

# Read The Recipe

## A Twisted Infinity Tale

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"And a bunch of hog's hair."

Faye squinted at the mouldering old book she had propped up against her kitchen backsplash, grabbing a handful of wiry bristles from the bag of ingredients on the counter next to her. A bunch seemed like a lot, but it was what the book said...

The book. A chance find on a day volunteering at the library clearing out old, mouldering stacks. A blank leather cover, of a strange, old, weathered leather. On the title page, in words that seemed to writhe before her eyes: *Magick*.

Every section detailed what seemed to be either a spell or a potion. Faye devoured it, fascinated, the little high school witch inside her giddy with glee. The wannabe librarian inside her was more focused on the aesthetics of the tome, its ancient pages, the leather, the strange writing that wiggled and slinked from sight.

It was finding the beauty potion that pushed her into actually trying one. The promises the description of the potion made, that it would make her the most beautiful woman in the world and give her a body of a goddess... She had to take the chance.

It wasn't that Faye was unattractive, exactly. There was nothing drastically wrong with her. Everything was just kind of five or six out of ten – a little too skinny in parts, a little pudgy in others, breasts just voluminous enough to point in odd directions.

It had taken about a week to gather a pile of strange ingredients under the book's instructions. Hog's hair, toad sweat, various herbs – it was classic literature witchery. Her roommate Lucas put up with the disruption with increasing frustration, and was now looking over her shoulder at the simmering pot of liquid, now bright pink after adding the bunch of hair.

"Don't you think this has gone far enough? What are you planning to do now?"

Faye shrugged. "Drink it, I guess. It can't hurt?"

"It really can. But sure, you do you."

Faye squinted at the book again. The letters had never really stopped writhing since she got it – did it say a "bunch" or a "pinch?" She shrugged, and turned off the gas as she stirred the pot, watching the bright pink potion shimmer. A sweet and spicy scent wafted from the surface, one she could feel heating her up from the inside when she breathed it in.

She ladled some of it into a glass. It was thick, like yoghurt, a trail of it running down from the rim of the glass. Was she really about to drink this? Something she made out of a recipe in a book she found rotting in a dusty stack, made of random animal parts?

"What's the worst that can happen, really?" She told herself that as she lifted it to her lips and began to drink. It danced on her tongue, filling her mouth with the same sweet-spicy taste it gave off in its aroma, and tumbled down into her stomach with a warmth that almost sparkled. Immediately the warmth, the prickling, glittering warmth, spread out from her stomach throughout her entire body, until it settled into what felt like every tissue in her body.

"O-oh, wow. Wow. Even if it doesn't do anything else, this feels amazing."

Her skin flushed, the cool air currents in the room playing across it and sending up goosebumps where the temperature dropped. Her breath caught, making her begin to pant like she was running a race. The tingling was still there, though, the prickling, and it was only growing.

Suddenly the sensation surged, both the prickling and the heat, specifically in her chest. She gasped as the two mixed together not just into a pleasant sensation but a rush of pure pleasure, like it was one of her most private areas being attended to by a lover but without any sort of actual touch, the sensation just appearing out of nowhere and buzzing straight up her nervous system.

Lucas looked over with a shocked jump as Faye moaned. "Faye, are... Are you all right?"

She moaned again. "Oh I'm *better* than all right, I-ooooohhhffffuuck this feels so good!"

The sources of pleasure multiplied, the enhanced sensation spreading down through her body, accompanied by invisible hands roaming their way around her body as well, caressing her breasts, squeezing her waist, massaging deep into her hips and thighs and most notably pressing and squeezing between her legs, putting delicious pressure on her throbbing clitoris. She clutched the kitchen counter, trying to get on top of the sensation, but just as she felt she could crest it it surged again and dunked her back underneath buzzing pink waves of pleasure. Her skin was heating up now, flushing red against the coolish air in the kitchen.

Focusing on trying to regain control, she didn't notice at first as the feelings were being joined by another, more direct sensation. Soon, though, she realised her bra straps were putting pressure on her shoulders, and the cups felt strangely tight as well. It was hard to tell under her dark red sweater, especially trying to think over the pink fog in her head, but something else strange was happening. She thumped the counter as an extra-intense pulse of pleasure rocketed from her tits right down into the core of her body, momentarily erasing her ability to think. This time, though, she could tell that it was accompanied by an increase on the pressure on her breasts from her bra. Once she'd recovered, she looked down, noticing that she could see a lot more of her woollen sweater than she could before.

