

## Caregiver

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

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- *Madam Materia*

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Jesse let out a heavy sigh, running her fingers through her pitch-black hair in the few seconds of relief she was awarded between finishing work and returning home. She wished she had a cigarette, so badly she wished it, but had started quitting months ago for her girlfriend's health. The girl even reflexively fished through her pockets to look for her pack, as if maybe she might magically find it despite having thrown out her last so long ago.

The sharp features of her face furrowed, doing her best to fight the craving along with the frustrations of the rest of her life. "Fuck," she cursed to herself, distracting her hands by fixing the collar of her blouse.

She realized she'd been jittery, leaving her work clothes hanging awkwardly off her decently kept body. Hard to get fat when you're constantly on the move, so she was left slim and fit, giving her almost a hardened look with her steely blue eyes. Eyes that found themselves wandering, hunting for a distraction for her small moment of respite, and they found something quite unusual when they did.

There wasn't a door in this alley before, let alone one so old fashioned against the modern façade of the office building it appeared on. Was she hallucinating? A closer inspection, stepping up and resting her hand on the small brass handle, made such an idea very unlikely. Turning the knob in her fingers the girl pushed her way inside, amazed to see a sprawling interior of shelves adorned with all variety of odd knickknacks.

Unable to help her curiosity she continued inside the little shop, just to have a quick look around before she had to return to her girlfriend at home. There was a woman wandering about, her back to Jesse as she awkwardly swept with her elbows all the way out to the sides. Long golden blonde hair flowed down her back, over the wide swell of her plush bottom, and down past her knees. Jesse's own dark locks were only past shoulder length, and that was a pain to keep up, so she could only imagine how hard it was for the thicker girl to maintain that much hair and keep it so perfect. It was far from her only surprise though.

"Hello," the guest made a vie to perhaps get some service or information about this strange place.

The blonde perked up in shock, turning around to reveal her absolutely monstrous bust. No wonder she was holding the broom so strangely, they jutted out from her chest by feet, and hung down to her waist in perfectly rounded teardrops. How she wasn't tumbling down just from their weight the more lean-cut woman had no idea. Maybe only because of the size of her rear, balancing her out in an extreme hourglass?

Jesse was staring wide eyed, though the overly curvy woman didn't seem to mind. She simply gave a small giggle. "Oh, a customer," she chirped, bouncing on her toes and setting her inhuman proportions into motion. "Hold on, I'll go fetch Madam."

She might as well have said nothing the dark-haired woman was so distracted. Too busy watching the excitable girl hop off, her tits swaying and slapping against each other in the confines of her practically painted on dress as she made her way to the back room.

A moment later she returned with this "Madam". A peculiar redheaded woman, wearing a gaudy, wide brimmed witch's hat that cast most of her face in shadow. It did nothing to diminish the golden hue of her eyes however; they shone brightly, seeming to stare right through the guest to her little shop.

"Hello there, welcome to Madam Materia's Magical Menagerie," she exclaimed proudly, puffing out her chest to show it off. Compared to the blonde's explosive size she may as well have had mosquito bites, but that didn't mean the large over-handfuls weren't impressive in their own right, adding curves to the woman's lithe frame. "I'm the titular Madam Materia, though Matty is just fine for customers. My associate Alice tells me I can help you find something?" she gestured to the hyper-proportioned girl standing next to her, holding her broom nervously into her bust as if waiting for something.

Jesse raised her hands apologetically. "Oh, sorry uh, Madam Matty. I wasn't really looking for anything, just kind of browsing."

The redhead gave a giggle, hiding her darkly painted lips with a delicate hand. "We all have something we're wishing for Jesse," she mused, walking over to the counter of her little store and sitting herself down. "Sometimes it's as simple as a smoke."

How did she know her name? The smoke the trim girl could play off, there were enough smokers in the city that was an easy enough assumption to guess, but her name. "How-"

"The 'magical' part of that introduction I went through earlier darling," the witchy Madam finished the thought with a wry smirk.

There wasn't such a thing, there had to be more to it. At the same time though, this was an old-fashioned storefront somehow taking up the first floor of an office building. "Okay so, assuming that I believe you, what's your deal then?" the black-haired woman questioned, letting her blue eyes linger on the woman suspiciously.

"Like I said, we all have something we're wishing for," Matty replied with a coy smile, letting her golden gaze drift lovingly to her hyper-sized employee. "Mortals don't find the Menagerie unless there's something they need that, quote unquote, *real life* fails to provide them."

That last bit struck a chord, "providing"; it was the whole reason Jesse wanted that smoke in the first place. It felt like that was all her life was anymore, going to work to make a living, then coming home to take care of her girlfriend, Eve. There was no time for herself, it was just work and Eve.

It wasn't that she didn't still love the girl. They had started off as friends in high school, both playing that same game all gay teens did: pretending your hardest to be straight. Neither really needed more excuse to be labeled as outcasts. Jesse had been the typical rebel, taking up smoking and secluding

herself from everyone to protect herself, and Eve was prone to illness. She had a chronic condition that could have her suddenly sick, and needing go home for the rest of the day. Nobody wanted to hang out with “the sick girl” for all the stigma, nobody but the dark-haired loner girl. Maybe because, even back then, they could just tell they were lesbians?

They ended up coming out to one another in senior year, both intending to at the same time no less, leading to a cute and awkward exchange that sealed the deal for them as a couple. The pair moved in together as soon as they could, to get away from the scrutinising eyes of their parents, and things seemed good; for a while anyways. They both had jobs until Eve's condition started to worsen, then she was forced to quit, leaving Jesse to take the full burden of supporting their situation.

Over the past few years, it had drained her, leaving the working woman resentful of her partner. Resentful she had to quit smoking, that she had to constantly work, and do the shopping, and make dinner. She still loved her, but sometimes she just wished maybe she wasn't always the one taking care of her; that the tables could be turned and maybe she could be the one to lay down and be taken care of for a bit.

