

Stop, Rewind, Regrow

Warning: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, lactation, butt expansion, hourglass expansion, giantess, age regression, 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*

With a pleasant hum the fiery haired Materia skipped about her Menagerie floor, her spatted heels clicking a beat for her little song. Her clawed digits straightened objects on the shelves, putting all her favorite little trinkets in just the right places to show them off, and her twin tails swept about to handle any of the rare little pockets of dust that managed to settle in her timeless abode. Everything needed to be perfect today, for today she had a very special guest coming.

Back at her counter, next to the vulpine woman's wide brimmed hat, was a small metallic device; the second she had received from a particular interdimensional pen pal, doctor Lessien Viris. Her tall ears twitched, rather vividly recalling their last encounter at the woman's laboratory, and the transformations they'd gone through during a night out. It had taken hours for her bovine features to go away, and longer still for her to stop mooing. This time however, the tables were turned. It was Matty's turn to show off her business, and all the tricks she had up her sleeve.

Clapping her clawed hands together the redhead was at last satisfied, giving a happy nod and sauntering over to her position front and center of her little storefront. With a flourish she took up her witch's hat, settling it onto her head that its magic could take effect. Her animalistic features faded, her bestial claws disguising into slender fingered hands, nails painted an eye-catching scarlet to match her lips, as her tails disappeared into oblivion. She took her seat, resting on her elbows and leaning her chin across her knuckles, and gave a sultry golden eyed smirk towards the door across the room.

She took her correspondence in her free hand, speaking to her Menagerie. "Take us to Lessien," she ordered with smugness born of overconfidence. There was a sensation of movement around her, lasting only seconds before settling down, as the mystical space got to its destination. Then with a wry smile Matty gestured to her door. "And scene," she purred, as the knob began to turn.

Stepping through the door, in a lab coat worn over a low-cut green top that demonstrated the doctor's ample cleavage, was Lessien Viris. A stunning woman in every regard; tall, obviously busty, with dark hair that shone like a midnight sky, and eyes that sparkled like clean cut sapphires. Even the rather buxom Materia couldn't help being impressed, taking in the sight of the woman in with her own golden gaze.

"It's been a while," the witchy woman mused as she leaned over her counter, making the most of her "charms" by resting them over her folded arms. "Or has it? Hard to tell when you're traveling fourth dimensionally," she accented her joke with the curling of her lip up into a mischievous little grin.

Lessien offered a laugh, shutting the door to her lab behind her. "Well, for me it's been a few months. I did say we should meet up again," she replied, shifting her weight from hip to hip and causing her curves to flow like water. "Add in a woman of science's itch to see strange, new wonders from another dimension; or timeline, I'm still not one hundred percent sure on which applies to this place. Or who knows, maybe I simply missed the unique company of a fellow pervert with a taste for mischief? Either way, I was bound to come knocking on your door eventually."

Matty couldn't help a giggle of her own, covering her mouth in feigned shyness. "Good to see you again Lessien, hope you weren't waiting for me too long," it was phrased as a tease, not like the greetings of a friend, but the taunt of a predator to prey.

"Four seconds, it was agony," the dark-haired woman joked, slipping a hand into her pocket as she looked around, taking in the oddities on display. "Quite the place you've got here. Bigger on the inside."

"Much bigger," the witchy woman bragged with a grin. "Welcome," she started with the eagerness of a saleswoman, "to Madam Materia's Magical Menagerie," she paused for a sweeping gesture of her arm, and naughty little smirk. Then, in an almost bored display, the redhead slipped the technical message forward to the edge of the counter. There were matters to attend to after all.

"Your little letter here said something about payback?" she mused playfully with an innocent tapping of her finger against her painted lip.

"Payback? Oh my," she feigned surprise. "Did my inner thoughts leak onto the page again? I had meant to say 'thank you for the entertaining time together'," a mocking grin crossed the doctor's features as she continued. "Don't think I've forgotten your little sleight of claw trick from last time," she rubbed her backside for emphasis.

"What claws?" Matty teased, wagging her disguised fingers.

With a roll of her blue eyes the woman looked at her other incredulously. "You really need that?" she gestured to the woman's magical hat. "I've seen your true form, you're cuter without it."

That gave the golden eyed woman pause. One of her false hands reached up, taking hold of the brim of her cap. Rather than remove it however, she simply pulled it down, casting a shadow over her scarlet lipped simper. "Flattery will get you everywhere," she teased, golden eyes shining through the darkness.

This was her house, her rules. Lessien was just another customer, wandering into her web; one with plans of vengeance at that. Plans that would undoubtedly go awry for the poor unfortunate soul. Just the thought had the disguised vulpine grinning excitedly, interlocking her fingers as she rested her chin across their bridge, watching each step the combat booted doctor made.

There were a hundred different possibilities, the witchy woman playing them out one by one in her head. It was a branching tree of choices, each one marching them onto a different reality, but only

one would be the perfect punishment for the dark-haired beauty's hubris, thinking she could beat the redhead at her own game.

"See anything that catches your interest doctor?" she purred, flitting her golden eyes to her collection of magical accoutrements.

Crossing her arms under her bust Lessien mulled it over, making a show of casting her gaze about the shelves before settling it back on Matty. "Well, one thing," as if more of a hint was needed, her lips spread into a flirty grin, "I don't think it's quite what you were hoping for though."

With a giggle the fiery haired vixen shook her head. "Not quite," she countered with just as much sultry charm.

She needed to remember this woman was just as cunning as she was, tricking her wasn't going to be as easy as her normal information gathering and mind games. The witchy woman needed to take the reigns, guide her along how she wanted things to go. "How about I show you around? Let you see a few of the successes I keep closest to my chest," she gave her luscious double Ds a cute little bounce for emphasis, to get the sapphire eyed doctor's attention onto other things.

Lessien gave a polite, if not excessively gaudy, bow. "I'd love to," she replied with a smug smirk, "I did show you mine after all, only fair that you do the same."

"Right this way then," the disguised vulpine purred, gesturing to the back door with her own dominant little grin. Thus, their game began.

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The sharp clack of her heels contrasted the dull thudding of the doctor's boots, singing out with each step that despite their similarities they were indeed very different. More so to that point was how the witchy woman catalogued her victories. Throwing the back door wide it opened into a great archive, giving credence to the woman's claim the Menagerie was "much bigger"; whole libraries were smaller than just this one room.

It was divided into two distinct floors, each packed tightly with shelves upon shelves of palmable glass orbs. At first glance they appeared simply full of mist. Upon closer inspection though it was ever moving, and as Lessien let her hand get close the cloudy substance inside parted to reveal a scene unfolding.

"So, what is this exactly?" the scientist asked, her curiosity piqued.

Matty grinned. "This is my collection," she made a sweeping motion with her arm to the grand room. "Each one is a universe of its own. Some I'm visited," the witchy woman danced on her heels over to a tidily organized section of the room. Amidst the uniformity of the rest of the archive, this section was filled with clipped together, albeit still neat, leaflets to go along with their little orb words, and labelled folders with handwriting far too clinical to be the mischievous Madam's. "Others are just a matter of time," she giggled as she spun on her toes between those uniform shelves, "it's all about

finding something, someone, interesting enough. Who needs a little something that quote unquote, *real life*, fails to provide.”

There was a moment the dark-haired doctor was awestruck, trying to fathom the idea that this single room contained thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands... it was mind boggling that she was possibly standing right at the central hub of a multiverse. “Where's mine?” she asked curiously, wondering what the consequences of holding one's own universe in their hand might be.

“Dunno,” the vixen chirped, collecting one of the chairs scattered about the room and plopping herself down; backwards of course, leaning over the back with her arms framing her breasts. “You’re one of the only people who's sought me out, and the Menagerie gets along just fine using your letters to find you. So, I haven’t really bothered hunting it down.”

She made a mental note when she finished the statement, filing it away in her witchy capped head as a pressure point she could leverage later as she probed for more information. “If you tell me what it’s like beyond your lab, and a certain bar I imagine you had to pay damages to,” the redhead teased with a smirk, “maybe I could take a peek for it?”

There was an air of disappointment in Lessien’s stance, her shoulders almost imperceptibly slumping under her lab coat. “Wouldn’t be able to tell you,” she responded, looking away in thought. “Been so long since I was there it’s little more than a fleeting memory at the back of my head. Like, I know it exists, but I couldn’t tell you the colour of the sky, where I lived, my mother’s name,” she shrugged it away noncommittally, turning the attention of the conversation back to Materia. “So, who cooks around here?”

You may as well have been asking her how she could fly. “No one,” the woman replied simply, “the Menagerie takes care of that kind of stuff. In here you don’t get hungry, thirsty,” she took a moment to clear her throat, “experience the after effects of those two things, tired. You’re kind of...” she tried to think of how best to explain it as she tapped her chin. “It’s like being on pause while you’re outside of your timeline. I’ve watched it, dust only even settles in here while the door is open.”

“That sounds,” the doctor couldn’t help the sorry look on her face, “like a prison. Eating is a fun, pleasurable experience. When you sleep you dream up new ideas and adventures to go on. I couldn’t imagine living without those things. It would just be... persisting, existing,” she mused.

Matty gave a nonchalant shrug, pushing herself up from her seat. “Call it what you want, it lets me make my fantasies reality,” she said, spinning about the room with boundless energy. “I just need to find the right person in the right world,” drawing up one of her neatly sorted worlds her golden eyes gazed into it. The mists parted, showing the image of a dark-haired futa girl in the arms of a stories-tall hyper busted blonde, “and give them what they want,” the witchy woman purred, running her fingers over her treasured story.

She was transfixed for a moment, savouring the delightful victory she held in her palm. She could vividly remember each tantalizing second, spinning her free hand about to make the image jump back in the universe's timeline and relive the best parts with a grin. “Take a look!” the redhead chirped, casually tossing the orb to the scientist.

Lessien scrambled to catch it, but Matty's toss was expertly aimed. It landed perfectly in the canyon of the busty woman's cleavage, nestling in as the impact rippled through her breasts, bouncing them enticingly. "Cute," she huffed, not wanting to imagine what might happen if the universe had fallen; smashed into an infinite number of little bits.

As the doctor looked the scene over, admiring her counterpart's dirty work, the witchy woman slipped away; it was time to pick her poison. She had the advantage of knowing much of what the dark-haired woman was interested in ahead of time, so it was just a game of finding the right item to entice her for a little fun. Skulking about the deeper parts of her back room the redhead perused through her unused treasures.

