widened a bit at that. By far that had been one of the last things she expected, but certainly it was doable. “Alright,” she accepted the challenge, limbering up her arms with a quick shake and searching the floor for a target.

She settled on a girl at the bar, shooting flirty looks at the bartender as she ordered her third drink of the night. Dirty blonde locks tickled her shoulders, giving her an innocent look overall. She'd be perfect for a little consentacle treatment. “Sit back and watch,” Matty gloated as red flashed before her golden eyes and she set to work drawing her first symbol.

Lessien settled in, watching as the disguised fox started weaving her magic before initiating her own plan. Quietly she let her hand slip across the table, wrangling Matty’s near empty glass and pulling it in close. Worriedly her blue eyes shot up, needing to ensure that her cohort was still distracted with her task, before she lifted up one of her cow print bra cups and let one of her full udders free.

The bouncing motion of being set loose already had a dollop of white beading at the tip of her swollen pink nub. She was so full, and it would only get worse the longer she went without expressing it. A thought that simultaneously terrified and titillated her. She needed to be gentle for now though, lest she start something she couldn’t stop.

Taking her nipple in her hand she held up the redhead’s glass. With a careful undulation of her fingers, pinky to thumb, she slowly began milking herself. The sensation was blissful, tinting her cheeks rose as the feeling of her lactation started. It was a careful dribble, trailing over her fingertips and filling her soon to be victim's glass quickly to the brim.

Stopping took most of her willpower, not just mentally but physically, as she managed to pry away her hand from her needy bud. She took a second to lick her fingers clean, checking to see that Matty was still working on symbols before fixing her bra and sliding the girl’s glass back across the table. Her trap was set, now was just to bait the deception, as the bovine woman picked up the liqueur bottle to fill her own glass.

The redhead was hard at focus as she drew what should hopefully be the last symbol. This had taken a few more than her last, but if the wand had guided her right then they were in for an exciting little show. “And,” she drew pulled back before diving back in, poking her wand through her new rune and taking aim at the blonde, “voila,” the symbol shrank and her target flinched as she was struck by the unseen force.

Smiling Lessien raised her glass to the witchy woman, drawing her attention, “To a good show,” she offered with a lewd smile.

Matty couldn’t help returning with a smile of her own, picking up her spiked drink and lifting it in kind. In unison the girls shot back their freshest round, letting out a happy sigh as their thirsts were quenched. The redhead couldn’t quite to put her finger on it, but this one seemed a bit watered down. Though significantly creamier, and better tasting, leaving her to lick every drop from her greedy lips.

The doctor was faced with a tough choice. Watch one of her darker fetishes blooming over by the bar, or watch the effects her tainted milk would have on the disguised woman. She supposed she had a minute or two before her milk kicked in to try and savour both; the excitement though was like a little inferno in her, as she hefted her heavy chest around to watch the foxy woman’s work.

There was a rending pop as the blonde’s shoes exploded into pieces. Each of her toes was already replaced with a writhing new appendage, their bases rising up and up the girl’s foot as they tore her apart. Each seemed to have a mind of their own, prodding about and twisting around one another as they explored the extent of the world they could with their currently short length.

The cuffs of the girl’s pants tore as the splitting of her tentacles rose past the ankle. Without bones each appendage moved like a formless mass, wrapping around anything they found, and each second growing longer as more and more of the girl’s legs transformed into the writhing mass; destroying her bottoms along the way as each of the ten new extremities tested their limits.

Slowly from their tips the grasping limbs darkened, going from her smooth pale flesh tone to a deep red-purple hue. With this new dark coating, the wet sheen each of them had became clear. The way the light caught each of the independent feelers belayed their slick coating, and the way they tightened around everything they found spoke to their strength. Lessien couldn’t keep herself from practically drooling at the sight.

By now the tentacles had stretched up past the woman’s knees, leaving little more than the waistband of her bottoms in tact as limbs dextrous as any hand and more than half the length of her body were spreading out. Her hips darkened, as the change manipulated her groin to better suit her new lower half. She still had the round swell of a human booty, but beyond it was difficult to say what those writhing muscles hid. Likely the only ones who knew were the girl herself, and of course the one who made her.