“Ali, why don't you give our fine guest a little shoulder rub?” the redhead ordered more than suggested. “There's a lot bothering her.”

The blue-eyed woman perked nervously. “W-what?” she stammered.

“Yes Madam,” the buxom blonde chirped, setting her broom against the wall and skipping over to comply with her boss' wishes.

Redness filled Jesse's face, feeling those soft, squishy breasts pressing into her back. Alice's hands reached over her orbs to take hold of their guest's shoulders, and with expert grace in her dexterous hands, she started to knead away the knots and tension.

Meanwhile the gaudy shopkeeper got to her feet, walking by with clacks of her spatted heels against the hard floor as she examined the shelves. “Now then, what best to help you with your little problem?” she mused, running her fingers along the items she kept on display.

“I didn't-” the slim girl started to reply, only to have her buxom masseuse pull her a little tighter into her cleavage and sink her digits deep enough to make her moan.

Matty gave a playful little laugh. “You didn't have to. Magical, remember?” she teased, perking up and plucking a small box off the shelf. “Here we are,” the witch skipped back to her customer and held out the item for her.

The busty blonde stepped back, letting the befuddled woman focus once more and take the offered object. It was like she couldn't help herself, the same curiosity that had pulled her into this strange place now had her peeking under the lid. She was slow opening it, only a sliver to see inside, and found a simple looking metal bracelet within; the kind of thing getting peddled in shams all over the web for “wellness”.

A smile cracked the guest's lips, and she couldn't help breaking into a hearty cackle. “Oh my god, you can't be serious?” she rubbed the beginnings of tears out of her eyes, turning them to the charlatan. “I knew this was all some sort of con.”

The redhead was unfazed, a grin spreading across her face in reply. "Assuming it was a con, how would I know that your girlfriend back home was the type of person that might be the target for one of fake 'cures'," she countered, regurgitating one of the girl's statements from earlier.

Once more a chill went up Jesse's spine. The question was already running through her head of "how", and she already knew the answer. The tricky woman was already mouthing it as she was having the thought: magical.

Swallowing thickly, she looked back down at the simple, silver trinket. "So, what do I do with it?" she asked.

"Just give it to your lover," Matty answered, beckoning her curvy associate over with her hand and tickling the blonde under the chin. "It should take care of the issue, make her a bit more dependable. Like Alice here."

Again, the guest was staring, inciting a small giggle from the hyper-proportioned girl that made her blush. More like Alice? She could still vividly remember that shoulder rub from earlier, making her flush further with a shameless arousal.

Magic, she said? What was there to lose? "Alright," she relented, letting a small amount of something fill her. Maybe it was hope for a solution? Or perhaps something darker, a little more selfish in her desire for Eve to be better. "How much?"

The witch simply waved a hand. "We don't take money here," she answered with that same grin on her lips. "Seeing the results of my work is reward enough."

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Whatever feeling it was inside her, it stayed with Jesse the drive home. She wasn't dreading it for once. Able to wear a, potentially malice, smile as she pulled down into the underground parking for their apartment building.

After what felt like the longest ride she'd ever taken on an elevator, the dark-haired woman arrived on their floor; wasting no time stepping out and down the hall to their little home. The telltale rattling of her keys would announce her presence, so opening the door Eve was already sitting up, waiting from her place on the couch. "Hey Jazz," she greeted her lover with a warm smile.

"Hey Eve," the sharp-featured woman replied with a bit more pep than she had the past few weeks, leaving her girlfriend to smile brighter.

It was clear just from looking at her that Eve was in a rough spot. She was thin, bordering on gaunt, a fact most visible in her pale cheeks and her wrists. Her auburn hair was currently messy, falling over her shoulders in frizzy waves down to her small chest, and framing her freckled face. Regardless of her illness however, her light-green eyes kept fiercely determined. She wasn't going to give up while she had Jesse.

"You seem pretty happy, was it a good day at work?" the bedridden girl asked, shifting to make room for her partner on the sofa.

Jesse took the invitation, settling down into the offered space and getting comfortable. "Something like that," she replied, fetching the small box the Madam had given her from her pocket. "I got you a little something."

The sick girl perked up a bit. "Been a while since we did anything like gifts," she noted, accepting the tiny package. "What's the occasion?"

With a smile and a nonchalant shrug, the woman met her girl's eyes. "None really. Just got thinking of you," she offered.

Blushing the pale girl turned away. "You didn't have to," she muttered shyly, but was still clearly excited for the gift. Opening it up she had a similar reaction to her girlfriend, pulling out the simple little bracelet with a laugh. "Oh Jazz, you didn't get swindled by something like this. You're smarter than that," she teased.

"I thought it would look cute on you," it wasn't entirely a lie, the little silver piece was elegant in its plainness. "If it helps you feel better at all then hey, just a cool bonus."

The red in Eve's cheeks deepened. "Thank you love," she leaned forward, pressing a kiss to her partner's lips. "That's so much better now that you don't taste like cigarettes," she joked, and without further dawdling slipped the trinket over her wrist.

For a brief moment the fit girl's steely blues went wide. She felt her heart quicken, waiting for the "magic" to happen on the edge of her seat. Waiting for it, only for nothing to happen.

The auburn-haired girl watched her curiously. "Everything okay Jazz?"

It took a moment for her to snap out of it, the eager anticipation she'd had immediately dashed with a pessimistic emptiness. Why would she have expected anything to happen? "Yeah, it's fine," she sank back into the couch, holding back a sigh.

All positivity was drained from the room, lowering both their moods as Eve's slender shoulders sank. "Okay," she didn't press, going quiet.

