

## Beautiful Botany Part 1

*Contains size changing of all kinds*

It had taken months of research and long hours toiling away at night, not to mention the countless weeks spent pouring over ancient botany tomes. But looking at his creation now, Andrew believed he had finally done it.

On the workbench in front of him sat a clay pot filled with dirt. From the center rose a small plant that resembled a thick above-ground root. It had grown to resemble a six-inch tall figure of a slender woman. Small pink flowers bloomed on her average-sized breasts and on top of her head, a larger flower resting where her feet spread out and rooted itself in the dirt.

Grinning happily, Andrew felt accomplishment coursing through him as well as anticipation for what the very near future would bring.

“Finally...” he said softly, “Now we get to finally have some fun with it.”

Looking at the clock he saw that it was still early into a Friday night; there was still plenty of time to find a few unsuspecting women to play guinea pig. Grabbing his potted creation, Andrew dashed from his greenhouse and headed downtown, images of what was to come rushing through his mind all the way.

Parking after debating whether or not to waste time finding a legal spot, Andrew surveyed the scene around him. Many young adults were walking by on the sidewalks on their way to different parties and clubs, dressed in their most appealing outfits, the streetlights coming on in the dimming twilight.

“Brittney! I love what you did to your hair tonight!” a girl cooed.

“I know, right? You still need to show me how you get your curls so big, though. I have the hardest time!”

His test subjects making themselves known right away, Andrew grabbed his plant and made a beeline for the two girls walking towards a nearby club: The Dancing Lobster.

“Oh, it’s really not hard. You just need to--”

“Excuse me!” Andrew interrupted them just outside the entrance to the building.

The girl looked at him, annoyed that she had been interrupted. “Yes?” she asked. She was wrapped in a long black dress with a plunging neckline to display what Andrew guessed were a phenomenal pair of DD breasts. She stood at a greater-than-average height of almost six feet.

Her friend, who he presumed to be Brittney, stared at him impatiently, her arms crossed over a showy camisole. A short pink skirt swirled around her mid-thigh and the top of her head almost met the top of her friend’s shoulder. He couldn’t help but notice the drastic difference between their sizes, Brittney’s chest a perky set of B cups.

“Well?” she asked again, “You just here to stare at us or something, creep?”

“No, no!” he quickly explained, “I just bought this plant for my girlfriend and I was wondering if the two of you could let me know if it smells all right. I don’t want to give her something that’s wilted...” he lied.

Her face softened a little, her eyes staring at the oddly feminine-shaped plant. “Oh, that’s sweet. Sure, let me see it.”

Andrew pushed the plant towards her, “Do those top two flowers smell ok to you?”

She inhaled the flowers on the plant’s head and chest deeply, Brittney looking eagerly into the door to the club. “O-Oh!” she gasped, “That’s...woooo...that’s a strong scent!”

She started to look dizzy, her hand holding the side of her head as she swooned. Andrew finally cracked a smile when he saw her dress becoming loose around her body. Her cleavage shrank away from her collar, her breasts flattening and drawing into her torso. The top of her head slowly lowered, inches turning into feet falling off of her as the girl started to shrink in stature. The straps of the dress drooped off her shoulders, the plunging neckline reaching far enough down to show the top of her pink panties in its now blanket-like size.

Andrew grinned, seeing the potted plant grow both in height and bust relative to the girl’s loss.

“A-Amy!” Brittney cried out, seeing her friend shrink to three-feet-tall in a matter of seconds, her chest absolutely flat.

Before Amy could reply, Andrew shoved the plant into Brittney’s face, thrusting the bottom flower to her nose. “How’s this one smell to you?”

Before she could think of what she was doing, Brittney breathed in the flower’s scent, a rush of endorphins overcoming her mind. She wobbled on her feet, stumbling back into the wall for support. “O-Oooohh... What was in that...?” she asked.