She went cold, or as cold as she could with her skin moistening with sweat, heating up from within. Lucas had gotten up and approached her with a grim look of concern on his face.

"Faye, what's going on, why are you-"

She felt a pulse of that sudden, intense pleasure again, this time from her rear, and sinking forward in shock, she heard her jeans give out a protesting creak. She moaned, one hand roaming across the expanding curve of her ass cheek. The waist of her jeans was digging into her body. Unseen, the button of her fly was straining under immense pressure as more flesh slowly filled out her jeans.

"Jesus Christ Faye, you're *swelling!*"

The sensation surged again, all across her body this time, her abdomen spasming, her vulva pulsing, her clitoris straining. Her hips were achingly tight, her thighs burning, all of it melding into a sensation so powerful she couldn't distinguish if it was pleasure or pain. Sweat dripped from her face onto the counter.

The fabric of her bra strap started creaking ominously. Panting and sweating, she reached her hands up under the back of her sweater to try and undo the clasp, but it was under so much pressure that she couldn't even pull the clasp apart. Another surge of growth left her breasts under unbearable pressure, the cups cutting into her expanding flesh.

There was a snap, and the button flew off her jeans at high speed, pinging off the opposite wall. The zipper followed soon after as her pants desperately tried to make room for her expanding trunk, but there was only so much room before her ass and thighs were straining at the denim again. She was being squeezed in from all sides by her own clothes and she could feel panic starting to rise in tandem with the other sensations with which she was being assaulted.

The pressure of her bra reached unbearable levels. It was impossible to tell how big they'd gotten, until out of desperation she took a deep breath, pulled her arms back behind her and thrust out her chest. There was a glorious, much-needed snap and her tits surged forward as the tiny cups fell away from her massive mounds. She was finally able to look down and actually see the full extent of the growth she'd undergone. Vast mounds stuck out underneath her sweater like burgundy balloons, to the point where she couldn't see the ground in front of her, let alone her feet. Another flood of prickling heat heralded another flood of flesh under her sweater.

"S-stop, please, no more..." Faye's hands flew up to push into her breasts, as if to stop them from expanding, which made her realise that they'd become much more sensitive as they'd swelled. The feeling of gripping on them made her pussy twitch, which made her notice how much stronger *that* sensation was as well. Its swollen lips squished together with slick moisture.

"Faye, you need to go to the fucking hospital. I don't know what the fuck you've done to yourself but something is *wrong*."

Faye turned around at the sound of Lucas's voice, rubbing her expanded hips and ass cheeks against the kitchen counter. With her oversized breasts pulling up her sweater, Lucas could see that her waist had pulled in and trimmed out, although still leaving her with a smooth feminine curve to her stomach. In her drum-tight jeans he could see that not only were her hips bulging but that her pussy mound was so swollen as to be visible under the fly, with an unmistakeable bump that

couldn't have been anything but an overgrown clit. A dark stain was spreading out down her legs from the cleft of her thighs.

Faye fluttered hooded eyes at her roommate, breath rattling, chest heaving, sweat trickling down her face. Without her bra, her enormous rock-hard nipples made indents in her sweater. "N-no... I don't need the hospital... I- I need..."

The word hung in the air for a moment, until Faye lunged at Lucas, practically growling, grabbing the shocked man by the shoulders and pulling him over to the living room onto the couch. She straddled him and lifted off her sweater, giving Lucas a full unobstructed view as her absurdly-enlarged tits sloshed back down into place and hit her stomach with a fleshy slap. Twice as big as her head, warm and wet with sweat, capped with fat nipples an inch and a half across and an inch tall. They shook and bobbed and jostled against each other until they settled, at which point they still quivered each time she moved her body. She dropped forward, bobbling them either side of Lucas's head, whining with need.