The collections back here were personal in nature, things the disguised vulpine wanted to save for extra special customers. Ones she could have a little personal fun with, and what was Lessien if not a perfect fit for that description? "What to try?" she mused to herself, running her red painted nails over the assortment of goodies.

She paused on a belt, the buckle an eye-catching figure eight pattern. "This one would do nicely," Matty mused to herself, taking it up and looking in over with a fine eye. Just what the doctor was into, so the pitch shouldn't be particularly difficult. She also wasn't sure if she could get away with more just yet, which made it an excellent place to start.

A grin on her scarlet lips she carried it back out to where Lessien was still looking over the universe she had been offered. "So, what do you think?" the redhead purred curiously.

A mix of emotions seemed to swirl behind the doctor's weak smile, like keeping the façade was just a little more difficult now. "And it was going so well," she sighed, handing the orb to the witch and leaning back, intertwining her fingers behind her head to rest against. "I mean I guess it's a little hypocritical for me to say, considering what I do, but even with the longer-term stuff I try to leave my targets satisfied with the results.

"Like, I know the whole 'be careful what you wish for' shtick is your thing. What I don't understand is why you always have to leave them in this *final* state. I won't deny the results are a sight to behold, but..." she paused, trying to find the right way to express it, "imagine if you could push the clock back to the half way mark, to that moment just before they took advantage of the situation and took it too far. Give them a second chance, see if they learned from the experience and stop, or if they really do deserve it by trying to manipulate the results. Maybe it's not the same poetic justice, but wouldn't it be more fun to see them happy?"

There was a visible tick in Materia as she listened. Her knuckles were white she was gripping the orb so tightly, and her face was on the cusp of a dozen different emotions. She could put on a face too though, her scarlet lipped smile returning once more. "That's not how life works," she explained with an overly cheery voice. "You only get one chance, the Menagerie can't push you back on your own timeline," behind the veneer of pleasantry was a sour note of experience. The witchy woman had no desire to keep on the topic however.

Blinking away any semblance of whatever she was hiding she flashed her golden eyes at the scientist. "I was going through some things, thought you might enjoy this," she offered innocently, presenting her the stylized belt. "It would do wonders for your figure, and look quite excellent on you."

The coyness in her expression was obvious. Were she not disguised Lessien could already imagine those foxy tails swishing about with unabashed mischief. The dark-haired woman wasn't one to turn down a good time though. She hummed aloud in thought, taking the belt in her hands and looking it over.

Meticulous bee that she was Matty turned on her heels, click clacking her way over to return her story to its place on the shelf. As she was putting it away however she was greeted to an unexpected surprise.

It was a subtle click, the buckle locking in Lessien's fingers after having wrapped the article around the stretching redhead's waist. "I dunno, I think it looks much better on you," she purred over the disguised vulpine's shoulder, her plump breasts squeezed right up against the vixen's back, and wearing a Cheshire grin that would make even the witch herself envious.

The Madam couldn't help but be stunned, turning her golden eyes down at the strap of leather adorning her body. A sense of betrayal welled up inside her, along with what she couldn't deny was respect that the doctor would be so bold. Then again, in a way, they were birds of a feather; she should have fully expected her to pull something.

Already she could feel the magic taking effect, pouring out from the belt into her body. She couldn't even stumble back, the dark-haired temptress pinning her in; slender hands resting on the fiery haired girl's hips, as those tits continued to rub against her. There was no moving out, and a good amount of space she was about to grow into.

First noticeable difference was in her rear. Trapped against the doctor they could both perceive it, pressing into the buxom woman's pelvis as it forced Matty's skirt higher. Her hips were expanding in kind, causing her leggings to start pulling tightly into her folds, as, while the magic was helping her clothing adapt, they were struggling to keep pace.

On the other end were her breasts, pushing outwards unrelentingly. Her cravat, similar to her skirt, was an accessory; unneeded to protect or support her modesty. So, as her chest crept outwards, it slipped upward to reveal inch after inch of delicious cleavage for the both of them to enjoy.

Well for Lessien to enjoy at least, her jewel-like eyes greedily drinking in the results of their combined dirty work. "Yes," she mused, nibbling on her lip excited as she let her hands trace up the curvy trickster's sides and start groping those overgenerous assets, "definitely better on you."

With her balance starting to falter from her new curves, the witchy woman was left with two choices. On the one hand she could lean back into the dark-haired doctor, currently toying with her breasts; by now they had already outgrown the scientist's, and were approaching each approaching the side of her head. She couldn't really lie about enjoying the sensation, as a pink tint had taken her cheeks, and her breaths were starting to become hot and heavy. On the other hand, she was still combatting the feeling of treachery from Lessien turning her little trick around on her.

That left option two, as the redhead leaned forward to rest against the bookcase holding her collection. The new weight of her extreme hourglass had her stories rattling as the shelves shifted back and forth. Her heavy tits hung down, threatening to pop out of her corset, and giving the buxom betrayer more to toy with. At the same time her plush booty was squishing against the woman, like a

fair trade for the breasts currently pressing into the disguised vixen's lower back as her mischievous "friend" leaned over her.

This was far from the outcome the Madam had been hoping for, and definitely not the payback she was anticipating. The hands groping her were teasing the edge of her shaping garment, starting to pull it down so the tops of her cute little nipples were just peeking, before their lithe fingers dipped in for an attack. Taking in a sharp gasp as her pleasurable little buds were toyed with the flustered woman steeled herself.

"Reset!" she called out in a firm command.

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Stepping through the door, in a lab coat worn over a low-cut green top that demonstrated the doctor's ample cleavage, was Lessien Viris.

Matty gave a quick, silent sigh, breathing her previous failure away as she put on that minx-like grin she always wore when a customer wandered into her little web. This was it, the great secret to her power, and why nobody could ever truly beat her in her own domain. They may win a small, fleeting bout, but with but a simple word she could turn back the clock. Take it all away and go back to just before her prey entered, albeit with all the knowledge and experience she'd gained from the encounter. It was like a dance, running through each time and fixing her tiny little mistakes and missteps until the fiery headed vixen got it perfect.

"It's been a while," she repeated from their first meeting as she leaned over her counter, resting her once more normally sized breasts over her folded arms. "Or has it? Hard to tell when you're traveling fourth dimensionally."

Lessien laughed, taking a moment to shut the door behind her. "Well, for me it's been a few months. I did say we should meet up again," she shifted her weight from one hip to the other, her humongous tits swaying back and forth from the motion. "Add in a woman of science's itch to see strange, new wonders from another dimension; or timeline, I'm still not one hundred percent sure on which applies this place. Or who knows, maybe I simply missed the unique company of a fellow pervert with a taste for mischief? Either way, I was bound to come knocking on your door eventually."

She giggled, covering her mouth just as she had in the first cycle. "Good to see you again Lessien, hope you weren't waiting for me too long," she once more teased with her predatory taunt.

And like clockwork the doctor gave the same reply. "Four seconds, it was agony," she slipped a hand into her pocket and started her looking around, browsing the shelves and taking in the high ceiling. "Quite the place you've got here. Bigger on the inside."

"Much bigger," settling into the motions of her game she offered a much more genuine grin from the first time, as she slipped into her sale's pitch. "Welcome to Madam Materia's Magical Menagerie," the same pause the same sweeping gesture with the same naughty little smirk. Followed of course by the redhead slipping the dark-haired trickster's letter across the counter.

"Your little letter here said something about payback?" a payback she now had something of an upper hand in handling this go around. It was time for her first mental play, to shift the balance of power further in her favor and set her prey off guard, the witch pulled the words directly from her guest's mouth. "Did you mean, 'thank you for the entertaining time together', or were your inner thoughts just leaking out onto the page like usual?"

Lessien paused in surprise, needing a second to regain her bearings with a little smirk. "Maybe. I haven't forgotten your little sleight of claw trick from last time," she chastised, rubbing her backside as she followed along the slightly manipulated timeline.

"What claws?" Matty continued the charade, wagging her painted digits innocently. She'd swept away the doctor's original playful response, so she should have something different to say about-

"You really need that?" she once again gestured to her magical hat. "I've seen your true form, you're cuter without it."

The redhead's pause wasn't faked, her mind racing to try and figure out the dark-haired woman's play. As she came to her conclusion though her scarlet lips twisted into a confident grin. She resumed her role in the scene, reaching up and lowering her cap by the brim to cast a shadow over her golden eyes. Why did she expect anything less from someone so similar to her? Playing the same games, chasing the same prey, for the same outcomes.

"Flattery will get you everywhere," she purred, flashing her sly features up at the buxom woman. This was still her battlefield. She made the rules, held all the cards; she just had to play a little harder to get what she wanted.

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The tour repeated as the first time, save for their exchange about Lessien's home world.

"Where's mine?" the doctor asked right on cue.

This time Matty responded with a shrug. "Impossible to say," she kept aloof, playing her mind games. "There are potentially infinite worlds in this room. You'd have to know something about your world in order for me to find it," she explained with a coy smirk that teased she knew more about the woman than she let on.

At most she'd caught Lessien slightly off guard, but the dark-haired beauty recovered quickly with a simple canned response. "Shame," she mused before moving right back on script with her follow up question. "So, who cooks around here?"

The disguised vulpine gave her same reply, this time lacking a pause to pick words. She had to keep this interaction in tact though, it was the railroad she was using as the transition to her shelf. Being lectured again was an agitating chore, but the witchy woman's stance would not change.

"Call it what you want," she replied laxly, spinning her way over to her collection with a flourish, heels clacking all the way, repeating her spiel as she caressed her treasured story. Then, finally, she finished once more with "Take a look!" before tossing the orb to her guest.

Again, the buxom scientist scrambled, only to have it land perfectly between her breasts. "Cute," she scolded, plucking it out and beginning the inspection that would let the redhead slip away.

There was no rush. Matty knew what she wanted this time, and just how long to wait before the buxom scientist would finish up. It gave her opportunity to plan her approach, as she readied the belt over her shoulder. She needed to keep her eyes closely on the doctor this time around, so she wouldn't be snuck up on, and she needed to sell the item a little bit harder; pique the woman's curiosity. She wanted to see "strange new wonders", so perhaps she could spin it that way?

Settling on a plan of attack all that was left was to count down the seconds. "Three, two," the mischievous vixen counted to herself before stepping out back into the scene. "So, what do you think?" she purred as she approached her prey.