The dark-haired woman rose back up, wandering away without even looking at her partner again. "I'm gonna go get changed."

"Okay," her lover repeated solemnly.

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It was a usual rest of the night. Jesse's foul mood left her mostly keeping to herself. Eve suggested a movie, but the brooding woman rejected it with a simple "I'm not in the mood," so they had a quiet dinner at the couch, and went to bed.

The same thought pestered her all night. Why the hell did she trust that witch? Why did she let herself, for a moment, be open to her bullshit? She slept restlessly, her back turned to her partner until the early hours of the morning.

When she woke the auburn-haired girl was missing from the sheets, something that never happened. Immediately the trim girl jumped to worry. "Eve?" she called out softly, pushing herself out of bed in just her underwear.

There was no immediate answer, but as Jesse stepped out of their room, she heard something. Something was sizzling. Like a reflex she scented the air, proving her other sense correct that something was cooking. Following the trail, she wandered through their little one bedroom into their kitchen, caught by surprise when she saw her sick girlfriend up and about.

"Oh, morning Jazz, I didn't hear you get up," the pale girl chirped with a soft smile.

Her blue eyes scanned the scene, catching sight of some slightly browned scrambled eggs being stirred in their largest pan. "What're you...?" she couldn't even complete the thought she was so stunned.

Eve gave the eggs a dexterous flip, her new bracelet rattling around on her thin wrist. "You seemed upset last night," she explained calmly. "I was feeling pretty good this morning so I figured maybe I could make you breakfast to cheer you up."

And the surprises just kept on coming. The girl hadn't been well enough to do any cooking for... god, her Jesse couldn't even remember. "Um, thanks," was all the pitch-haired woman was able to get out of her mouth.

The normally sick girl just smiled warmly, plating up a hearty meal for her partner. "I hope you like it."

Jesse was still collecting herself from the situation, taking the hot plate in her hands and staring into it for a moment. The creamy scent of the eggs wafted up into her face, making her mouth water in anticipation. It was going to be good, but she was still struggling with the "how" aspect that all this had happened.

"You should probably eat it before it gets cold," her green-eyed companion noted in tease. "I can't take care of your work for you."

Just that choice of words reminded the woman of everything, sparking her to realization. That stupid wrist band, it had actually worked!

A grin crossed her lips, and she placed a kiss on her lover's cheek as she passed her for the kitchen table. "Right," the working girl chirped giddily.

The positive change had Eve beaming along with her, affectionately running her slender fingers over the spot her partner's lips had touched down. It was good to see her happy, and while the chronically ill wasn't going to hold out hope she'd stay feeling good all day, she was certainly going to do her best with the time they had. Scooping up her own meal she came over to the table, pulling up a seat so they could eat together.

Despite the gesture however, Jesse's mind was elsewhere. Taking the cooking away from her responsibilities was a great thing, her girlfriend actually doing even a bit better was a great thing. How far would it go though? She was already hopefully imagining that the two of them might manage to have a little "fun" tonight.

“Right,” her excited lover got to her feet, laying another kiss upon the girl’s cheek. “I’ll see you tonight!”

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Over the course of the morning she did the dishes from breakfast, dusted off their shelves and tables, vacuumed, mopped. The auburn-haired girl was so full of energy the place was spotless before lunch, and still she found herself restless. Where was it all coming from?

Stepping into the bathroom the skinny girl climbed up onto the scale, not particularly hopeful, but still eager to get a result. As she looked down though she was left in shock.

No, it wasn't her eyes. According to the scale, she'd put on four pounds since she last remembered weighing herself. That felt... impossible. It had been a while since her last weigh in, but she'd been sick and eating like a bird most of that time, she should have lost weight. Stripping to double check it wasn't her clothes or something she got a look at herself. Still thin and bony from illness, but there was the lightest bit of fat back on her. She could reach up and take hold of the squishy little mounds of her breasts; she actually had breasts again.

Whatever it was, luck or a turning of the tides, it was a small blessing. Reminding herself not to work to burnout Eve made herself a nice hearty lunch with what little they had. Maybe she should text her girlfriend to pick some things up on her way home? Tempting as it was to try and go herself, she didn't really have anything fresh to wear; plus, she wasn't one hundred percent sure about their finances at the moment.

She could fix the first problem though. Shooting off a text to her dark-haired princess to get some things on the way home, she started collecting up all their dirty laundry for a load.

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Sitting at her desk, Jesse's mind was anywhere but at work. She actually wanted to go home; a fresh feeling that left her positively giddy. When she got her girlfriend's text it shook her back to her senses, for a moment at least. The sick girl hadn't texted her at work since she'd been laid off, giving even so simple a request as for her to pick up some things for dinner leaving her nostalgic.

Things were on the upswing, and it carried the working girl through her day. During the drive home she found herself idly drumming on her steering wheel, so busy dreaming of what they were going to do tonight she almost forgot to get the groceries. Eve hadn't really given her a specific list, so she was left texting back to ask what the girl wanted her to get.

*"Whatever you'd like hun,"* her partner's text came back quickly. *"I'll make it work, just hurry home!"*

Excitement was back tingling through her. The sharp-featured woman was getting the full treatment, whatever she wanted, and her lover was eager to have her home. Maybe the homebound girl's thoughts over the day had been similar to her own?

Who was Jesse to keep her waiting? She got the shopping done in record time, and headed back to their apartment laden with bags. As if she knew her girlfriend had arrived the auburn-haired girl was waiting for her in the hall.

"Here, let me take those," Eve offered, as she scooped everything off the fit woman's arms.

It had only been a day and you could see the difference in the girl. She was up, she'd taken the time and effort to be dressed, and the wavy tangles of her hair from laying down all day were all but gone. Looking her over, she was as beautiful as the days they'd first met in high school; maybe a little more?