Draped over the edges of her stool the blonde’s tentacles explored, independent of the girl’s will; save perhaps her subconscious. As she continued to ogle the bartender one of her ten feelers crept its way up the leg of the girl sitting next to her, sneaking it’s way up until- “Ah!” the startled girl screamed, slapping the invasive thing away.

“S-sorry,” the blonde stammered, grabbing the base of her prying limb and yanking it out of the girl’s skirt. “Th-they’ve got a mind of their own,” she apologized.

There was no recovering though, as the violated woman got up and put distance between herself and the tentacled assailant. The blonde simply hung her head, flush with embarrassment as she tried to wrangle her perverse lower half. A pair were already threatening to try and climb over the counter to get at the object of their owner's current desire.

Oh how the doctor longed to be that desire. “Well done,” she offered with a small clap, turning back to Matty.

The redhead was unchanged, pouring herself another glass of their crème liqueur. The last as the only a few errant drops trickled from the bottle into her cup. “Why thank you,” she purred with gleeful pride, pulling up her last glass for a sip.

That was troubling; her milk should have at least started to kick in by now. Lessien couldn’t help tapping her chin in thought. Maybe it was the woman’s unusual true form causing problems? Maybe she was resistant? It could also be that the woman’s engines weren’t revving like her own as well. The doctor was practically simmering in her undersized bottoms, yet the redhead thus far had been fairly contained. Maybe a little push? And the dark haired scientist had seen what her company liked firsthand from her work.

With a smirk Lessien adjusted her device through her sleeve, “How about I return the favor with a favorite of yours?” she offered scanning once more for a target.

Unfortunately the Madam’s tastes were a bit difficult to make subtle. She had to pick someone that wouldn’t really notice their perspective moving upwards. The bartender was a big girl, built and over six foot. She could see them however, and it was unlikely she'd turn any time soon to let the good doctor sink a dart in her.

A quick scan around and the cow settled on her ideal. A lanky girl, on the edge of her group of friends with a drink, and a bit of a nervous smile. She was easily a head taller than her closest companion, so jumping her up could fly under the radar for at least a while.

She rest one arm over her full tits, holding her shooting arm steady as she took aim. That whisper-like hiss rang out, and her dart flew across the room to strike the girl in the arm like a booster shot. She didn’t even notice, brushing the little sting off like a stray lock of her long auburn hair had fallen out of place.

The redheaded witch was interested, cupping the last of their booze in her disguised hands and sipping as she watched. The tall, lithe girl just sat quietly with her friends, listening as they went on. She was already kind of the outcast, not for any other reason than being freakishly tall. She had a cute face, beautiful features, and a body that looked like she took good care of herself; lithe and graceful with how long everything was. Despite it though she was just so much bigger than everyone it was hard to fit in, to find someone who liked her for her.

As before there was a scant few seconds of nothingness, then the girl started to grow. Height was a much bigger deal than just curves, the girl barely gaining an inch as she sat before crossing her legs over as her comfort came into question. Her knees were rising as her legs pushed down, changing how she sat with each passing moment. Her shirt started to ride up her body, showing of her toned core to friends that were hardly paying attention, as everything quickly became ill fitting for the towering girl

Of course Lessien wasn’t only growing the girl up. The girl’s hips were widening in her jeans, and even from the side you could make out the swell of her breasts over her tight bra cups. It was still to the point the girl hardly noticed, not doing more than scratching at her chest to adjust the fit, or pulling the wire of her cups back down under her swelling boobs.

It was enough to rile the witchy woman though. The doctor couldn’t help grinning as she watched the bovine horns poking out between the girl’s fiery locks. Those golden eyes were so transfixed on the growing girl that she didn’t even notice Lessien’s milk taking its toll.

Beneath that layered dress, Materia's breasts were swelling; filling with milk right under her nose. Slowly her buttons were being forced apart, straining as pale tit flesh filled the space behind that accursed cravat. It appeared the foxy woman wasn’t even wearing a bra the way her hard nipples here violently tenting her top. The disguised woman however remained oblivious to it, as she watched the growing girl across the room continue to fill out.

The little jumps in size were adding up, as the auburn haired girl was now cresting over seven feet, towering above the heads of her friends who'd still yet to take heed. Even as the girl’s now tits were uncomfortably squished, not only in a bra unable to contain them, but in a top that looked like it was meant for a child on her enormous frame. The hems of her pants were riding up her calves, and it was obvious that tightness was becoming a problem. Especially around the glorious dome that was her butt, pressing outwards from her seat as it grew into whatever space it could.