"And it was going so well," Lessien let out her sigh as she handed the orb back. "I mean I guess it's a little hypocritical for me to say--"

"Considering what you do?" the Madam finished for her with a coquettish little grin.

The look on the doctor's face revealed the intended effect; shock. Matty was getting into her head for the third time, waltzing about like she owned the place, and if she could grow that to something more tangible, she could cloud her counterpart's judgement. Take away any edge the highly intelligent woman had in this little fox and mouse game.

"Yes," the dark-haired beauty finally replied, "but even with the longer-term stuff I try to leave my targets satisfied with the results."

Knowing what was coming the disguised vulpine's lips curled into a scowl. She'd hoped that tossing Lessien slightly off track would derail this particular opinion, but apparently, she would have no such luck.

Or would she? As the scientist caught her friend's sour expression and paused. "You alright Matty?" she asked, obvious concern for the girl in her tone.

In a turning of the tables she was the one put off guard, the same way that the initial comment about her cuteness had. The witchy woman's mind was racing for a motive behind the concern, but there was the more important matter that they were derailing. She still had a belt over her shoulder that she wanted to see the good doctor wearing.

"Just fine," the fiery haired miscreant chirped, putting on her sweetest smile. "What was it you were going to say?"

Lessien could tell she was treading on thin ice, no matter what that sickly-sweet look said, and her answer adjusted accordingly. "I was just going to say, I know the whole 'be careful what you wish for' shtick is your thing. What I don't understand is why you always have to leave them in this *final* state. Wouldn't it be more fun to see them happy, embracing their new reality instead of trapped in it?"

This was new, a different approach that changed how the foxy deceiver had to react. There were still traces of her old reaction; she knew what the raven-haired woman's full opinion on the matter after all. She couldn't address it with those feelings however, she needed a fresh response.

"They get what they deserve," Matty replied dismissively, her smile sinking with heavy personal experience. "It wouldn't be any 'fun' seeing someone who selfishly forces their wants on others get everything they wanted and more," her tone teetered between morose and somber, as she walked over to the shelf to file away her story, ensuring this time the doctor didn't have the belt to spring on her. "It's *poetic justice*."

Lessien nodded, likely unconvinced judging from her expression. "If you say so." the buxom woman crossed her arms, casting an inquisitive look at her friend. "So, what does that make you?"

In a flash any semblance of her negative attitude washed away, a playful grin spreading on her scarlet lips. "Marvellously malfeasant, morally monstrous, miraculously maleficent, the magnificent Madam Materia," she announced with a low dipping bow, clearly revelling in her own degeneracy.

Regardless of her feelings, Lessien had to respect the girl's showmanship, offering her a clap and a small smile. "Well, that's the answer to that," she chuckled.

Time to take her opening. "Thank you," she purred without any semblance of modesty and drawing forth the hourglass belt. "How about we move on though? I picked out a *wonder* that should pique your interests. Something that will definitely complement that jaw dropping figure of yours," she took a moment to admire the dark-haired woman, drinking her in and flirting with her eyes.

With a curious hum the prey took the bait, giving it a look over in her hands. Meanwhile Matty was taking a cautionary step back, just to be sure the sneaky scientist couldn't get it on her. Not without a good fight.

After a soft minute of inspection Lessien's full lips curled into a contemplative uncertainty. She murmured to herself, thinking it over one last time before tossing the belt aside. "No," she offered, flicking her wrist up.

It was barely perceptible. A soft hiss, the light pain of a dart hitting her right in the tit, and of course the shocked expression on the vixen witch's face. "I think this will be way more entertaining."

The vulpine's modified body was fairly resistant to chemical influence. Unfortunately, "resistant" was not "immune", and she could already feel whatever she'd been stuck with pulsing through her body with every heartbeat.

"I should have *moo-wn* you'd pull something," she accused, not even angry just once more betrayed by her own lack of foresight.

That vocal tick clued her in to what was happening long before the physical effects started to hit. Crossing her arms under her bust the redhead leered, her golden gaze burrowing into the sly smiling doctor, as her new horns started growing in. The curved outgrowths tilted her hat back off her crown, washing her natural form over her from head to toe.

Her blonde vulpine ears popped up between her fiery locks, quickly folding backwards to express her displeasure with what was happening. Those perfectly manicured hands, currently gripping her biceps, thickened and grew into her monstrous claws. Thick fur coated her forearms, rough and coarse next to the smoothness of her pale skin, and the sheer bulk had her pose pressing her breasts up.

There was an audible groan of fabric, as the woman's bust began filling with lactic bounty. A big difference between science and magic; with the belt at least the redhead's modesty was kept intact by her simultaneously expanding wardrobe. With this there was a tearing, as her milky tits began to overflow her poorly underprepared corselet and pushed her blouse to its limit. There were dark stains already forming at the peaks of her growing assets, causing her top to cling to her and outline her puffy nipples.

In a blink her foxy tails sprang out, like a couple of gag snakes stuffed into a peanut butter jar. Her fluffy jaune fur was on end, as if you needed another indication that the vixen was miffed, making them look twice as big. They wouldn't be quite so massive for long though.

More bovine features were starting to take hold. Her horns had finished coming in, and her tails were adding the length needed to hybridize into those whip-like dusters. Meanwhile her breasts continued an unrelenting advance. With their compression, all at once, the buttons of her shirt exploded off, making pleasant little clinking tones as they bounced along the floor. They weren't the only thing bouncing either, as Materia's extra enhanced bust leapt into the newly offered freedom.

Her nipples were hard, creeping over the edge of her overstretched top, on display like a pair of leaky faucets as sweet cream poured down her front. Even with her oversized grabbers, these boobies were more than she'd be able to handle; more than even the sly Lessien grew to when last the witchy woman had seen her. "I see moo've upgraded things a bit," the milky vulpine muttered. Reaching back, she'd hardly noticed the effect on her rear. Not quite as extreme as her mammary upgrades, but she could feel her skirt riding high, and though she couldn't see it past her massive melons she assumed she was probably showing off a rather intense camel toe.

"M-" the Madam fought against the vocal tick, honestly the most aggravating aspect of this little change. "Are you happy?" she managed with extensive mental fortitude.

The busty beauty was grinning ear to ear, admiring her work. "Oh very," she purred. "You're such an adorable little cowtsudillo Mooteria," she teased, stepping up in her heavy boots and collecting a dollop of the girl's wasting bounty on her finger to taste.

Just the touch sent a shiver up her spine, as Lessien's soft finger teased her teat and had her holding back an aroused gasp.

"Excellent produce too," she licked her lips delightfully. "I wouldn't mind collecting a sample for," the doctor paused, tapping her chin as she mulled over exactly how she wanted to phrase it, "personal use."

Maintaining her dignity with a huff, and an upturned nose, Matty covered herself with an arm. "Glad moo're enjoying yourself," her cheeks were red as her hair, the sensation of her coarse fur brushing over her tender nipples further riling her up. Something that didn't go unnoticed by her companion.

As the hybrid turned away the dark-haired trickster closed in, immediately getting her hands on the girl's hips; even as those fluffy whip-tails swatted at her face. "Pretty sure you're enjoying it just as much."

Her blush deepening, the sensation of being backed into a corner returning, the witchy girl tightened. Utterly beaten and humiliated for the second time, she was not pleased. Well, mentally at least. Physically she was gasping softly, as Lessien traced delicate touches up her sides and toyed with the milk-soaked fabric of her corset to help her out of it. She had to get out of this and set it right, to a more fitting outcome, before it got out of hand.

“Reset!” the cowified woman shouted the command, stomping a heeled foot angrily.

In a blink she was back at the desk, her body returned to normal with only the fading sensations of the temptress' touch on her skin. Her re-disguised hands adjusted her cap, ensuring it was sitting nice and proper on her crown before fixing any errant ruffles in her dress skirt. The green topped doctor was entering, the door beginning to close as Matty flashed her golden eyes her guest's way.

“It’s been a while,” she stated it as calmly as if nothing had happened; by all technical accounts, it hadn’t. Smiling she leaned forward over her arms, demonstrating her proud, large, but not overlarge, and milk-free breasts as her role dictated. “Or has it? Hard to tell when you’re traveling fourth dimensionally.”

Laughing the dark-haired beauty shook her head at the joke. “Well, for me it's been a few months. I did say we should meet up again,” the flow of her body was hypnotic. The third time Matty was watching it and it was still enjoyable to watch that sway of her hips, the pendulous motion of her generous chest. “Add in a woman of science's itch to see strange, new wonders from another dimension; or timeline, I’m still not one hundred percent sure on which applies this place. Or who knows, maybe I simply missed the unique company of a fellow pervert with a taste for mischief? Either way, I was bound to come knocking on your door eventually.”

When she moved to take a step however, the disguised vixen raised a red nailed hand, stopping her in her tracks. The look of surprise on her blue-eyed face was met with a knowing smirk from her host. “Please leave *moo-r* weapons at the door,” she ordered rather pompously, leaning on her elbows and bridging her fingers to lay her chin across. “It’s rude to enter a girl’s refuge armed after all.”

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After a handful more failed attempts with the belt Matty was beginning to lose faith. It seemed no matter what she tried, no matter how she played her cards she was the one who ended up wearing it; or worse, the doctor became disinterested and was ready to walk. Losing a customer’s interest was the clearest sign she was off track.

This was Lessien, why did the dull-witted vixen think something so simple would work? The woman saw hyper hourglassed girls on the daily, and herself had a cowgirl form that made her curvier than that belt could on its own. Of course, she wouldn’t be interested.

Mulling over her options the witchy woman paced through her little private collection. Maybe trying to appeal to the doctor’s interests was the wrong way to go about it? After all, the whole of their last little date had been about tempting each other. More of the same, a bore no doubt. Perhaps she

should dip into that “marvelous malfeasance” of hers and force her own favorites on the dark-haired beauty?

A wicked grin crossed her face, and she couldn't help but drum her fingers together malevolently. There had been a jack of all her favorite trades she'd been elated to initially find, and Lessien would be a perfect subject to use it with. Mentally settled, she reached for a high shelf where she kept an ornate, slender pitcher. It was nary more than a hand tall, and as she scented the sweet cream within a naughty tint took her cheeks.

“Perfect,” she purred to herself. A parallel to their initial encounter it would be an excellent karmic reversal of the situation.