As both stood tall, Jesse found steel blue eyes were level with her partner's forehead. Maybe it was just she hadn't seen the sick girl standing in a long time, but she didn't remember her being this tall. Normally above those reddish locks were just under her nose, leaving her able to smell her shampoo and hug her into her chest.

The pair ended up just standing in the hall, until Eve tilted her head at her lover's confused staring. "Everything alright Jazz?"

"Yeah, fine," the dark-haired woman replied, returning to a smile. What did a small detail like that matter? "Shall we get inside?" she took her girlfriend by the elbow, causing her to flush as they walked arm in arm back to the apartment.

The couple unpacked everything together, Jesse openly making grabs at the green-eyed beauty. Cupping her rear, making her squeak, and even finding a moment to pull her into her arms and make out with her. The fervent kiss was met with a small moan from the shorter girl, as their tongues danced, and their hands roamed each other's bodies.



In the brief moment of a pause between their passions, the auburn-haired girl got a chuckle in. "Someone's excited," she teased with that bright, optimistic beam on her face.

"Hard not to be," her girlfriend purred in reply, bringing her lips back to her lover's mouth. "How about we slip into the bedroom before you start dinner?"

A tempting offer, one that had the pale girl's cheeks turning pink. "It has been a while," she noted, breaking their embrace and pulling Jesse along with her towards the bedroom.

And just like that, there was no more room for words. The two girls passed through the doorway, picking up where their kissing left off. Their hands leapt onto one another, blindly slipping into each other's clothing to start undressing, as they stumbled towards the bed. The working girl won the race, getting her partner's top off over her head first, breaking their snogging long enough to toss the offending garment to the edge of the room before getting back to their impassioned smooching.

Side by side they tumbled into the sheets, both knowing where they wanted to be and scrambling to kick off the rest of what they were wearing. They stayed on top of the blankets, pausing a moment to admire one another before they got lost in the heat again. Eve was more stunning than Jesse had seen her in a long time. She had a glow about her, and her lover's steel-blue eyes were drawn to the curves adorning her lithe frame. They were a delicate touch, a light brushing of femininity on the thin woman's frame, and they were perfect. Her work-hardened hands ran over them, brushing up the beautiful girl's thigh, over the light swell of her hip, then down the valley of her curved waist to end on one of those perky little mounds.

"So, you noticed too?" the reddish-haired girl teased, scooting herself closer to invite more of her partner's touch. "My weight's gone back up a little."

"In all the right places," the trim woman replied, giving the breast beneath her fingers a squeeze.

A shy flush tinted the girl's cheeks, and she immediately jumped back into the making out. Instinct took her girlfriend, the dark-haired lover starting to guide them down to the bed before she was stopped. Everything paused, worry filling her sharp features. "What's wrong?"

Eve's blush deepened. "Maybe, I could be on top this time?" she suggested nervously.

That was new, leaving Jesse to process the request before answering with an enthusiastic "Sure," and a wide grin.

With her condition, the green-eyed beauty had always had to be a bit of a pillow princess. To have the roles reversed, have her be the one giving, there wasn't any reason to argue. It was clear the girl was a little green, following what she remembered her partner doing more than anything. She guided her pitch-haired princess to the sheets, laying her out and taking a moment to crawl herself into position.

"Just, let me know if I do something wrong?" she requested of the more experienced woman.

Flashing a smile with her steel-blue eyes, Jesse put her at ease. "You'll do fine hun, just be careful with your teeth," she instructed.

The girl took it to heart, wiggling to get comfortable and then dipping down to slip her tongue between her companion's simmering lips. It was ecstasy, the dark-haired woman's eyes closing to savour the feeling as she let out a loving moan. Her toes curled, her hands looking to find purchase where they could let out some of the euphoric heat coursing through her. One took hold of the headboard, knuckles going white as her clit was tickled by her girlfriend's nose, the other reached down to run her fingers through those woody locks.

At the touch, those light-green eyes peeked up, the girl's mouth not stopping its work as she drank in the look on her partner's face. It brought a smile to her thin lips, hidden between her lover's legs, and she doubled down on her amateur efforts to please, to keep her feeling this way. The attempt was rewarded.

Jesse let out another gasping moan, the hand in her happy cunt muncher's hair pressing her in ever so gently. She'd always been delicate with her Eve, just because she was on the bottom this time didn't mean that was going to change. Just that little extra pressure had the girl's chin rubbing up on her, spreading the lower part of her hot box and letting her feel all the more stimulation.

“Fuck,” she cursed in a soft murmur, drawing those pale-green eyes up to her once more. “This is-” she couldn’t even finish, cut off by a delighted shudder as things went on.

She was close, her fingers curling in her girlfriend's locks to hold her in. Attempts at words only came out as lewd, babbling moans. Her hips were bucking, trying to get the most out of every little lick and nuzzle. Then, finally, there was a brief moment where everything went blank, and with a bright flash the toned woman arched and came hard.

The auburn-haired girl kept in place, letting her lover ride out her climax until the grip on her head lessened. When she finally rose the whole bottom of her face was coated in a slick sheen of girl cum, adding a lewd cuteness to her pleased grin. "Was that good?" she asked, already making her way up to cuddle in the afterglow.

Arms wrapping around the girl, Jesse pulled her close, pressing a kiss to her forehead. "It was amazing Eve," she cooed, smiling ear to ear. Just one day and all this! Breakfast, dinner, sex, plus the place was spotless. Things had turned around drastically; like magic.

Idly her fingers toyed with her girlfriend's bracelet. It was all thanks to this little trinket. "Up for another round? After dinner of course," the sharp-featured woman asked.

Eve met her with a smile. "I might be," she answered coyly.

After such an active night prior, Eve ended up sleeping in, and missing sending her partner off to work; something she sent an apologetic text for when she did finally manage to pull herself out of bed. Getting to her feet was arduous, leaving her stumbling a few steps on her toes until she could brace herself on the wall. Was she dizzy? Getting sick again?