Matty could hardly take it, squirming as the skirt of her own dress was lifted by her growing rear; thighs grinding together as her greed and Lessien’s drugging started to cloud her thoughts. She didn’t even react when her new horns displaced her hat, causing her vulpine ears to spring up, turned directly to the action across the room. They were unchanged by the doctor’s milk, as were the woman’s beastly claws taking form on her forearms. Her tails however had undergone a miraculous transformation.

The previously bushy yellow fox tails had lengthened, loosing much of the bulk of their fur as they adopted more bovine features. Each was over three feet long, the first two lithe and strong like a cow's whip, while the third was a perfect bushy oval; like a miniature version of her originals capped on the end. They danced sinfully, just as prehensile as they used to be, making them almost look like golden fireballs floating around the hybrid cow girl.

Meanwhile her chest was still expanding; Lessien’s blue eyes watching intently as the first of the redhead’s button's gave up. With a light pop the little disk jumped off, falling to the table as those milky tits bounced into the new space. The second was soon to follow, then the third as Matty’s melon's grew to rival the size of her grinning face. Not even her cravat could hide them anymore, as the doctor got a nice view of the girl’s pale cleavage through the new window; so light it could be mistaken for the milk undoubtedly filling those glorious udders up.

With a pleasant little smile the doctor tented her fingers, resting her chin across the bridge as she admired her work. The vulpine witch made quite the adorable little cow girl, one that would look perfect hooked up alongside her chocolate playmate back at the lab. The small moment of satisfied daydreaming however would be short lived.

Likely from the restriction of her clothing, the auburn haired mini giant's growth was slowing down, and an addle minded Mooteria wasn’t about to have any of that, “Come on!” she declared, drawing up her wand with a grin, “You call that big?” she challenged, red flashing across her eyes as she drew a quick symbol, “Let’s go bigger!”

She shoved the wand through the symbol, Lessien’s face going pale as she watched. That didn’t look like a lot of symbols, which meant…

A bolt of red lightning exploded from the tip of Matty’s baton, drawing the attention of the entire bar as it flew across the way to slam square in the middle of the tall girl’s chest. “Ow,” the girl stammered, cradling the impact site and suddenly realizing just how big her boobs had become. It was about to be the least of her problems though.

There was a building tension, just before the poor woman started growing out of control. She shot up feet, her friends screaming and scattering to get out of the way. Her seat shattered under her weight, dropping her to the floor with enough force that the whole bar shook. The girl’s already undersized clothes exploded into tatters, as they quickly failed to contain the rapidly growing giantess. Her curves were growing at an accelerated pace compared to her already speeding height, leaving her with well more than even her massive hands could contain in the tits and ass department. In a matter of seconds she'd gone from seven feet to seventeen, her head bumping on the ceiling even as she sat, with no signs of calming down.

The vulpine cow girl just looked on elated, biting her painted lip as she struggled to contain the overflowing lust coursing through her. Her tails danced mischievously behind her as the object of her fantasy started to run out of space. The auburn beauty's unrelenting growth pressed her head to the ceiling, forcing her to crane her neck and raise her hands in a desperate hope to stop from being crushed in the shrinking space.

Through it all her huge eyes found the little witch, and she narrowed her gaze furiously. “What did you do to me?” she demanded, as her next spurt had her force up through the ceiling, raining debris around her as her body rushed to fill into the newly given space.

This was a problem. A giant angry girl was not a good thing to have on your plate, Lessien knew from experience. Gathering her thoughts the buxom scientist went for her device, ready to adjust the settings and fix the mess they’d fallen into, only to be interrupted. One of the giantess’ legs grew across the room making quick work of their table, and knocking the bovine doctor aside.

As she worked to pull herself back to her feet, the oversexed woman heard her wrist launcher whirring; loading the next shot into the chamber. Above the shouting and the roof crumbling around their growing problem, that was not a sound she wanted to hear. Her blue eyes shot around the room in a panic, trying to find the discharged dart. It didn’t take her long to find.

“Ow,” a timid voice rose up over the commotion from across the room. Rubbing her neck and pulling out the spent dart the now tentacled blonde turned to see the doctor staring at her with a mix of worry and something else. “What’s-“ she started, only to be cut off as she felt a heat growing within her. Her height started jumping up, and with it the length of her perverse tentacles.