She had used more time this go around, so quickly and, with fiery excitement, the Madam collected up what she would need; a fine china teapot, a pair up cups with saucers, a deep sugar dish, an assortment of teabags, honey, milk, all placed meticulously on a polished silver tray. Last but not least was the hot water, which took her a minute to prepare, but once the kettle was ready, she was carrying it all out with a cheery little smile on her scarlet lips.

Lessien was waiting by the time she arrived. “I was wondering where you disappeared off to,” the raven-haired woman teased, one arm curled under his bust as she idly juggled the orb she'd been handed in the other.

“Sorry,” Matty chirped with a cheeky little grin, jumping back to her little railroad of events. “So, what did you think?”

The top-heavy beauty let out a sigh, turning the orb in her fingers. “It was going so well,” she mused, her shining blue eyes watching the scene of the oversized blonde carrying her little futa lover home for more play. “I mean I guess it's a little hypocritical for me to say, considering what I do, but even with the longer-term stuff I try to leave my targets satisfied with the results.”

The witchy trickster didn't interrupt her, instead setting the tea set down on a small table and setting things up while she waited for the doctor to finish.

“Like, I know the whole ‘be careful what you wish for’ shtick is your thing. What I don't understand is why you always have to leave them in this *final* state. I won't deny the results are a sight to behold, but...” when she saw that the redhead was barely listening her curiosity got the better of her. “What are you doing, practicing to be a maid?” she wondered aloud as she watched the girl arranging cups.

With a giggle the golden eyed vixen dipped low, teasing the idea of a maid giving her mistress a nice up view of her skirt and providing the scientist with an eyeful of her plump rear. “No, but I'd definitely rock the dress,” her mouth curled into a coy smirk, as she stepped around the table with heavy clacks of her heels that echoed around the large room. “I was wondering if maybe you'd like some tea?” the disguised vulpine offered innocently.

That caught the lab coated woman off guard. “I thought you said this place takes care of that stuff, that you don't get thirsty,” she pointed out, walking over cautiously.

"Plenty of people eat when they're full," Matty pointed out, pouring the steaming hot water into the fancy little teapot. "Zyanya still drinks coffee and eats suckers while she's here, Kasumi takes long baths to de-stress. You can do things for the simple sake of enjoying them. After all," she puffed out her chest, mocking Lessien's massive bust as she mimicked the doctor's tone, "'eating is a fun, pleasurable experience'."

Even though the witch was making some fun of her, the buxom woman couldn't help a small laugh. "It is," she stuck by her statement, coming to sit across the small table from her friend and crossing her legs to get comfortable. "Tea sounds lovely, what types do you have to pick from?"

"A small gambit," the witchy woman replied, spreading her pre-made tea bags with her fingertips. "There's green, white, black, oolong, chai, and my personal favorite, matcha," you could tell just from her face that were her tails out they'd be dancing about excitedly.

It was infectious, making Lessien's little laugh break into a more pure, hearty one. "Well, you are the host," she offered with a small dip that gave a teasing look down her top. "What kind of guest would I be picking anything but your favorite?"

With a giddy little wiggle, the eager host drew up two of the little bags, filled with a soft, green powder, and popped them into the pot to steep. "An excellent choice," she cooed, moving to lean on her elbows while she waited.

Despite having practically filled the air with chatter before, Matty was taking the time to simply admire her guest. Her golden eyes drifted over the curvy woman's form, undressing her and, in the process, coming to the realization she had never actually seen the doctor naked. The closest she'd gotten was being less than a foot tall and riding along in her cowed-up cleavage; which, while nice, when measured against her distinctly remembering losing a dress she rather liked, there was a discrepancy in what they'd seen of one another. If anything, it served to add a bit more mystery and excitement to her obvious ogling.

Just relaxing as she was, the dark-haired woman was breathtaking. Shining raven locks poured over her shoulders, clipped out of her face by that iconic red pin to let you take in those jewel-like blue eyes, and the confident way she smiled. Her bust was a prominent feature, bigger than the fiery haired vixen's by a good number of sizes, and definitely deserving of attention, but it was not the only one that contributed to her beauty. Her pale skin was flawless, you could follow the inward curve from her ample bust to modest hips. Even dressed as she was, in a lab coat and casual slacks tucked into boots, she was one of the most radiant people Matty had the pleasure of taking in. It was almost a shame for the greedy girl to be trying to alter such perfection. Almost.

"See something you like'?" the scientist teased, mimicking the vulpine as she had done her earlier.

"Maybe," the coy witch replied, poking her tongue out between her painted lips as they curled into a naughty little grin.

She took a moment to check the pot, warm steam wafting out to coat her face in a soft glow. "Seems ready," the excited Madam cooed, looking into the opaque green tea. "So how do you normally take your tea Lessien? Matcha is very rich, fairly sweet," she recited it less like a tea enthusiast, and

more like she was repeating something she heard someone say about it once. The illusion of knowing what she was talking about.

“Fairly sweet you say?” the doctor tapped her chin mockingly, clearly seeing through the girl’s ruse. “Well then if that’s the case I’ll take some milk and a sugar.”

With delicate hands the vulpine trickster poured her guest’s cup. She was slow and deliberate with her actions, carefully holding the lid as she watched it pour right up to an imaginary line. Then, in spite of Lessien’s request, she took up the cream.

She had never declared which of the two containers was milk, and which was cream, and luckily the sneaky fox liked both in equal measure. She could simply pour herself the opposite and her victim would be none the wiser. Until the first sip, but that’s all it would take for an explosive effect.

With just as much delicacy she poured in the tainted cream, turning the surface of the matcha into a swirling mix of green and white. The final touch was a single sugar cube, dropped in without a splash by a pair of red painted fingers. “Your tea,” Matty offered with a cute little smile.

“Why thank you,” she offered back politely as the redhead went about preparing her own, drawing up a small stirring spoon and setting about properly mixing her drink.

The same tender meticulousness was present in the redhead’s motions as she prepared her own cup, but the drink she was crafting would have had any proper tea drinker turn up their nose in disgust. She filled her cup just shy of half way, and filled the rest with milk. The rich green turned pale, barely able to overcome the thicker liquid dominating its vessel. The witch then plucked up a fistful of cubes, dropping them one at a time into the ruined drink until she counted out four.

“Some tea with your slurry?” the doctor commented, wondering if perhaps the “rich sweetness” her friend described might simply be her own tendency to overdo it.

Her slender fingers picked up her teaspoon, mixing the sludge together. From across the table you could hear the grainy sound of all that sugar moving about the cup, making the dark-haired woman visibly flinch. “I have a bit of a sweet tooth,” the perfectly unphased vixen stated matter of factly.

That was an understatement. “I’m surprised you have *any* teeth,” Lessien mused, watching Matty take her first sip, leaving a quaint little red lipstick mark on the side of her cup. “Is this how you always eat, or ate I guess would be more accurate?”

It was foreign to the Menagerie owner to have someone pressing her for life details. Normally things were the other way around, with the witch being the one asking questions to solidify her upper hand, so, naturally, she had to pause to think about it. And it was in those pauses her deceptions were thinnest, leading her to give honest answers from the heart.

“Pretty much,” the fiery haired cutie tried to shrug it off, taking another gingerly sip of her oversweet beverage. “I’ve had to fend for myself for-” using time as a form of measurement, when she had been in the timeless Menagerie for an indeterminate amount of it, was a bad idea she realized. The best she could do was wave it off and try to correct the statement. “Since I was like, twelve.”

“And how old are you now?” the curious researcher inquired further, resting her hand against her chin.

Matty replied with a sly smirk. "Don't you know it's rude to ask a woman her age?"

"Hard to tell if you're a woman or just a girl sometimes," Lessien teased in reply.

The vulpine witch was obviously ruffled, straightening up and as she shifted in her seat. "I was twenty-four when I first walked into the Menagerie," she answered, idly running her finger around the lip of her cup. "My timeline has been stopped since then, so I'm still twenty-four."

Her golden eyes drifted to her guest's own untouched beverage. "Are you going to drink your tea?" she asked, raising a brow as she took a third deep sip of her hot sugar slurry and set it down to let her fingers cool off.

"I like to wait until it's cooled a little," the scientist replied, idly swapping her crossed legs around. "So that means you've been taking care of yourself for twelve years, not including however long you've spent in this time prison. No wonder you're so underweight."

Immediately the fiery haired girl bristled up defensively. "I'm not underweight, just look at these," she pouted, showing off her bountiful bust with a teasing bounce.

And look the doctor did, it didn't change the facts however. "It's most noticeable in your fake hands; your fingers are too slim. I assumed it might be part of the illusion, but with recent discoveries, well..."

The disguised vixen couldn't help looking at her hands, in particular her scarlet tipped fingers, looking for this imperfection.

"Remind me to bring some real food with me next time. You're a new friend, I need to take care of you before you rust off your taste buds," Lessien muttered with a nod to herself.

The redhead scoffed in her attempts to stifle a laugh. She really thought there would be a "next time" once the witch had managed her perfect payback. "We'll see," she let herself chuckle, drawing forth her teacup and taking a sip.

Immediately she knew something was off. Her tea tasted wrong: not sweet enough, not creamy enough. Looking down into it Matty saw the vivid green colour of the matcha, showing back her startled expression. Once more a sense of treachery overwhelmed her as she looked up at the dark-haired trickster, currently holding up her host's lipstick stained cup to take an experimental sip.

As soon as it touched her tongue the woman couldn't help but wince. "Oh god, far too much sugar," she shook her head to try and get the sickly taste out of her mouth, before smiling and turning to the shocked Madam. "The milk is nice though."

Those sapphire eyes looked at her expectantly, like she knew what was going to happen. Just one sip would have an explosive effect, and Matty had taken herself a good swig seeking her sugar rush. There was an uncomfortable gurgle in her stomach that immediately traveled up into her chest, visibly making her breasts surge in her top.

Every cell in her body was tingling, preparing for the changes about to wash over her. The cream was a concoction of all the naughty vulpine's favorites, so it was only natural she was about to get much, much bigger. She pushed away from the table, her chair tumbling back behind her, in a desperate plea

for space. Already her clothes were feeling tight, runs appearing down her thighs all the way to the toes of her stockings. The buttons on her spats burst open, her feet rapidly becoming too big for the stiff leather of her heeled shoes.

Above the waist a pair of dark stains formed over her nipples. There wasn't even any hiding it, as the witch had already gained more than a foot of height, leaving her corset as little more than an over-thick belt; and her bra a useless strip hugging tightly under her bust to push her freshly leaking tits up towards her chin. All with no signs of slowing down as she stumbled about, trying not to knock anything down on her unrelenting growth path.