Quickly the front of her camisole bloated outwards, Amy’s stolen cups pouring into her friend’s chest. Her breasts swelled and grew, bulging over the top of the shirt and pulling at the straps. Meanwhile, her legs began to lengthen, her thighs thickening while the skirt slid up the length of her growing body. In only seconds, Brittney had shot up three feet in height, her skirt not long enough to cover her crotch. Her top had risen up her torso as well, exposing the large majority of her stomach as it looked more like a training bra stuffed with two G cup tits.

“W-W-What the *hel--*”

“Thank you! She’ll love it!” Andrew yelled, making a quick dash, his testing complete. It had been everything he had wanted and more. Before the girls could think to chase after him, he disappeared into downtown. Moments later, alone to himself and his wonderful creation, he said, “Now to *really* put this thing to the test.”

*For now, just find a group of women to smell it at the same time, then I can make another run for it. Going one by one would be risky and I may get caught,* Andrew thought. He started looking, always seeing another taller or more endowed girls. Finally, after starting to believe he was being too picky, he saw them; a group of eight young women sitting around a table outside a restaurant. *Perfect.*

He approached them, his heart pounding when he saw them up close. Most were above average height, and five of them looked to be well-endowed. Another looked to be positively massive in bust, her breasts larger than her own head and stuffed into a light sweater. "Excuse me," he asked them just like the others, "I was wondering if you could do me a favor..."

It was clear they had all had a bit to drink before that point and looked towards him with a welcoming emotion.

"Oh, hiiii! How can we help?" one of them giggled.

"I was wondering if you could tell me what these flowers smell like, I'm having an argument with a friend."

"Let me see it!" one asked eagerly.

"Me too!" another said.

Taking all his strength to hold back a grin, Andrew stepped forward and held it in the middle of the group, one hand covering the bottom flower. All eight women leaned in and drew breaths varying in intensity, Andrew stepping back a moment later to watch the show.

"It smells...like...I-I don't know..." one said, swooning.

"I've never smelled anything...like it...!"

All at once, the women's bodies started to change. Andrew was very happy to see the most busty of the group had vigorously smelled the plant's bosom, her chest quickly withdrawing into her like a pair of deflating party balloons. Her hands flew to her breasts, squeezing them as the disappeared. "My boobs!" she cried out, patting a flat chest, "A-Are they shrinking?!"

"Ahh! What's happening?!" a few of them cried out. They looked down at the table, its surface quickly rushing towards them as they shrunk into their chairs. A few slowed down after less than a foot, ending at a very petite size, while others continued at a mindblowing rate.

"I-I-I'm *shrinking!*!" one of the women screamed. Her body slipped through the collar of her shirt, a bra falling off her shoulders and past her hips as she shrank smaller and smaller, finally coming to rest in the middle of her underwear at a mere seven inches tall. She covered her tiny form, naked and exposed to the wide eyes around her.

"Jacky! Your tits!" another pointed, her friend's D cups pulling away from her bra cups to leave empty shells, her nipples visible from the gaping space opening in her v-neck.

"Ahhh!! No no no no no!!!" one yelled. Andrew was not fully prepared for this sight. Somehow one of the more busty of the women had breathed only the top flower of the plant, her rather tall height falling away. As she shrank smaller and smaller, passing five feet to four feet and below, her breasts remained the same size. Their ample curves started to look massive on her frame, before going into the realm of absolutely disproportional. The woman shrank out of her pants and underwear only to be left two-feet-tall and holding a pair of breasts the size of her torso in her tiny arms and lap, areolas almost the size of her head. "I-I'm nothing but a pair of *boobs!*" she cried out, her bra sitting awkwardly on her new body.

The group looked back to Andrew, confusion overwhelming them when they saw that he had already slipped away.

Not one hundred yards down the street, Andrew stood panting in an alley, his pants feeling as if they may burst at the zipper. The plant weighed heavily in his arms, the botanical woman's height now almost two feet tall with breasts hanging past her navel. The flower at her feet had started to look incredibly lush and healthy, its pink petals rich and ornate. A devious smile spread over his face as he marveled at the growth energy stored inside it. Slowly he said, "That's a good start, but I think I need a few more donations before I go and pay Anna a visit..."