The giantess currently on display to the outside world could hardly fathom how big she was. Bringing her arms up the building around her was crumbling like paper. She could feel as she moved her legs she was knocking every number of things aside; tables that folded against her movements, chairs that warped as her feet crushed them against the walls, even the odd person to foolish to get out of the way and be bowled over my her man sized calves.

Rubbing the debris from her eyes the auburn beauty looked around, seeing the stares of fear from the public; what she could see of them past her bust anyway. She knew who did this, and that hat wasn’t hard to pick out. Gritting her teeth the woman reached down, wrapping her hand around the perpetrator who was no bigger than a children’s toy to her.

Matty let out a startled yelp as she was scooped, her horns knocking her hat from her head, and her hard claws unable to keep hold of her magic stick. She was absolutely defenseless as fingers thicker round than her thighs got a tight grip around her torso, and it was only then the addled vulpine noticed herself.

Her golden eyes just stared in awe, her hybrid tails whipping against her captor and puffing their still furred parts out. A fourth button exploded off her top, revealing her massive bust as it hung over her captor's knuckles basically open to the air, the edges of her fat pink nipples barely still contained by her dress. What had happened to her? It was difficult to think clearly, as the grip around her tightened angrily. The added pressure just made the full feeling in her chest all the more obvious, especially when she felt the cool moisture lingering on her sensitive nipples.

“Lessien?” the witchy woman called out, her own little frustration with the doctor building, as she realized she had drugged her without consent.

The redhead’s giant problem however wasn’t about to go ignored. The auburn haired beauty gave a squeeze that forced an unwitting “Moo!” from Materia's lips as it forced out more of her milk, wet patched soaking into the fabric of her top and leaving obvious stains.

The sound brought a little smile to the doctor’s face. Unfortunately she didn’t really have the luxury of enjoying it, as their big problem was quickly becoming two big problems. The tentacled blonde was cresting upwards, now over ten feet tall herself, and focusing intently on the dark haired cause of her little growth spurt.

“Give me a second,” Lessien called out, going to her wrist device. She could program a quick fix to their situation, shrink the girls back down to something reasonable and make a getaway.

If only it could be that easy. Barely seconds into her work one of the blonde kraken's feelers was wrapped around her wrist, cracking the display of her launcher, as another quickly caught her thigh. With just those two holds the doctor was hauled into the air like a ragdoll and…

“Mmm-oh,” the doctor’s face went red, as she felt a third tentacle slip between her massive breasts, curling around and applying enough pressure to have her leaking. She practically went cross eyed, her mind too addled by her desire to resist the pleasurable sensation of release; the warm lactation dribbling down the curve of her underbust. “M-maybe make that a few minutes,” she babbled as she was pulled in, more of the girl’s ten grasping appendages curling around her new captive.

Glaring at her the little witch the giantess growled, “You’d better fix this!” she threatened, causing the vulpine cow girl’s ears to fold back, and those whip tails to fly between her legs.

This situation was unfortunately all too familiar for Matty, and it was one she had no desire to be in again. “I-I’m sorry,” she stammered reflexively, hoping maybe diving into looking pathetic might save her skin.

That was not what the angry giantess wanted to hear. She reached her free hand up, taking one of the, comparatively small, girl's breasts in her fingers, “Sorry doesn’t cut it,” she told her, squeezing down.

The redhead's foxy yellow ears shot up, her tails stiffening and bristling and her eyes practically rolling back into her head. “M-moo,” she cried out in a squeal of pleasure, as her milk was violently expressed into the huge girl’s palm.

That made her captor recoil a little, wiping her wet hand off on the nearest thing large enough to accept it. Matty was red in the face, catching her breath as she recovered from the experience. She liked a little pain, but that was something else. Like euphoria had flooded her mind as each drop of her bounty escaped its prison within her. “I-I’m not sure I have a few minutes,” she gasped out to her cohort.

Lessien was hardly listening, giggling lightly despite her situation. She was being positively manhandled by the kraken. Two of the girl’s many limbs were tugging at her legs, holding them apart as a third held her firmly around the waist. It was absolutely true they had a mind of their own, Materia had done a beautiful job to make it so. Even as their owner seethed with rage, they were perversely exploring every inch of the buxom cow girl’s body.