Meanwhile, below, Lessien clapped her hands together, chuckling excitedly as she watched. "Oh, this is looking to be fun."

Fun for her maybe. The witch's hat couldn't stay on her now oversized head, forcing it off to fall and give up her illusory disguise. Each of her fluffy tails were bigger than the whole of the doctor, springing out into the open space and flailing in the foxy woman's panic. Her already oversized paws tore through her elegant gloves like paper, raining sheer fabric down about her feet, and could now each palm the small table she'd served the tea on. Reaching up reflexively her clawed digits found themselves scraping against her collection room's second story balcony. She needed to move; quickly.

With just a single step the remnants of her heels crumbled under her weight, causing her to trip her way out into the open floor at the center of the room. Her tight top tore open to let her giant tits out; for her watcher's delight, as the combination of her struggling corset and bra compressed her udders to the point she was spraying her warm bounty all over the floor. Every footfall was rattling the chinaware, shaking the table on its legs, and causing her fattening breasts to jump up and shoot arcs of creamy milk out from her body. No shoes, milk puddles, and swiftly diminishing vertical space were not a collection of problems one wanted to have.

The raven-haired deceiver was not exempt from the downpour, huge droplets landing on her head and shoulders and soaking through her green top to reveal her signature cow print bra beneath. She took it in stride however, dancing about on her toes beneath the growing giantess. "The milk drops, they're falling on my head," she sang softly, her voice caught somewhere between the melancholy of the song and her own laughter.

There wasn't even time for Matty to offer a quip. Her head bumped on the ceiling, which meant even hunched over, as she tried to support her unruly bust, she was over ten feet tall. The rest of her clothing burst off her in spectacular fashion. Her rigid corset sprang off of her to fly across the room, landing in the middle of the floor, warped beyond recognition. Strained bra straps finally whipped up over her shoulders, and with a terrible rend the band snapped to leave the poor thing falling limp off her massive form. Like comedic bananas her leggings split, and finally her skirt, the piece of clothing with the easiest time, considering her waspish waist, shred with a resounding tear to land about her feet in a broken circle.

Blond ears folded back the giant redhead got out into the open, finally able to stretch up to her full height. She was her own trifecta, a big girl, with bigger tits, spewing milk like a fountain. Her tails fluffed up with frustration, her golden eyes slowly rising higher on the second floor, while her "friend" twirled about around her feet.

“Oh, come on,” she heard Lessien’s voice below like a small dog. She was about that size too, barely coming up to the giant vixen’s shin. “These are your favorites; you have to be having fun.”

Her pointed ears pressed to her head, massive paws trying to push down her torso sized tits so that she could find and leer at the little doctor; an act that mostly only served to force more creamy prize from her swollen teats. She found her intended prey though, standing amidst the puddles, soaked, and with her little cow horns starting to poke out from her own excitement.

She was positively drenched, and yet still smiling ear to ear as she tauntingly wore the witch's cap at the back of her head. “So dour,” the scientist teased, sticking out her tongue as her whip-like tail swished about. “No wonder it takes so much sugar to sweeten you up.”

Matty let out an annoyed grumble, tails swishing as she narrowed her golden gaze. “Reset,” she hissed, stamping her heel in the milk puddles and causing a splash tall enough to douse the dark-haired cowgirl, just before they returned to step one.

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The tea was definitely the better call as opposed to the belt; Lessien had seemed significantly more engaged and interested. The downside however was that it became a reversed game of “Fork in the Road”. It was a given, Matty knew, that the doctor was going to ask her for milk. So the puzzle was two cups, one tainted, one not, and whether the witch was a liar. In the last attempt she'd opted to be the liar, filling Lessien’s cup with the cream, and the dark-haired beauty had decided that the sly fox was indeed the deceiver. So, if it was going to be assumed she was a liar, then telling the truth would be the greater deception.

“I was wondering where you disappeared off too,” her prey stated on cue as the redhead emerged with her devious little smile.

Despite the new additions choosing the cream inserted into the scene the gold eyed cutie played her part perfectly. Giving her same responses, her same teases, getting all the way to prepping the tea without error. Now it was time for the gamble. “So how do you take your tea Lessien? Matcha is very rich, fairly sweet,” she repeated with her same recited manner from the first attempt.

“Fairly sweet you say?” the doctor mirrored her previous actions with that tap of her chin. “Well then if that’s the case I'll take some milk and a sugar.”

Once more Matty was meticulous, carefully pouring the tea up to her imaginary line and properly adding milk to the drink this time around. “Your tea,” she offered as if nothing had changed. Then again, to her prey at least, nothing had.

“Why thank you,” the dark-haired beauty replied, waiting for the fiery haired girl to serve her own.

It wasn’t until midway through that the vixen realized the problem with this planned series of events, as she poured the half cup of cream into her drink. It must have shown on her face, because Lessien couldn’t help a comment. “Something wrong?”

"Nothing," the witchy woman was quick to reply, popping her four sugar into her cup.

She couldn't drink it. Half of her original course of action involved sipping at her drink, trying to lull her intended victim into a false sense of security that her drink was safe. That option was gone, which meant she had to improvise.

Those sapphire eyes watched the last of her prep, wincing as the stirring spoon made audible grinding noises against all that sugar. "Some tea with your slurry?"

Off track the redhead wasn't entirely certain what to do, falling back on what she knew out of reflex. "I have a bit of a sweet tooth," she responded in accordance with the last time they'd had the conversation.

"I'm surprised you have *any* teeth," Lessien commented on cue, but she stopped there. At this point Matty had taken her first sip, prompting the question about her diet. Without that, there was no need, plotting them further into uncharted territory.

Keeping her cool the disguised vulpine took a moment to blow on her cup before leaning back. "A pinch hot," she bluffed, "I prefer it cool so I can down it all at once."

"Same," the doctor replied, relaxing into her seat with a subtle smile. "Not going to taste anything if you're scalding your taste buds."

And thus, their chicken game began. "What's your opinion on spicy then?" Matty inquired, keeping the conversation going with small talk and pondering how to create the opening where Lessien would swap their teas from distrust.

It was an odd question, so detached from everything the tempting vixen had said thus far that the blue-eyed beauty needed to pause and process it. "It's fine I guess," she finally answered. "I prefer savoury things, a good burger," she gave as an example, "or sweet things. Not *that* sweet of course," the dark-haired woman made a gesture to the fox's untouched cup, the abundance of cream having already cooled it to the point it was barely steaming, "but... sensibly sweet. More than just sugar, like a nice fried elephant ear with powdered sugar, maple syrup. Oh, and strawberries."

The description alone was enough to make the girl's mouth water, craving the sugary hit from her oversweet tea. There way no way that her counterpart could know which tea was tainted, or if either of them were at all for that matter, yet she was doing an excellent job at enticing her to it. The witch needed to resist though.

"What about strawberry jam instead?" she wasn't helping her own case, clearly imagining the gooey dessert in her mind's eye.

Lessien took a moment to contemplate it. "Might be a bit much," she mused. "I mean, probably not for you and your sugar craving; the average person though. Plus, jam and syrup, you're going to make the fried dough go soggy all the faster, losing out on that nice crispy mouth feel."

With a giggle the redhead flashed her golden eyes to her companion. "I thought you were more of a mammary scientist, not a culinary one," she teased.

“With how much milk I work with?” the doctor teased right back with a grin. “I have to be a woman of many talents,” she turned her blue eyes towards her tea, clearly contemplating the drink but not willing to take the risk. Not yet anyway. “What about you? What does the magnificent Madam Materia do outside of being a mischievous saleswoman?”

Yet again she was being probed, and with yet another new question to throw her off guard. “I mean, I enjoy myself,” she offered off the top of her head, miming two curled fingers diddling her hot button.

“Do you wear the hat when you do?” Lessien chuckled. “Cause I mean, the claws seem like they'd be a lot more fun for that kind of thing.”

Despite just talking about playing with herself, Matty was blushing at the remark. It took her a moment to come up with something suitable to reply with, her gaze turning away speculatively. “Is that why you find my 'true' form cuter? Big hard masturbating claws?”

The emphasis was a tad odd to the busty scientist, nonetheless she still answered smoothly. “No. You’re cuter because it’s the real you,” she explained simply.

Her blush deepened, forcing her to look further towards the corner shyly. Why was she letting herself get so flustered? It’s not like it meant anything, it was just the deceptive doctor trying to make her let her guard down. And regardless of that internalized fact, it was working.

“You’re adorable when you’re vulnerable,” the woman went on, drawing up a teacup and taking it to her lips for a sip, finally. “Oh, you’re right, that is sweet,” she mused aloud, taking a minute to savour the taste.

Their chicken game was over, and the vixen had held out. She drew up the cup sitting in front of her, a small, victorious smirk on her lips. “Quite,” she agreed, taking her sip.

It was her own. The oversweet, grainy taste of the sugar washing over her mouth. Lessien hadn’t switched the cups while she was looking away, she’d trusted her own cup. Boiling over the fiery haired witch’s expression soured at her loss. She tossed her cup to the floor, shattering it in a frustrated tantrum. “Dammit!” she cursed aloud.

The woman across from her couldn’t help flinching at the outburst, recoiling back into her seat just a bit. “Everything alright dear?” she checked in, keeping a calm level tone.

Her body was already starting to tingle, and the stubborn girl wasn’t about to go through the experience of her failure again. “Reset!” she growled to start over before it got out of hand.

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Things were getting dire, as the Madam paced on heavy footfalls about her back room collection. The cream sitting on the shelf, waiting to be collected up, but her composure was so completely frazzled, as her mind raced through every possibility she’d tried, that she hadn’t even begun preparations. She had to be doing something wrong, something in her body language had to be tipping her victim off. Somehow.

She'd gone back to tainting Lessien's tea, and deliberately avoided drinking her own, only for the doctor to swap them before trying. She made an attempt at spiking both teas, turning it to a true chicken game, and that outcome just resulted in the conversation lasting too long; Lessien just touched the side of her cup and said it had gotten too cold to want to drink. Then, in her attempts to throw every combination at the wall, for some stupid reason the ne'er-do-well vixen had decided to put the cream in neither tea; not even realizing it wouldn't accomplish her goals until she'd finished pouring everything and the conversations were underway.