Stunned, he gently slid his hands up around them. They were burning hot, tacky with moisture, and when her oversized, rigid nipples hit his palms he could feel her desperate heartbeat behind them. The skin was beautifully smooth and flawless, despite how rapidly it would have had to stretch to cover the newly-grown expanse of her breasts. He turned his head to the side and felt them drag against his face, pillowy softness bulging against his cheeks and lips, trapped in a doughy wonderland of perfect breast.

"S-ssuuck them, please, oh fuck, I need... I need you to suuuu-huuck them!"

She barely waited for him to react, sliding her hand behind his head and pulling him against her tit, shoving her right nipple hard into his slack mouth and smothering him until he began to suck.

If she thought they were sensitive to the touch, that was nothing compared to the way they reacted to Lucas's mouth. It was like her nipples were trying to leap forward towards the touch of his tongue, sparks of happiness pulsing from the thick, rigid flesh at each caress of his soft lips. She howled in pure ecstasy, her hips writhing against his jeans, grinding the boiling cauldron of her pussy against the growing rigidity she could feel despite the layers of fabric between them. In between the howls the sensation drew out an unceasing procession of

empty-headed whines, as if Faye was physically incapable of stopping herself from making noise.

Lucas's left hand kept playing with her remaining breast, palming and squeezing the underside, brushing, twiddling and tweaking the nipple. His right hand crept downwards, resting in the cleft between her vast, swollen ass and thighs, cupping and holding onto the cheek like a lifeline. Faye squealed, but also pulled his head even harder into her swell of pillowy flesh, humping more desperately against him. She could feel the pleasure mounting, the sensations that had accompanied her growth building until they threatened to overwhelm her entirely.

The orgasm arrived like a pinprick of white-hot light deep in the centre of her brain, stretching out the final moment leading up to it to an agonising infinity where every cell in her body tightened in anticipation. She lost all awareness of what her body was doing, her mind shut off, only able to process the intense pleasure suddenly exploding like a shockwave out from her inner core and reverberating through every square inch of her form.

She roared, a deep, primal, thoughtless sound, grinding even harder against his crotch, shuddering and shaking, smothering Lucas in her cleavage, eventually falling completely on top of him as she twitched and spasmed out the remainder of the hardest orgasm she'd ever experienced, pleasure so profound it was almost spiritual, as well as almost terrifying.

It took her several minutes to even begin to stir and recover her faculties. It took her a few more to regain the awareness of where she was, what she was doing and what had happened to her, and also to make the realisation that her pussy was simultaneously giving off a satisfied, well-used buzz and also somehow twitching and aching in demand for *more*. Fortunately, more was sitting right underneath her, and given how keen Lucas had been to get around her breasts she knew he wouldn't need *any* coaxing to take it further-

Except, she wasn't feeling anything against her still-sensitive pussy, and when her questing hand slid down under her legs to rest on his crotch, she realised there was nothing there for her except a lot of moisture. Yes, she was still dripping through what remained of her jeans, but not *that* much. She looked into Lucas's sheepish eyes.

"Uh, s-sorry, I, umm..."

She growled in denied frustration. She couldn't wait until he was ready to go again. She needed him *now*. Her eyes flicked back to the pot of potion on the table, the ladle still waiting. She had no idea how it would impact a man, but it was her best option. She stood up, gasping and wincing at the sudden pressure on her still-sensitive and needy clit, her breasts slapping together with buzzes of sensation, and carefully walked herself over to the stove.

Lucas was lying back in contented afterglow, catching his breath, when he suddenly felt Faye's weight on top of him again. He gasped in shock, and in that moment Faye poured a ladle full of the potion down his throat.

He swallowed before he realised what was happening, coughing out some of it that he nearly inhaled, and looked up at the vast shelf of breastflesh hanging over his face. The sinking feeling of what had just happened to him crept into him at the same time that he felt the prickling warmth spread out from his stomach.

"Faye, what the fuck did you... Did... Ooohhh..."

Faye slid back, watching him intently. His protestations died down into throaty moans. His hands roamed across his slim body, and Faye could tell that the surges of warm pleasure that had hit her during her growth were hitting him as well. His hips bucked off the couch, showing off the fact that his erection had almost instantly returned, harder and more demanding than before without any prompting from her luscious new body, prompting her to slide off the remnants of her jeans. Her mouth watered as she imagined what the potion might do to his body when she noticed that his moans were starting to rise in pitch.