A pair had wrapped around her swollen udders, undulating from base to tip and milking the doctor better than any machine. The look of bliss she wore couldn’t be emulated as she openly drooled, giving herself fully to her desires. “Moo,” was all she could manage as the grasping feelers drew spurt after spurt of her delicious fluid out of her. It was only a shame to be wasting it in puddles on the floor.

From her trapped perspective above, all the golden eyed vulpine could do was watch. Considering how good it had felt, even through the crushing pain, she could only imagine the bliss the overfilled bovine was feeling. It almost made her jealous.

She didn’t get to linger on it though, as her giantess gave her a shake that left her seeing stars. “Ready to fix me?” the auburn haired girl growled.

Once again Matty’s vulpine ears folded. Her Menagerie couldn’t help her, she didn’t have her get out of jail free card, she didn’t even have the wand. “Why would you want to be fixed?” she prodded, defaulting to the last tool in her arsenal. Her wit and charms.

What kind of a statement was that? Bearing her teeth the giantess pulled the snarky witch close to her face. “Because you've turned me into a three story monster,” she hissed angrily. “I’m not going to live like this.”

Matty's pale ears flicked, and she put on a smirk. “Why not?” she pressed on, “I saw you before, sitting with friends who ignored you. You were nothing but a sideshow to them, but look at you now!” she said, running her golden eyes up and down what she could see of the woman’s body. “You’re the center of attention, a right goddess. No one can just ignore you now,” she pointed out.

That paused the girl. She looked once more around her, at the stares of fear and wonder from the surrounding public. There was an air of truth to the horned fox's words. She wouldn’t just be the over tall freak in the background. She could be the, arguably oversexed as she felt the weight of her assets pulling on her, goddess in the foreground.

The vulpine woman knew that pause. She’d prayed it a million times before, though arguably with more insight than she was blessed with at the moment. “Look what you've managed with me,” the redhead went on, “Who’s going to refuse you anything you could possibly desire?” she purred sensually, “I've seen Viris labs, there are girls in there who would give anything to have what you have now. To be sexy, in control, powerful,” she went on, sweetening the pot.

Below the doctor was locked in her bliss, though in no less a spot of trouble. The blonde leaned in, face twisted with her bubbling anger. “What did you do to me?” she demanded, even as her appendages had their way with the cow woman.

Lessien took a second to catch her breath, the tips of the girl’s tentacles still caressing her swollen nipples as she felt them tightening; to wring her of every drop of her white nectar. “I-I accidentally injected you with an experimental serum. The settings of which were still set to achieve a-“ she gave an excited little gasp as one of the girl’s tentacles fell hard across her rear, leaving a nice red mark before it coiled around he thigh. “To achieve an exponential increase in size,” she explained.

The tentacled girl just shook her head, “Well it was achieved,” she remarked, as she arched her back to show off her now impressive breasts, even on her just over ten foot frame they were practically as large as Lessien’s. “Now how do we unachieve it?” she pressed.

The doctor gave a small moan as the grip on her continued to tighten, making her squirm with delight. “Th-the application device and on the fly mixer are still in testing,” she told the girl. “It should wear off after a while, depending on the onset speed. The larger energy expenditure of a quick growth generally burns it out at a faster rate, where a slow burn could last hours-“

“Hours?” the kraken shouted, her tentacles jostling Lessien with the outburst. “Then I guess you’re going to be dealing with the consequences for *hours*,” she threatened.

*“Oh yes please,”* the doctor thought to herself, drooling at the idea. Especially as the tentacle on her thigh started to prod at her sodden box. Looking up at Matty though she doubted they had the time to be waiting around.

The giantess seemed to have settled her mind, furrowing her brow as she turned back to the vulpine cow girl. “Yeah, I can get anything I want,” she growled, “and I *want* to be back to a reasonable size,” she told the witch, wrapping her other hand around her captive ready to squeeze the life out of her.

She was in the corner, at the point she would reset to try again, but that wasn’t an option. Her pointed ears folding Matty gave one last struggle to get free, “Lessien help!” she demanded of the scientist, whippy fox tails flailing.