With a tired groan Matty rested against the display, taking a nice calming breath and running through it all one more time. There had to be a pattern. Humans were creatures of habit, and no matter how intelligent or attractive Viris was, she was a human. A horribly, horribly unpredictable human.

Tapping a painted nail against her forehead she broke it down step by step. "Come out with the tea, discuss Sam's story, remark about eating for pleasure," those three were static, and she'd been running through them perfectly without fail. "Choose the tea, make it... If I put the cream in her tea, and enjoy mine, she swaps them. If I put it in my tea, I can't drink it, and she waits," that broke down her own two options, drink her tea or no, and the results should have been consistent. "If I taint her tea, and don't drink mine, she still swaps them... Why?"

That was the question. She felt like she was doing everything the same when she didn't drink the tea, and she normally had a good poker face for this kind of thing. What was she doing that was revealing something was off? A facial expression? Were her eyes giving it away? Could Lessien really just be that perceptive?

"Augh!" the frustrated predator let out another groan, ruffling her fiery locks and nearly displacing her hat. There was only one thing she could come up with. It didn't make much sense, but when you eliminate the impossible, all that remains has to be the truth. "She knows the tea is spiked," she muttered, trying to find her calm.

How could she know? Every time Matty took it out it was the woman's first time seeing it. Did she really trust her so little? And then what was the witch doing that was giving her away? In her thoughts she'd failed to notice, or even care really, that she was going massively over her time allotment; she could always start over after all. Regardless of her attention however, it was moving her onto a new timeline; one where the naughty doctor was getting impatiently curious.

"Everything alright?" the dark-haired mischief maker asked, poking her head into her host's little hidey hole.

The redhead was so engrossed in her own thoughts she didn't even acknowledge the intrusion. Her golden eyes were turned to the floor, a delicate hand holding her chin as she mumbled through her options. Giving Lessien a perfect opportunity to sneak her way in.

She was light on her combat boots; not enough to be completely silent, but that didn't matter with the witchy vixen distracted as she was. The disguised woman didn't even notice until those boots came into her line of sight; along with their owner's generous cleavage. Her gaze shot up with a start, in time to get herself another surprise. The doctor's tender hand cupped just under her chin, fingers just able to brush the back of her neck, and guide her face up until their lips pressed in a kiss.

Matty was stunned. She felt her toes tense in her shoes, the sensation tingling up her body until the little embers of her fiery mane stood up. Her eyes were wide, trying to process what was happening. Deep in her chest her heart was fluttering, filling in her face with blush all the way down to her collar bone. Her tails would have been fluffed, her ears sharp and attentive to the scene unfolding between them. As it stood, she would need to make due with her more mundane senses.

The raven-haired beauty's lips were soft, sensual, inviting the witch to open her mouth and accept more. As soon as her scarlet lips parted though, Lessien was pulling away with a smile on her face; leaving the girl wanting. So very wanting.

Her golden eyes blinked away some of the fog, as her head swam about with new problems, new questions inspired by the hot sensation building inside her. "Why?" was all that managed to pass over her tongue as she stared deeply into her guest's sparkling sapphire blues.

"You seemed troubled," the woman answered simply. "I figured this would help."

This? Present tense. The tricky fox was always very careful with her wordplay, so catching anything off was second nature. She was so warm, still tingling with excitement. The only conclusions she could come up with were the beginnings of love, or else the devious doctor had done something.

Her lithe fingers reached up reflexively, resting over where Lessien's hand had lain on her neck. The redhead immediately felt it, the corner of a patch stuck to her skin, and the unnatural warmth seeping from it into her body. Any accusatory look was greatly hindered by the cloud of lust washing over her, as she turned to the woman who'd drugged her. "I told you to disarm at the door," the words were hot, laced with raw, unabashed arousal as they escaped her mouth. Were it just a pinch colder they would have each rolled out over her luscious lips as steamy puffs.

Raising her hand, revealing the small device on her palm as it slinked back up her sleeve, the buxom woman responded. "You told me to leave my weapons at the door," she corrected with a cocky smirk. "I don't really consider this a weapon, more like the catalyst for a really good time."

She wanted to reply with something appropriately snarky, but even just trying to leer had her squeezing her eyes shut and letting out a horny gasp. Matty could feel her nipples under her clothes, hard as diamond and more sensitive than she could tolerate, as they dragged along the insides of her clothes. Of course, she was growing, why would she expect anything less? It wasn't even just her sensitive teats; the whole of her skin felt like it was on fire. She could feel every thread of her outfit brushing against her, sending pleasurable shocks throughout her body. In seconds she was wet, her automatic response of tightening her thickening thighs only worsening the problem, and reducing her to a babbling mess.

"Now doesn't that feel nice?" Lessien teased, leaning over the girl as she collapsed onto the floor in a writhing heap.

It did. Even if she wanted to stubbornly deny it with words, her body was betraying her at every turn. The girl's cap rolled off and away, letting loose her bestial features and adding new sensations. She couldn't help touching herself, the rough, coarse fur coating her forearms had her flinching when it rubbed against her burning skin. Each brush of her fluffy tails, their pristine softness, made her shudder

and moan. Her ears were conflicted, shifting rapidly between excited jumps to attention and folding back in the throes of ecstasy.

Then the popping started.

The buttons of the horny fox's top popped open, exposing her growing bust to the cool air and forcing a hot gasp past her lips. Trying to cover it was just more contact with her fur, against her hypersensitive tits no less, making her squirm harder. Her ass had inflated to push her skirt up, and her leggings down, to show her little black panties pulled up into her crack; a sight that gave the doctor a small giggle, imagining just how good that was probably feeling for her in the front.

Quietly the buxom temptress dropped to a seat beside her, close so as to drop her tone to a whisper and still be heard by the panting vulpine. "Come on cutie, let go," she purred, gently brushing the girl's leg through her, now nearly sheer, tights. "Give up the game, and have a little fun!"

Her touch was heavenly, making the voluptuous victim shudder with delight, unwittingly moving to make the contact last as long as it possibly could. The whole of her willpower was being spent resisting the urge to grope herself, to bury a claw between her meaty thighs and relieve some of this overwhelming desire flooding her system. A desire that was quickly blooming into a need as she continued to grow, continued to be teased by the dark beauty's tender touches.

With the sound of rending hooks, the redhead's corset burst, losing its battle with her chest and letting the pressure off; the resulting surge sending two more of her precious buttons skittering across the floor. Her burgeoning flesh jumped out into the new space, making her whimper as her fat nipples slid up right to the very edge of her neckline. They ached for attention, as big round as her claw tip, on tender breasts large as her head.

Everything was good, everything was on pleasurable fire. Her underwear was grinding against her clit as they got tighter and tighter. She was wriggling, her breaths hot and shallow as she remained trapped just before the peak of climax. Her tails were fluffed, wrapping around her body to caress every exposed bit of skin her failing clothing was putting on display.

And then there was Lessien, her fingertips trailing up the vixen's exaggerated curves, stroking her like a treasured pet. She continued to up the ante, shifting to a lay that put their bodies only inches apart. Close enough to lean in and give one of those fluffy ears a nip.

Matty couldn't help but let out a mewl at the tease, her head dipping forward into the voluptuous woman's body in her unconscious craving for more. "That's it," the raven seductress' voice was like sweet honey, and warm against the girl's vulnerable ear. "Give in, we could have so much fun!"

No, she needed to get a grip on herself, before this got more out of her control. Accompanied by a gasping moan her nipples broke free of their prison, crying out louder than the vulpine slut to be played with. Fighting it with all her might Matty forced her hands down, foolishly putting them between her legs as she stammered to speak. "R-reset!" she managed to whine, her voice up one, maybe two, octaves from her predicament.

A disappointed "Awe," was the last thing from the beauty's lips before the scenario started over.

Despite the return to where she was minutes ago, the witch was still recovering. She could feel the red in her face, and her quickened heartbeat as she rode down from the last timeline's high. Her prey did not have the same problems however, walking in on her cue and catching the redhead looking like she just finished masturbating.

"You okay Matty? I can come back later," the dark-haired guest offered.

Adjusting her hat, and letting out a sigh to clear her thoughts, the cooling girl shook her head. "I'm fine," she answered as she regained her composure. "It's been a while," and seamlessly she was back on track, running through the beginning of their encounter one more time. And once again she stopped the booted woman from entering.

"Leave your toys at the door," she demanded, leaning back in her seat to watch.

With the same look of surprise, she'd had a dozen times before, Lessien obliged, reaching up her sleeve to remove her cowgirl-dart launching wrist piece and set it on the table with a smirk. "Caught me," she grinned mischievously, moving to step forward once more when the Madam stopped her again.

"All of them," she warned with a knowing grin. No more miss nice Matty. She was playing with a fellow pervert with a taste for mischief; or rather, a fellow liar. It was time to throw everything at the wall to win this game.

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There was no point in repeating an item attempt anymore. If Lessien couldn't be tricked with something the first time, there was little point in trying to press it. Unlike other customers, where the sly vixen could fish around for a desire to play off, either she had the doctor's attention or she didn't; there was no in between.

She had a fairly good idea what the scientist was capable of from her lab visit, so she decided to hedge her bets. Anything outside of the realm of possibility was the most likely to catch the woman's attention. First up: a bit of furry formula.

This stuff was volatile, just a bit on the skin and it would unleash your inner animal. All she needed to do was orchestrate a little spill and the witch would get to see what was under the beauty's façade. The obvious answer was a cow, though after seeing so much of the woman's penchant for deception maybe she was a snake?

Vial in hand the redhead stepped out, greeting her victim as customary for this part of their interaction. They had their conversation: final states; pushing back time and all that, then Matty took her opportunity. The radiant woman only left a few parts exposed: face; neck; cleavage; and her hands, so pulling a page from her prey's book was the play of choice. Intimate contact.

Popping the cap, she made her approach, putting a sultry sway in her hips. "Enough about that, how about a little fun?" she suggested, keeping her concoction steady in her hand.

Her intent was obvious, but the approach seemed to have some merit. Lessien flashed an eager smile. "Fun you say?" curling an arm under her bust she curiously watched her host with those sparkling sapphires, clearly intrigued.

"Yes," the temptress witch purred, getting within arms reach with a flutter of her done up eyes.

A mistake. The clever practitioner gave a thoughtful hum, reaching up and flicking the hat right off the girl's head. "Not with that," she declared firmly.