Once her gaze drifted down she got a proper answer to the issue. Her green eyes went wide, catching sight of her body and being left confused at everything she was seeing. Her boobs were taking up a portion of her vision, hanging heavy off her body and trying to pull her to the ground with their unfamiliar weight.

Purely reflexively the girl straightened, feeling that dizziness return, and still drinking herself in, she could see why. The floor was further away than usual, not that it was easy to see past her tits. Her hands were already on those hefty globes, cupping them and feeling them flow over the edges of her hands. They were huge! Like what you'd catch on some heavily edited social media model.

How though? She'd eaten a lot yesterday, much more than normal, but this kind of overnight change? And the new height perspective. Eve rushed to the get to the scale, stopping dead once she caught sight of herself in the bathroom mirror along the way.

She was gorgeous. If yesterday had been an improvement, today you wouldn't even recognize her as the same girl. Her auburn hair was healthy, and shiny, the gauntness in her cheeks was all but gone, leaving her with a youthful plumpness, and her body. She was still wearing her pyjamas, but they hardly fit. Her top was stretched across her bust, and the hem was riding up her midriff to show off her slim waist. The bottoms that last night had fit her snugly were now riding high over her wide hips and juicy rear, with the cuffs stretching up her calves.

Worry flit through her head, for a very brief moment. Then, she wondered why she should be? She felt great, she looked healthier than ever, and she didn't have any doubt after last night that Jesse would adore a little more of her to enjoy.

The buxom beauty had come in here to check her weight progress, so stepped up onto the scale to check the damage. She had to pull her new boobs out of her way to see, but when she did her jaw almost hit the floor.

"Twenty pounds?" it just wasn't possible, but she couldn't deny what she'd seen in the mirror. She had to be a full foot taller than she remembered, and put on some serious curves. Twenty might even be low!

Bending down, her breasts squishing into her knees, she heard her top creaking. That wasn't good. She'd need a whole new wardrobe for her new proportions, and with Jazz being the only working one in the house how would they afford it?

Maybe it was time to try and get back to work? Drifting out to the living room she pulled out her laptop, dusted off her go-to text editor, and started whipping up a resume.

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Driving home Jesse shot a text her girlfriend's way, hoping to set the mood for another fun evening. Unlike yesterday however, there wasn't an immediate reply.

The fit girl couldn't help a small level of concern. She hadn't checked up on Eve that morning, having woken too late and needed to rush to work. Could she be mad? Or worse, could whatever spell had given her all that energy yesterday have worn off, and she was in bed sick again?

When she arrived home the dark-haired woman's worries grew. She flung open the door to find the apartment empty, her partner's blankets folded and laying over the back of the couch, and a note waiting for her on the table. Jesse didn't even get her shoes off, rushing in to get it and fearing the worst, that perhaps her lover had just left her.

*"Hey Jazz! Just leaving this as a precaution," it read. "I had to go out and do a little shopping, sorry about the bill, but I'll be able to cover it in a couple weeks! I managed to get a new job! Nothing major, just waiting tables at a little place. I should be home soon, but just in case I made extra lunch and left it in the fridge for you. With love, Eve."*

A wave of relief washed over the woman, one hand clutching at her still hammering heart. A job. That was even more improvement, and could even let Jesse take fewer shifts herself. The bill part though? She opened up her phone, flipping to her banking app and going pale. Eve had spent hundreds! On what? She'd never been one for just binge shopping out of nowhere.

So much for cutting out a few work hours; until their safety net was back there'd be no rest. She'd have to talk to her girlfriend when she got home. For now, some home-made food would help her relax.

It was a good hour later, the majority of the pitch-haired woman's frustration having petered away, when the rustling of keys announced her girlfriend's arrival. The fit woman was lounging on the couch, a show on and the empty container from her dinner sitting on the table, but bolted up when she remembered they had things to talk about. Her steel-blue eyes waited on the door, trying to find the right expression between upset and understanding.

All of that effort went right out the window as Eve walked through the door. Fresh heels clicked against the tile to carry her inside, her heavy body bouncing in the tight confines of her new work uniform. "Sorry I was gone Jazz," she immediately apologized, flashing a perfect smile to her lover. "I had to stay a little late, and then transit was behind schedule..."

Her girlfriend was hardly listening, trying to process the sight of her buxom beau. She was like a supermodel, squeezed into a slightly too small waitress costume. Her breasts were huge, forcing small openings in between the buttons, and her skirt was so short Jesse could see the lower curve of her rear beneath it. Was this girl even her Eve?

"Tips were amazing though! I pretty much made back most of my wardrobe costs in just one day," the auburn beauty continued on, fishing into her apron and hauling out a thick roll of bills.

Jesse shook herself to her senses. "Yeah," she responded blankly, hoping that was an appropriate answer for whatever her companion had been talking about.

With a giggle the waitress kicked off her shoes, striding across the room on her long legs and plopping herself down next to her lover. "Noticed have you?" she purred.

Even seated, the curvy girl was nearly a head taller than her dark-haired princess, her knees hanging over the edge of the couch, practically nudging the table, a good sign she'd make up the difference on her feet. "Yeah," the now shorter woman repeated, drinking in every inch of the bombshell.

Those green eyes sparkled, and their owner leaned down to pull her partner into a kiss. She was in control, that same girl who last night wanted to top, and it showed in small ways. One hand slipped onto her lover's lap, the other cupping her cheek to keep her where the beauty wanted her. Their distance was quickly closed, letting their bodies press against one another through all their layers while they savoured the taste of each others' kiss.