Lucas wasn't a big man but what bulk he had in his shoulders started to melt away like butter, while at the same time the lost volume in his shirt was being replaced at his chest. He squealed, a high, lilting sound, and arched his hips upwards, hands clutching at the couch on either side. At the same time as his body shrank away his cock strained even harder at his pants. His torso seemed to disappear at the waist of his shirt, but the sides and upper legs of his pants were still full, maybe even fuller.

Faye moved forward, grabbing his shirt as he writhed underneath her, whining in need, and heaving. With the pressure they were already under the buttons burst,

letting a soft, ripe, huge pair of breasts burst out of the strained fabric, swinging outwards and sloshing back and forth until they settled into a gentle rhythm with the rising and falling of Lucas's chest. Faye's sense of scale was wrecked because they paled in comparison to the truly monstrous breasts she'd just grown, but Lucas's new mounds would have easily been among the biggest she'd seen in her life.

They weren't what she was *truly* interested in, though. She moved down, breath rattling, and pulled down his slacks. Unlike his new breasts, his newly-expanded cock was unquestionably the biggest one Faye had ever seen. It wasn't far off the size of her forearm, in length and thickness, and the boxer shorts it was stretching to within an inch of their life, not to mention his also-enlarged scrotum, were saturated with the precum it was pumping out with each strained throb.

She couldn't wait any longer. She pushed back up Luca's body, pulling his sodden underwear away, and plunged directly down on his cock. It was bigger than anything she would have dreamed of taking in her life, but whether the potion had done something to her in that regard or whether she and Lucas were both just wet enough to make it happen, she slid halfway down its entire length in a single thrust of her hips.

Its girth slipping inside her felt like a piece that had been missing her entire life had just fallen into place. It occupied an emptiness she hadn't realised was there. It *completed* her. The experience was so profound that for a brief moment she had to simply hang, half impaled on him, letting the feeling wash over her, before the need surged again and she grunted and pushed again, pushing all the way down and slipping the entirety of his oversized cock inside her.

The orgasm hit her like a freight train. There was no buildup, no pursuit, no delicate moment of hanging in the balance while everything realigned, just a blunt-force hammer blow from her pussy upwards and her nipples out that spread its reverberations throughout her entire body in a microsecond. She barely had the breath or presence of mind to scream, just deep, primal grunts from the bottom of her diaphragm as her entire torso spasmed around its intruder. Despite their weight, the force of her convulsions threw her enormous breasts into the air, sloshing upwards, slapping into each other and almost threatening to pull her over if not for the iron-strong grip of her torso on its prize.



The sensation went on for what felt like hours. Every time it threatened to wane, her boobs would slosh together, the sensation inside her would change a little bit or another muscle would tighten and release and start another flood of pleasure. Just as those sensations began to subside, though, Lucas groaned and started to move.

He wasn't able to push up much more inside her, and with her immense weight he couldn't really push *her* up either, but what little he was able to do was enough to set her off again - whether it was the same orgasm or an endless string of them really didn't matter, it continued. She slumped forward, letting her breasts pour out against Lucas, smothering him and dragging the soft, pliant skin of her mounds against Lucas's own new, extra-sensitive breasts. The change in the angle against his hips, the feeling of her oversized clitoris scrubbing against his shaft plus the flood of Faye's flesh tipped his new body over the edge and he froze, shuddering, then squealed a high-pitched, crystal peal of ecstasy as he started to cum hard.

Faye hadn't necessarily considered what to expect from an orgasm from Lucas's new dick, but as what felt like an endless amount of spunk flooded up inside her from just the first pulse of his cock, whatever expectations she'd had were more than exceeded. Another girly scream, another lurch of his oversized dick, and even more cum than the last shot followed it, Faye feeling it squirt out around the tight seal of her pussy and his shaft. Her endless hyper-orgasm intensified even more, like it was being directly fuelled by the warm fluid flooding her insides, and for a moment she totally whited out and slumped to the side, falling off Lucas and onto the floor, still shuddering and whining mindlessly as Lucas's cock slid out of her hole and began to jet thick gouts of cum across her, himself, the couch and the living room.