Matty froze, her vulpine ears popping up through her fiery hair. As her fingers shifted into her natural claws her grip on the vial slipped; smooth claws were not made for handling things so delicately. She scrambled, losing it upwards and futilely trying to catch it as it arced towards her.

No good. "Shit," she cursed, as it splashed all over her top; turning it sheer and soaking through into her skin to deliver its payload.

Rapidly her heels grew tight, in spite of her ankles rising up her legs as they shifted from plantigrade to digitigrade. In seconds the front of her shoe burst, letting out a set of monstrous clawed toes that matched those on her hands. The fur of her forearms grew the rest of the way up her arms, and her face started to elongate, becoming a snout far too narrow for any true vulpine, and filling with sharp hunters' teeth.

With the addition of a thick coat her top popped open, revealing the fur now coating her front to be a few shades lighter than that of her arms; and of course, making her full breasts look all the bigger with the added fluff. She was wriggling uncomfortably, in part from her clothes ill-fitting her fuzzy form, but more so from the more extreme changes happening. Only the barest hint of what was going on was visible at the base of her ears, as firm brown plates grew in on the aural sensors. Those plates were currently growing down her back though, helping to strengthen it to support her assets.

It was all over in less than a minute, leaving the hybrid creature stumbling to the ground on her new legs.

"Fascinating," Lessien mused, leaning down and running her fingers over the girl's furred snout. "Looks like there was a lot more dasypus in there than I first estimated."

It appeared as if the dark-haired beauty even had dumb luck on her side. Snarling, and bearing her new fangs, the kitsudillo muttered the only thing she needed to. "Reset."

Well that was a bust. There was no point in lingering on it however, the Madam simply needed to straighten her hat and move on. Time for attempt number two.

She picked out a tube of individually wrapped and colourful candies, pouring a few into her palm and slipping them into the pocket of her skirt. If she played it offhandedly, simple, she could give one to the perceptive doctor without too much thought on either end. Maybe that was the key to getting her.

With plenty of time to spare the witch made her way out, striking up their back and forth to get to her opportunity. She feigned disinterested at the conversation, not that it was hard after having heard it more than a dozen times, slipping her hands into her pockets and playing up her surprise at finding her planted treats.

“Oh hey, I forgot I had these,” the fiery redhead made a show of pulling them out, unwrapping one and pretending to toss it back with a slight of hand trick. “Want one?” she even masked her voice with the idea she was chewing it through her words.

Seemed innocent enough. “Sure,” the busty beauty accepted, taking one and popping it into her mouth, wrapper and all.

Could it really be that easy? After so many attempts it left Matty in disbelief something so uncomplicated actually worked. Or course it was too good to be true.

“Wanna see a trick?” the coy woman offered, her mouth full and moving.

There wasn’t any time to react. Those heavy boots closed the distance between them, and in a split second Lessien had her by the top, pulling her in for another kiss. Like the first time the startled vixen took a moment to react, then, despite the danger, found herself accepting it longingly.

It was quick. The night haired woman pushing the candy through her lips and crossing the bridge into the unprepared witch’s mouth. Immediately she felt the fizzy sensation of it dissolving, along with its slightly sour taste over her tongue.

As her golden eyes shot wide the trickster scientist was already backing away, sticking her tongue out to reveal the carefully folded wrapper. “Tha da!” she exclaimed, showing it off with a wink.

Meanwhile the real trick was paying dividends. Matty had already shrunk an inch, starting to swim in her clothing as the whole of her body got smaller. Her breasts lost size, the cups up her bra pulling in tighter to her body with the lack of resistance. The sharp lines of her face softened, giving her an almost cherubic look. Eventually her head became too small for her cap, the headgear falling down over her eyes and ceasing to function for her.

As they sprang out there was a youthful vibrancy to the fur coating her tails. It was soft before, of course, but now it looked like you could stuff a pillow with them and have the sleep of a lifetime. She lifted up her clawed hands, the hard diggers looking even more exaggerated in size on her smaller frame. By the time she managed to push her hat up and off, letting her fluffy ears out, she looked little more than a young teen; playing adult in clothes too big for her.

“Oh, look at you cutie,” the devilish prankster teased, leaning forwards to come down to the small girl’s level.

The teen vulpine gave a pout, filling her cheeks in frustration and trying to wrangle the ill-fitting parts of her outfit. “Reset,” she huffed in her juvenile voice.

Another failure, as she returned to her normal and adjusted her bra at the desk. “It’s been a while,” she greeted and once more walked down the path to get to her back room.

One after another she bungled item after item, three more leading her to another change of strategy. Time to try something distinctly Lessien, as the redhead grabbed a bottle of conditioner. This was one of the harder ones to try and pull off on the fly, seeing as it needed to be applied to the hair. At this point though, there was nothing to lose in trying.

Wandering onto the show floor she ran through the motions, this time the white clad doctor being the one to initiate with the choice of oddity. "What's that you've got there?"

She had the woman's curiosity, that was more than the unlucky witch usually had. "Oh this? Nothing special, just a bit of hair product," she replied laxly.

"This place keeps you clean though," the scientist in her pointed out from their prior conversation. "Not to mention I can see your fiery mess of a head Matty. If you seriously do more than a quick shampoo, then I'm a full-fledged magician."

Was it really that obvious? The wild girl could help reaching up, toying with her flaming strands a bit. "I have fur to clean. There's very little time to go through a shampoo, condition, and blow dry for everything."

Lessien let out a gasp. "My lord, you don't take proper care of those beautiful tails?" her tone was positively wounded. "Tut tut Materia, that just won't do."

Rising to her feet the matronly beauty approached, one hand taking the rambunctious youth's shoulder to guide her to a seat, while the other removed her cap to let her animal features out. Those foxy ears were immediately up at attention, her tails curled between her legs from her complete lack of control over the situation. "What are you-?" she stammered as her rear was planted into a chair.

"I, am going to show you how to properly take care of yourself little miss," she answered, running her fingers through her lustrous dark mane. "I mean look at this!" she ruffled the girl's unkempt inferno.

Those blonde ears of hers folded back, embarrassment tinting her cheeks crimson. "It's not that bad," she defended reflexively.

"There could be birds living in here," the buxom babe countered, snatching up the bottle from the currently vulnerable vulpine. Not that her claws could keep good hold.

Her golden eyes shot wide at the realization of the ruse. "Hey wait!" she protested, in time for the Cheshire grinning doctor to unload a good squirt into the redhead's fiery locks.

With a pleasant little hum Lessien went about rubbing the stuff through her friend's hair, giving it appropriate attention. She was hardly surprised when it began to lengthen between her fingers, going from shoulder to back length in a matter of seconds. The real interesting part came when each of her extended strands gained a life of its own.

Sentient hairs wrapped around the doctor's wrists, causing her to let out a pleasantly surprised gasp. Continuing to grow the witchy vixen's do went after her prey, wrapping her a dozen different ways and beginning to lift her off the ground. "See, this is what happens when you let your hair get unruly," the beauty joked, giggling despite her circumstances.

By all technical accounts, this was the best outcome the girl had had yet. She had the upper hand, what with her tresses currently containing the unpredictable woman. They were quickly deciding to turn their attention towards their owner however, snaking over her thighs to wrap around them.

No, this wasn't a victory, just a glorified mutual defeat. "Reset!" she called as her fiery locks started trying to undress the two of them.

Back to normal, back through the beginning, and back into her private room. Five more tries, five more resets. "Onto the next one," the witch reminded herself, attempting to keep in good spirits as she grabbed up a black choker.

Briefly Matty touched her own collar, running her painted fingers down her cravat. She was already wearing something over her neck, so unlike the belt it wouldn't be so easy for it to be turned against her. Perfect.

Waltzing out, spinning the article around her finger, she greeted the top-heavy scientist with a now almost second nature, "So what do you think?"

They went through the motions, danced the dance, and the fiery haired saleswoman made her offer. "I noticed your neck was a little bare, figured you'd look good with a nice accessory," she suggested, similar to her initial approach with the belt.

"Oh, do you now?" the buxom beauty teased, running her fingers over the pale skin of her neck.

With an innocent smile the vixen gave a nod. "I do," she cooed, stepping up and holding it high with the intent to put in on her prey. Once she was close enough however, Lessien raised a hand to stop her.

"I dunno," she whispered, a finger on the girl's scarlet lips. "I think we'd both look better with less on."

Without warning she swooped in to kiss the mischievous Madam, flustering her once more. How had this come about? At no point with the belt had any road led to this. Was it because it was a different article of clothing?

Regardless of reason Matty couldn't help herself, surrendering to the moment. She was cautious of the doctor's hand on her, trying to keep aware of any new tricks she had up her sleeve, but she wanted this; even without the influence of the sneaky woman's sensitivity drug. Letting her golden eyes close she let out a happy sigh, opening her mouth in invitation and without hesitation having her partner's tongue accept and enter.

She was acutely aware of the radiant beauty's fingers moving up her body, getting to her generous chest and deftly popping the buttons of her blouse open with quick snaps. Meanwhile the witch's own hands slipped into the woman's coat, resting on her hips and letting her thumbs up into that green top to run over the soft skin of her waist. It briefly occurred to her she wasn't holding the choker anymore; had she dropped it? It didn't really matter. In that moment, the impassioned redhead couldn't be bothered to care.

Lessien's hands got into her blouse, running over her breasts lovingly beneath her shielding cravat. The space between them continued to lessen, as like a moth to flame the young vixen was drawn into their embrace. They docked, the well-endowed doctor's larger assets practically engulfing her own, those larger milking teats pressing into her even through all their layers. Her only response was her

disguised fingers moving up into her partner's top, carrying her arms behind the doctor's back to hold herself even closer.

Moaning softly in between breaths, savouring each second, Matty was in heaven. Slowly the dark-haired beauty's fingers abandoned her tits to tap at her choker. It only made sense, she wanted to see the cleavage she'd worked to put on display, and so the fiery haired girl offered no resistance. She let her undo the buttons with those talented fingers and enjoyed the feeling of them brushing over her neck.

And then the moment ended. The concealed fox felt something new get placed on her delicate skin. Her golden eyes shot open in shock, and she jumped back from the temptress like she'd been bitten. The damage was done though, as she reached up to feel the enchanted item snugly clinging to her scruff.

Conflicting feelings warred in her: the woman's betrayal instilling a feeling of heartbreak intense enough for her to want to cry; and a seething rage at herself for having been stupid enough to fall for the trick again.