With the fires stoked Eve got up, and without a word pulled Jesse along with her. She started for the bedroom, her finely built girlfriend offering no objections, and soon things escalated to open groping and fondling of one another. Clothes hit the floor, and the auburn Venus was laid out bare atop the sheets with an inviting smile.

The pitch-haired woman complied, crawling up and letting her fingers roam over the enhanced form of her Eve. "Yes, touch me more Jazz," the buxom woman pleaded, stretching her body out for her.

Like she would ever deny such a request. Closing her steel-blue eyes she explored every new curve of her partner. She laid kisses upon that pale, perfect skin, making her way up from hip, to waist, to the bounty of those fat tits that now adorned her chest. Even compared to the sharp-featured girl's lips they were soft, relenting under the tiniest pressure as the woman blindly toyed with them. They felt large as her face, squishing around her cheeks as she nuzzled into them with horny desire.

All the while the big girl cooed, breaking into a high-pitched gasp when her lover discovered one of her eager nipples. The attention had caused them to grow hard, as big round as a fingertip and prodding into her girlfriend's angular face whenever she got close; beckoning her towards them to lavish them as she was the rest of her body.

When those lips finally wrapped around her needy bud Eve had to hold back a moan, the pent up energy traveling down her body to force her legs to grind together. "They're tender," she whimpered under her breath, resting a hand in those dark locks to hold her partner in place.

The fierce woman couldn't ask for better encouragement. Opening her mouth, she ran her tongue over the sensitive nub. A hand came up, sinking her strong fingers into that pliant titty and kneading it lovingly while she suckled its teat with abandon.

It was a strange sensation to be the shorter of them. She had a breast in her mouth, and yet her girlfriend's simmering groin was hovering right at her hips; like an open invitation. Her free hand glided up one of those thick thighs, eliciting a gasp from the squirming beauty as it grew close to her hot box. Jesse's thumb lightly grazed those velvety lips, feeling the way the tall girl shuddered in delight at the whole of her body being worshipped. The light graze quickly became penetration, as the dark-haired top let two keyboard-calloused fingers delve into her larger than life girl's hot depths.

With a sharp moan the curvy woman bucked, unable to form eligible words for her pleasure. Her arms came down, wrapping around her girlfriend's back and holding her to her larger form.

"Close," the auburn lover managed to babble out through her ecstasy, as the bed creaked beneath them and their increasingly frantic lovemaking.

That was the only warning she gave, before she hugged her partner tightly into her body and came hard for her. They stayed like that for a moment, Eve locked in bliss as she rode out the high, with Jesse squeezed into her bosom. Then the pair relaxed, the sharp-featured teat sucker rising up with a lewd grin. "Have fun?" she teased, moving into a snug little cuddled position at the nape of her girlfriend's neck.

"Yes," the green eyed beauty smiled down at her. "Ready for your turn Jazz?"

The smirk on the tall girl's face wasn't one that was going to take a no. Not that her pitch-haired lover was going to turn her down. "Hell yeah," she replied eagerly.

After their dinner together, and a round three before bed, the two girls passed out practically as soon as they hit the sheets. Another long night, and another sound sleep in each other's arms; even as things continued to change in drastic ways.

Once again it was Jesse that woke first, and as her steel-blue eyes slowly opened she could already tell something was wrong. She was right next to Eve, huddled tightly to her lover's body, not by either of their grip, but purely by gravity. It was like she was on a hill, or falling into a pit towards her girlfriend, making even pushing herself up into a seated position a chore. When she did however, her eyes flew wide in surprise.

"Eve," she pushed on her partner to rouse her. "Eve!"

Hesitantly the girl's pale-green eyes opened, heavy with sleep as she took her dark-haired lover in. "What is it Jazz?" she asked, sitting up herself.

Her answer came in the way the bed groaned in protest over so light a movement. Her head rose up, and up, towering more than a foot over her bedmate, and breasts larger than her head, bigger than Jesse's whole torso, rolled into place around her chest to fall and hang just over her navel. The gigantic girl couldn't help looking down with shock, seeing her body, seeing the way her pyjamas were in tattered shambles. Her legs had grown past the footboard as she slept, and were now hanging freely in the air, her toes wiggling freely.

For the first time since all this started, Jesse was truly worried for her lover. "Something's wrong," she told her, resting her hands on one of the girl's long arms.

The auburn-haired Amazon couldn't be further from that idea. There was a grin on her plush lips, as her hands busily went about exploring all the new her there was to explore. "There is?" she asked, not even looking towards her partner she was so busy fondling herself.

The woman could hardly believe what she was hearing. "Yes," she practically shouted. "Look at you, this isn't normal," no, it was magic. That bauble was still hanging over the huge girl's wrist, quite tight now that its owner was nearly double in size.

"When have things been *normal* with me Jazz?" Eve simply joked, shifting to lay on her side and show off. "I feel better than I've ever been! If it means a little growth spurt, some more of me to love," she teased, arching her enormous chest into her partner, the girl going flush as she was practically covered in soft breast, "then all's good, right?"

How was she supposed to respond to that? Admit that she'd accepted some hex from a witch that was turning her girlfriend into some overstuff giantess? Even if it was the truth, just running the idea through her head had the dark-haired woman acknowledging how insane it sounded. Maybe there was a way to stop it?

"Right," she murmured her reply, buried in her lover's oversized cleavage.

With a smile the Amazonian beauty offered her lover a peck on the forehead. "If it's really bothering, I'll stop in at the doctor's after work," she promised, releasing her princess and finally getting out of bed. On her feet she nearly hit the ceiling, a simple stretch of her arms knocking loose flakes of the stucco with her elbows.

Jesse shot upright, unable to deny her attraction to the perfect hourglass her girlfriend demonstrated from behind. "You're still going to work?" she questioned, hoping the problem of having something to wear would be obvious. There was no way the curved goddess was fitting into yesterday's work uniform.