Alright, it was time for the fun to end. Wriggling her wrist free Lessien put the best plan her lust clouded mind could put into action. Using her nose she adjusted the settings on her launcher's broken screen, maxing them out and throwing her wrist up into the air. “There ya go,” she declared cheerily as the prodding feeler finally managed to maneuver her underthings out of the way.

The vulpine witch flinched, feeling a sharp pain hit her in the neck. Did the doctor just…? She could feel it immediately. Her fine dress strained and the giantess’ fingers here pushed apart. As Matty began to grow.

Walking up the street Lessien wore a pleased as punch grin, and why wouldn’t she? The woman's lab coat was soaked through with milk, clinging in to her form, and beneath were just her custom cow print bra and panties; the latter damp and reeking of the fresh sex that was currently caking her thighs. Atop her head was Materia's witch cap, tilted to the side as to not incite the thing's magic and risk a backfire, and in her hand the doctor carried the tapered wand.

Her assets had more or less returned to her original proportions, her bovine features gone as the flare up had been rather graciously tended to by her tentacled lover. It had been a good night; for one of them anyway.

“Hey careful, there’s not a lot of support in here!” a miniscule Materia groaned, popping her still horned head out from between Lessien’s huge udders as she struggled to pull herself out. “Can’t you tighten your band or something? Give me a better seat?”

The doctor just gave a giggle, shaking her head, “Sorry,” she offered, “but no. It’s made of a hyper-elastic material. Putting a conventional adjusting strap on it would sacrifice the stretch needed to contain my little… Condition,” she explained, reaching into her cleavage with her free and to help her petite friend out.

The tiny vulpine accepted the help, whippy tails flailing about as she clawed her way up, only to recline across the girl’s bust when she got out. “God, how long am I gonna be like this?” she asked, barely more than six inches tall.

Turning her blue eyes up Lessien ran some numbers, “Well, I didn’t anticipate such a violent side effect to my growth serum,” she stated.

She took a moment to reminisce. The way the foxy cow girl had exploded to a size larger than even the auburn beauty in order to subdue both their problems; long enough for the doctor to call in reinforcements from the lab. The two magically altered girls were currently on the way to the lab ahead of them, after all she couldn’t very much leave a giantess wandering about causing havoc. The kraken on the other hand she'd carted just to have around the lab a bit longer. There was also the concern she couldn’t undo the effects of Materia's magic on the enormous girls, and it fell under her ethical responsibility to take care of her messes.

Such explosive growth though as the dark haired woman had inflicted on the redhead had an appropriate crash. She barely had a few minutes before just as fast as she'd grown up, the vulpine cow girl shrank back down; and then some. “The speed I set is the likely cause. Like a wave, you've rebounded back to the opposite end of the spectrum. I suspect though you'll be back to your normal size by the time we get back to the lab,” she answered with a small grin. “Till then look how cute you are?” she teased, poking the small girl in the tummy and making her sink back into the buxom doctor’s cleavage with a little yelp. “Little Mooteria,” she giggled.

Her reply was a pout, as the pint sized cow girl struggled free, jiggling Lessien’s boobs in her bra with the effort. “And what about these?” little Matty questioned, tapping her horns with one of her equally tough claws. “I have enough pointy bits without adding ‘cow’ to the list of things I'm part,” she said, waggling her claws to prove the point.

“Just a bit of my milk,” the busty woman offered calmly. “Don’t worry, I didn’t overdose you. You'll be back to your foxy self when it gets out of your system in a few hours,” she assured.

The little witch crossed her furred forearms under her bust, pushing the still slightly swollen udders up and out in her huff, “I’d better be. I don’t think I could work like this,” she muttered, “The temptation to moo and just want my tits squeezed is torturous,” she said as she groped herself, bringing a red tint to her tiny cheeks.

The dark haired doctor gave a giggle, “Sorry,” she apologized. “Trust me when I say, I know just how difficult fighting the urge can be.”

Those tiny golden eyes leered up at her ride, “You also ruined my outfit, and forgot my coat,” she grumbled. “That was my favorite dress,” she added on top of it all.

Shrugging Lessien just turned her head away, “It wasn’t a very good dress,” she protested, waving her free hand over her chest where the cravat would fall, “Covered too much,” she teased with a smirk.