The choker began its effect, turning her bright red makeup a deep shining black. From the roots her fiery hair was doing the same, darkening until it was pitch, framing her pale face and bringing more highlight to her features; as well as her stern glare. The final touch was, of course, her boobs. Without her cravat to shield it, the sight of them growing was a right show. They pressed together in their prison, billowing up and out until they were just larger than her scientific counterpart's. Only her bra grew to match, the hem of each cup visible in the wide-open neckline of the gothic-made witch's top.

While she did enjoy the sights, it was clear on the doctor's face she could tell she'd upset her host. "Matty I-"

The top-heavy goth didn't even let her finish, struggling with her anger as tears were welling in the corners of her eyes. "Reset!" she demanded of her menagerie, taking her back to the start.

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Half a dozen more attempts, half a dozen more items, half a dozen more failures. It was all taking its toll as Matty leaned on her desk, clutching at her head with her cloaked digits digging into her hair. Her breaths were heavy with exhaustion, not from physical tiredness, but mentally pushing herself to the absolute limit. Since the choker she'd been on a steady decline, her emotions running hot, and her intended victim's interest seemingly becoming less and less. And despite it all, Lessien walked in on cue, catching the display and immediately jumping to concern.

"Matty, are you okay?" she asked, moving to close the distance between them.

"I'm fine!" the redhead snapped with fiery ferocity that matched her mane, already realizing this was an irreparable mistake in the timeline. "Reset!" she immediately called out, starting the cycle over one more time. She couldn't win if she didn't even make it to the back room.

Using her precious seconds, the ruffled witch took a deep breath, finding the center she used to deal with rambunctious customers. Her smile returned, she adjusted her hat, straightened the doctor's electronic letter on the counter, and prepared to run through the scene again.

"It's been a while," she recited her line perfectly as her prey entered the room.

And once more they walked along the path, exchanging banters Matty had now heard almost fifty times. Chastising her methodology, calling her Menagerie a prison, there was nothing to be gained with cheap parlour tricks like predicting the lustrous raven bombshell's answers; even if she could by now recite them by heart. They didn't do more than make her stumble.

For a brief moment the wounded witch wallowed in her pride, savouring holding a victory like that with Sam to try and invigorate her, before handing it off to disappear and prep. There were so many defeats, so many botched attempts in her little hidey hole now that it almost felt sour to be back. She loved these items, what they could do, and yet they had all disappointed and turned on her. Tracing her way through, her expression tight and her fingers recoiling away from her more traitorous treasures as she searched for something new, she settled on a glass idol.

It was an intricate thing, depicting a massively over endowed woman, and filled with a pink mist that danced with each small movement. Yet another dangerously volatile and difficult to use piece, just holding it now made the fiery vixen its target. The last person to touch it before it broke would receive its intense effects full force.

She had tried to play off everything: the woman's curiosity; her vanity; her lust, everything. Save for one thing; her reflexes. Every time Matty tossed the doctor her treasured world she scrambled to catch it.

So that was the plan. Catch her off guard, toss it, and have her just graze it before it fell. It wasn't particularly cunning, or even graceful, but the vixen was at her wit's end.

With a deep breath she shook any negativity away, once more wearing her smiling façade and stepping out. The blue-eyed beauty looked up, as if waiting for her to say her line. Instead though she tossed her trinket. "Lessien catch!" she called as cheerily as possible.

This was it. The busty betrayer would scramble, miss, and the wily witch would finally have her victory.

No. The doctor still held the orb she'd been watching close. More afraid to drop a universe than whatever the redhead was throwing, she made a quick sidestep she dodged. In a slow arc the idol flew by, to crash and shatter against the hard floor.

The pink mist jumped out, flying across the room to breath itself into the body of the Madam who'd destroyed its container. She could hardly even muster surprise; of course, it would backfire. The effects were immediate, as if someone had hooked an automatic pump directly into her. The buttons of her blouse burst, one by one, so quickly the disguised vulpine was thrown off balance. A cautionary step backwards to try and stay upright was met, in reply, with her breasts surging forward with growth to pull her back.

Within seconds any semblance of support she had tore open, putting tits each so big she had to cradle them with her arms on display. They were each big around as her torso, heavy enough to make her strain, and showed no signs of slowing their unrelenting growth. Her heels clicked as she danced, trying desperately to fight and stay upright. It was a losing battle however, as doughy flesh poured over her arms and dragged her down to the floor.

She landed with a huff; her inflating breasts able to support her like full body pillows that rippled with the motion of her landing on them. And with that, her frustration boiled over. Nothing, *nothing*, worked. "Why can't I win?" the hyper busted girl shouted, slamming her fists into her growing boobs; regretting it when the tenderness kicked in, making her whimper and rub the impact.

"Probably because you've never had someone playing the same game before," Lessien answered matter of factly, solemnly stepping over and taking a seat on one of the girl's soft cushions.

The same game? She turned her golden eyes towards the doctor, expectant of a proper answer to her unspoken question.

Rolling up her sleeve to the elbow the dark-haired beauty showed off a small device strapped to the upper part of her forearm. It was unassuming, little more than a softly glowing blue disk and some sort of silver, battery-like tube. "You told me how this place works when we first met, so I put this together. It doesn't really have a name, not yet, but I guess you could call it a temporal displacement negater?" she mused, tapping her chin in thought. "Anyway, the short story, it prevents the wearer from being affected by any temporal shifts; to a degree. I couldn't account for the full extent of this place's magic. It kept jettisoning me back to the entrance, and it reverted my cowgirl form, but I still kept all my memories of what happened," the woman tapped her temple, giving the pinned vixen a small smile as breast flesh continued to expand underneath her.

Matty blushed, recalling everything they had talked about. Things she had said, or admitted to with the expectation that it would be forgotten; or rather, have never been said at all. "Every time we talked, from beginning to the point I called an end to it, you remember it all then?"

The lovely lady gave an affirmative nod. "All of it," she said, resting her hands behind her and leaning back.

So much made sense now. The sporadic behaviour, the unpredictability. "But wait," the witch pressed. "How did you know to avoid everything the first time?"

"I kept to a three-step plan," the doctor once more replied promptly. "I know you, anything you tried to give me would probably be booby trapped in some way, pun definitely intended," she chuckled, patting the body sized tits currently beneath her bottom. "So, step one, trust nothing you give me. Step two," she counted it on her free hand, "if I saw how something worked, or you were willing to use it on yourself, then I knew it was safe. Or at least I knew how to handle it anyway," she turned her sapphire blues to her friend, an apologetic look in her eyes. "And step three, stick to the script. Don't give up the goat. Which honestly was the hardest part.

"I'm not particularly a fan of prodding things that don't wanna be prodded. Let sleeping dogs lie as they say. I was obviously treading on a few tender spots in our conversations," she turned away, her fingers curling lightly against the smooth skin underhand, "and other moments I ended up outright

hurting you. I hope you know; I didn't mean to. I was just trying to loosen you up, get you to relax and have a little fun."

The overstuffed redhead turned away. "So, it was all a ruse then," she stubbornly mused.

"Some of it," Lessien admitted. "Keeping up the same answers, even as I got to learn more about you, was tricky," she reached over and snatched the cap from the girl's head, placing it on her own as she watched her assume her true form. Well, true save for the outrageously oversized tits. "Most of it was the truth though."

That fond look in her eyes had the fox's blonde ears folding back. She'd rightfully made a fool of herself, assuming everything her friend said was what she'd have done, weaving some great deception. All this time she'd spent trying to con the woman, while Lessien was just trying to get her to enjoy herself with the game. Thinking back on it, there were definitely parts she enjoyed, parts that she willingly erased in her desire to get a perfect "revenge".

"You're picking up on the big difference between you and me," the perceptive scientist went on. "You've got a powerful tool at your fingertips, and no fault on you for using it. You're not living though. You've got no stakes, making you complacent, and you're not savouring the moment for what it is. You're so fixated looking at what you didn't get, rather than what you did, and you take it out on others as a result," she analysed, gently running her hand over the huge breasts beneath her, then through the redhead's fiery locks, giving her a scratch behind the ears.

Those twin fluffy tails curled between her legs, her cheeks flushing in shame. There was only one thing left to do, now that she knew her raven-haired companion's secret. "Reset," she whispered softly.

Like clockwork they were back at the beginning, Matty sitting at the desk and waiting for the door to open, and perfectly on cue the buxom beauty walked in. There was no half-hearted greeting though, no repeated jokes, just a knowing look exchanged between them.

Quietly the inferno haired witch raised a disguised hand, taking the brim of her cap and lifting it off her head. The shadows left her face, and her vulpine ears popped out, flicking curiously back and forth to take in the room. Slender painted digits turned into hard unrelenting claws, that moved with uncanny grace and experience to set her headwear down. Then, finally, her twin tails took to the air, swishing shyly behind her as she kept her golden gaze down.

"I think we've been here long enough," she mused.

Lessien gave a small chuckle. "Barely six seconds, but it feels like an eternity doesn't it?"

Laughing at the joke the vixen nodded her agreement. "Would you wanna get out of here, maybe go get a burger?" she suggested with a nervous simper. "I may have heard somewhere, some when, you've got taste for savoury things."

The genuine smile on the curvy woman's lips enhanced her natural beauty. "I know just the place. You'll be drooling just from the smells when we get there," she invited Matty over with a gesture, turning on her heel for the door.

She didn't need further prompting, rising to her feet and hopping over on her clicking heels. Her tails were dancing, her ears were perked, and most importantly, she had a bright grin of her own on her scarlet lips.

"Told you," the doctor reached over and ruffled the girl's fiery hair between her ears. "Much cuter without the hat."

Cheeks tinted pink Matty flashed her golden eyes up, the motions of her tails turning mischievous. Without warning she shot up, pressing her lips to Lessien's and finally catching the dark-haired practitioner off guard. There was a moment of stunned pause, the two of them locked in the tender kiss until the redhead pulled away; leaving the buxom beauty the one wanting.

That cute little smile turned coy, and the naughty vixen reached a claw up to boop the woman on the nose. Savour the moment, the small victories. "I think I win," she teased, sauntering out the door.

From through her shining locks, the beginnings of her horns were poking out, her top growing ever so slightly tighter as her involuntary transformation was tickled. "Well, this is promising to be a fun time," the doc grinned, following behind those fluffy tails with a spring in her step and a slosh in her chest. But not before pocketing a little something from the shelves that "caught her interest".