"Of course," the huge girl didn't even hesitate, coming up with a temporary plan and stealing their topmost sheet to wrap around herself. "I'm scheduled after all. I'll just pick up a new uniform on the way to work."

With her size, and proportions, that wasn't going to be a simple trip to the mall. She'd need custom tailoring, and that could take hours. Not to mention the cost of something like that. Eve didn't seem particularly discouraged by any of those factors however.

The trim woman needed something, any sort of idea to try and fix what she'd done, and as her gaze settled across her girlfriend's form, there was only one thing she could hope for. "Your bracelet's looking snug," she commented. "How about I take it in and see about having it resized for you?" It was lies within lies, but that thing had started all this, maybe taking it away would solve it.

"I can do it," Eve was quick to reply, almost defensively covering the little accessory with her hand.

"You're already going to be getting new clothes, working the day, and visiting the doc's," the dark-haired woman pointed out, counting it all out on her fingers before doubling down on her façade. "Plus, I bought it remember? How would you take it back to the right place?"

There was logic to that the bigger girl couldn't really deny. "You could tell me," she suggested, only to get a disbelieving look from her lover. Reluctantly the woody-haired beauty caved, fidgeting with the clasp to remove it. "Alright Jazz."

She returned the silver piece, already missing it upon her wrist as Jesse put it to the side for later. "Try and get it done for today?" the curvy giantess pleaded nervously.

"Sure," the sharp-featured woman replied curtly, her mind elsewhere as she plotted what she was going to do.

There wasn't more time to drive in her request, the blanket-wrapped woman needed to get going for work. She offered her partner a quick kiss before scurrying off to do what she needed to be ready.

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Calling in sick took a surprising amount of effort from the working woman. She hadn't been able to in so long, having to support Eve and herself, it was a strange mixture of anxiety followed by elation when she was allowed to. It was only too bad she couldn't really enjoy it.

While she'd been able to call in, that didn't mean she could just relax. She had to figure out what to do with this cursed silver band, and the first place she could think to go for answers was where she got it; Madam Materia. That unfortunately meant going to the alley next to her office, and if she was caught there, she could very well be fired for feigning illness. There were more important things to worry about though than a stupid job.

Making sure to keep to the blind spots of the building's windows, and dressing as inconspicuously as she could, in one of her girlfriend's oversized tops from yesterday, Jesse managed to sneak her way into the alley. "Alright," she mumbled to herself, walking up and down across the wall and looking for anything to help her find the mysterious door.

She ran her hands along the smooth concrete, hoping for a crack, or some sort of trick that would reveal the magical knickknack shop; nothing. Her next attempt was more blunt.

"Matty!" she called out, not as worried about keeping her voice down as she was getting answers. "Madam Materia! Alice!" she continued to holler at the wall. Still nothing.

The dark-haired woman pulled out the bracelet, holding it up high to make sure if the witch was watching she saw. "I have a complaint!" she barked, feeling frustration greater than that she had from when all this started taking her over.

Her breaths hot and furious she waited, only for, again, nothing to happen. Why had she expected anything more from a conwoman? Gritting her teeth, Jesse wound back her arm. If she couldn't return it to fix things, then maybe she could just cast it away and be done with it.

As she was about to however, Eve's words from that morning echoed in her mind. *"Try and get it done for today?"*

The woman paused, letting the pent-up feelings wash out of her. She could still see it in her head, the way, even so large a girl as her partner had become, had been meek and protective. Jesse let out a heavy sigh, slumping her shoulders and turning her steel-blue eyes to the little bauble. Eve liked it, cared about it, and was trusting her to bring it back to her fixed and fitting. If she just threw it away, what would her lover think?



All of this had started from these negative feelings she kept on letting brew deep inside her. She'd been willing to lie, to take something strange from a witch promising a "solution", that had probably irreparably changed the woman she loved. And now, she was about to lie again, and potentially hurt her more.

A single warm tear rolled down her angular cheek, and she slipped the simple piece back into her pocket. There was a jeweler not far off. If Eve hadn't spent too much on a new work uniform, she should be able to get it fitted for her larger than life soulmate. Maybe it might break whatever spell it cast to modify it.

Either way though, it was time to tell the truth.

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Ducking her way through the doorway, and needing to compress her huge bust in her arms to get through the frame, the auburn-haired beauty finally arrived home after a long day. And yet, she wore the best smile anyone could expect to manage as she did. "Hey Jazz," she called out to her lover.

Jesse was parked on the couch, still in her girlfriend's borrowed top as she turned to face her. It was hard not to match her partner's enthusiastic grin, forcing the black-haired girl's lips to crack into a small curve, but that was all she could manage.

"Hey Eve," she greeted her back, her tone more somber, heavy with the weight of her actions.

Even custom tailored the big girl's new work uniform was tight, stretched over her fat tits to the point you could make out the edges of her bra. "Worried about what the doctor had to say?" the curvy giantess asked, coming over to the couch to comfort her love. Her thick bottom dropping down into the cushions left the piece of furniture groaning in protest, dipping heavily under her weight. "It's all good," she assured her, "she said it looks like a pituitary issue, causing some late life gigantism, but other than that I'm healthier than I've ever been. I'm even getting paid to run a few more tests, since it might be able to help others with the condition."

It was good news, and Eve was ready to give her a nice squishy hug to celebrate, but the sloppily-dressed girl refused; holding her hand up, unable to meet proper eye contact.

All of that positivity drained from the auburn optimist, replaced with anxious worry. "What's wrong Jazz?"

Having gotten this far didn't make any of this easier. Jesse could feel her heart hammering nervously, and yet her fingertips still felt cold and clammy. Fishing through her pocket she got the adjusted bracelet, a few extra links on its chain to accommodate her partner's larger form.