Materia still couldn’t help a small smile. Even through it all, shit hitting the fan, and her current predicament being the size of children’s toy, it had been a fun little romp. “Thanks for getting me out of that,” she offered laxly, reclining in her little mammary seat. “Even if I'm still hand size to a woman ten times my size,” she mumbled offhandedly.

That got a hearty little laugh from the doctor, sending her tits bouncing and jostling her grumpy little passenger. “You’re welcome,” she replied, brushing a lock of her dark hair over her shoulder. And taking a second to fix her sticky underthings.

Back in the lab Matty gave a stretch, working the kinks out as she admired the huge variety of girls wandering about; most nude like she currently was. With her bovine horns in the way she couldn’t even put her hat back on right. Despite that though, she was far from the strangest thing here. The doctor's experiments didn’t even pay her monstrous features heed most of the time, even complimenting her on occasion, which had been a delight. Especially from the taller girls.

The vulpine girl nibbled on her currently naked lip; her makeup having not dealt well with her size changing shenanigans, waiting by the door to her Menagerie for Lessien to finish up a shower. Sensible, considering how many fluids the woman’s encounter had left her covered in. Soon enough though the lab coat wearing bombshell emerged, redressed in a new tight fitting green top, with her boots and a fresh pair of pants.

“Sure you have to leave so soon Matty?” the doctor asked, turning the hand still wearing her damaged launching device out to the floor, “We never did finish the tour.”

With a smirk Materia gave a nod, “Sadly yes,” she sighed, “I’ve got work to do. Timelines to spiral into chaos, girls to turn into my fantasies, consequences to avoid…” she teased with a wink, “The usual.”

Rolling her blue eyes Lessien just chuckled, “The usual indeed,” she replied, shaking her head.

The vulpine cow girl extended a hand, waiting patiently for the dark haired woman to walk up and accept it. As their hands connected the nude woman pulled the busty doctor into a hug, their breasts squishing together and up towards their chins.

“This was fun,” Matty told her, releasing the girl before reaching out and giving her new friend a pat on the rear. The doctor couldn’t help flinching a bit, those claws were certainly sharper than they looked. “We should do it again some time,” she teased with another little wink, stepping back to her Menagerie door.

The curvy Lessien giggled, nodding her approval, “Agreed,” she told the foxy witch.

Opening the doorway to her little shop the buxom redhead paused, looking back out at the scientist with a little smirk. That seemed odd, what was she staring at?

It hit the doctor like a truck. The first sensation was the tightness of her top, forcing her blue eyes down to see her tits swelling in the confines of her shirt. Was she having a flare up? Reaching and checking her head she couldn’t feel her horns, and her ears were still normal. Yet she was blowing up like a balloon.

Checking her rear the culprit became clear. Whipping around and sending her long locks over her shoulder Lessien’s eyes settled on the trio of darts puncturing through her bottoms, and into her fleshy rear. Right where the redhead had spanked her.

Turning back to Matty with a look of betrayal the witch just giggled, as tears were already forming in the doctor’s fresh top. “Don’t worry,” the vulpine cow girl grinned, “I’m told the effects wear off in an hour or so,” she teased.

When had she gotten her claws on the darts? It could have been any time when the doctor had been showering, but no; she had the launcher with her. As her chest blew out her top, causing the unprepared woman to fall forward onto her rapidly expanding bust, the solution was dawning on her. The handshake.

Lessien couldn’t help but be impressed she hadn’t noticed the girl’s sleight of hand. Then again the sly fox had used the hug to mask it, and then immediately put her little trick into play. Turning her blue eyes up to the vixen, the pinned woman caught that look in the witch’s golden eyes; that this was payback for her own little drugging.

With a little wave the Madam stepped back into her knickknack shop, morphed tails dancing devilishly behind her. “See you later Lessien,” she parted, blowing the growing girl a kiss. “Love moo,” the buxom redhead finished with a wink, before shutting the door behind her.

The doctor winced, feeling her pants splitting at the seams behind her. Her proportions were stretching out of hand quickly, giving her doubt she'd be getting up on her own two feet as her tits started to rival the size of her torso. “See you later Madam Materia,” she replied, as the portal disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Resting her weight on her bust Lessien let out a sigh, feeling as her size continued to multiply underneath her. “Seems like my own night isn’t over quite yet,” she mused to herself, struggling between thanking the redhead for her new predicament, and plotting an appropriate revenge of her own for the next time she invited the witch for a night out.