"Oh, my bracelet," some of her giddy excitement returned, but her somber lover wasn't done yet, curling her fingers around it to stop it being taken.

Her voice was caught in her throat, but she had to get over it. With a deep breath, the office worker steelled herself, building the courage to do what needed to be done. "Eve, I haven't been honest with you," she admitted, feeling her whole body tighten with shame, and fear. "I knew what was causing

everything. I got this from a woman in some hokey, back alley magic store. I know it's not really believable, but it was real magic. It was like she could read my mind, she knew about you, about your condition, and she gave me this to make you better," she paused, her grip tightening on the bauble. "It wasn't for you though; it was for me.

"I was just so tired, so angry at everything and bottling it up," her voice started to crack, leaving each word wavering. "I let it get twisted into something wicked, and it led to me accepting something that hurt you. That did this," she gestured to the giantess' wild body, "and I don't know if I can fix it. I'm just so..." the first of her tears escaped her eyes, pouring down her face to land across her lap. "I'm so sorry Eve."

The tough girl broke down, quivering as she cried and expecting the backlash she rightfully deserved for her actions. She heard the creak of the couch as her lover moved, then an arm over her shoulders. Before she knew it, Eve's warmth was all around her, hugging her as tightly into her huge form as she could, and resting her princess' crying face into her soft chest.

"I forgive you Jazz," she whispered softly, her own voice quaking with strong emotions.

Without even needing to think Jesse embraced her, wrapping her arms around the one she loved. The pair held one another for minutes, expressing their powerful feelings for one another through so simple a gesture, until they were ready to move on.

The dark-haired woman finally withdrew, holding out the bracelet for her soulmate once more. "I got it fixed. I was going to throw it away for what it did, but you liked it so much," she continued with the truth. She owed the big girl that much.

Eve gave her that same kind of cracked smile, one hiding deeper emotion as she started to speak. "I liked it because you gave it to me Jazz," she said, taking hold of her girlfriend's hands. "It had been so long since you looked at me with that shimmer in your eyes, and... I knew why. That's why I was so happy when I started getting better. I wasn't a burden anymore, and I could start taking care of you the way you had been me for too long," she gave a small chuckle, fighting back her own waterworks. "A part of me knew it was the reason. That's why I was so scared to give it up," her grip on the trim girl's hands tightened. It wasn't the dumb bauble she was afraid to let go; she was afraid Jesse might go with it.

The smaller woman squeezed back, finally looking up into those light-green lights on her partner's face. She could tell, as simply as the accursed witch could, what her true love was thinking. "I'd never go anywhere Eve," she promised. Even if none of this had happened, that much was always true. "I love you more than anyone else in the world."

It was reassuring, enough to make that façade smile genuine, but still the huge girl needed a little more. "What if I get sick again without the bracelet?" she asked.

"Who knows if it's even magic anymore, I couldn't exactly take it back to a disappearing shop," the pitch-haired woman joked. "Even if you get sick again though, I could never stop loving you."

The auburn beauty brightened, pulling her mate back in for another hug into her immense bosom. "I really don't like being sick," she gave her own admission.

"We can keep this aside then," Jesse offered, setting the item down on the table. "Maybe just it being around will be enough magic to keep you happy and healthy."

"You're all the 'real' magic I need Jazz," Eve smiled, holding her closer. "Can you make me one more promise though?" she inquired.

The sharp-featured woman smirked, trying her best to read where this was going and failing. "What?" she asked back.

The curvy girl dipped down, pressing her lips to her partners for a quick kiss. "No matter how healthy I get, don't start smoking again. Kissing you is way better when you don't taste like cigarettes," she teased.

She couldn't help a laugh, hungrily turning her steel-blue eyes at her partner. "Promise," she replied, hopping up to wrestle the big girl down to the couch for some make up make outs.

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Reclined in a nice soft seat, the witchy Madam Materia pouted at the sight unfolding within the orb she held. A quick shake had deep mists filling it in, the scene jumping ahead to the massive Eve doing her best to squeeze into their shower, Jesse laughing as she tried to help out. Another shake, and the pair were getting a new home, adjusted for the auburn-haired girl's incredible size. A third and she was watching the pair at the altar, the oversized girl's buxom form squeezed into a pristine white dress, as her slim partner wore a crisp suit.

With an unhappy groan the redhead sank back, her hat displaced by her oversized cushions as she let the image of the lesbians cementing their marriage with a kiss roll off across the hard floor. Her form began to shift, her blonde fox ears popping from between her locks and flicking in agitation, twin fluffy tails shooting up through the crest between the massive pillows she was resting against, and of course her delicate hands morphing into their true form as monstrous claws.

From behind Alice's head sprang up, worry in her adorable face. "What's wrong Madam, did I not do good?" she asked, shifting for a better view and revealing the whole of what her mistress was laying upon to be her bust. Each were larger than her body, pinning her to the floor by their sheer size and offering a comfortable seat to the perverted vulpine.

"No, you did fine darling," she reassured, running one of her thick furred paws over the giant bosom laid out for her, making her way to one of the girl's fist-sized nipples to tease it and distract herself from her failure.

The overstuffed blonde let out a small little squeak, squirming and causing her cushioned chest to jiggle. "Then what's wrong? That Eve girl got pretty big. Not as big as me of course," Alice bragged, doing her best to push her chest out and fluttering her violet eyes for her Madam.

"Of course, you're my biggest, best girl, my Alice," the redhead cooed, laying a kiss on her heaving breast. "And I guess I just miscalculated, I won't make that mistake again when someone

deserves punishment," she explained in the easiest way possible, crawling deeper into her plaything's cleavage. "A bit bigger Alice, I want to be smothered," she ordered.

The blonde smiled. "Anything for you my Madam," she chirped, her tits ballooning out to engulf the sinful vulpine in soft boob for a bit.