For a moment, as both of their orgasms finally began to peter out, they felt relief was going to follow in its wake. It never came, though. Faye's pussy flexed and fluttered desperately against its emptiness, and her nipples pulsed and throbbed with need. Lucas's cock, far from beginning to soften as expected, seemed to only get harder, even as the mess it had left in its wake still dripped and glistened all over his body. He sat up, grimacing and panting. When he spoke, it was in short, desperate gasps, in a voice even higher than Faye's.

"Uughh... It's so hard, it h-hurts... I, I need-"

He looked down, parting his plump, moist lips, and saw Faye's enlarged ass wiggling up at him from the floor where she'd fallen onto a cushion of her own giant tits. Her swollen pussy glistened invitingly up at him, dripping thick strands of juice mixed with his seed, and with another needy strain of his muscles as his cock throbbed, he slid off the couch, placed his new delicate hands on her ass cheeks, and pressed the tip of his dick at her entrance.

"Fuck me, Lucas, oh God, fuck meee-"

Her pussy simultaneously parted for his entry *and* gripped hard to his shaft, somehow both inviting and resistant, making him strain his atrophied muscles to enter her but also leaving him no choice but to continue pushing. He shuddered and jerked his way inside her, wholly unprepared for having to insert the additional length he'd just been gifted with, as well as the feeling of his own huge tits jiggling and bouncing each time his body moved.

It was spasmodic, faltering fucking, but with the raw need coursing through both their bodies from Faye's potion, it didn't matter. Desperate, inexperienced pumping was amplified into the most transcendent experience either of them had ever felt by the size and hypersensitivity of their transformed bodies. Faye's pussy almost seemed to be guiding Lucas, the same gripping feeling that had pulled him in rising and falling into the perfect rhythm for Faye. One of his hands crept up to his chest, and he quickly learned that his breasts were an extra source of unfamiliar but glorious pleasure, and he mashed it into his chest, groping and pinching his nipple while letting himself fall into the thrusting rhythm.

Faye moved in waves with each thrust, her breasts sloshing and undulating, scrubbing her nipples against the carpet on each cycle, barely even conscious as the sensations mounted their endless assault on her mind. She pushed down, raising her ass up even further against Lucas, changing the angle of his thrusts and putting more pressure against her oversized clit.

Just like earlier, her orgasm arrived suddenly, and it hit *hard*. It scoured her mind with pure white-hot force as her pussy desperately attempted to clamp down on Lucas and sent itself into torturous spasms and her nipples throbbed in time with her thundering heartbeat. She practically forgot to breathe as waves of the sensation battered her again and again, unrelenting, if anything only becoming stronger as Lucas continued to plow her. She shuddered, her hips writhing,

drooling from slack lips, an utterly helpless pile of fuckable flesh lost amid magically-enhanced pleasure.

Lucas existed as nothing but a straining, painfully hard cock and a pair of throbbing nipples atop sensitive, sloshing breasts. Every other part of his brain linked to anything else had shut down. He continued to hold onto Faye and thrust by pure instinct, desperate to relieve the unbearable pressure deep inside him.

The pressure built and flowed upwards through his cock, driving a hollow, yearning sensation up along the underside with each stroke inside Faye's transformed, ultra-plush, unnaturally slick cunt, his gigantic balls aching as they slapped pendulously against her overflowing flesh. Sweat dripped in rivers off his gorgeous new face, his high-pitched voice descending into nothing but brainless squeaks and moans as his climax edged tantalisingly closer with every thrust.

Unlike Faye, whose transformed body brought her quickly to her orgasm and kept her there, Lucas's body seemed intent on holding him at the very absolute edge of his own far beyond his brain's capacity to cope. The desperate need to cum drove him to keep a hold of Faye's body and keep thrusting, chasing relief that seemed to edge further away the closer he approached it, hanging at the edge of his consciousness like the string of drool at the edge of his lip, the promise that with just a little bit more-

The sudden yawning, hollow lurch spreading out from the tip of his enlarged cock all the way down, despite how desperately he desired it, was almost painfully unbearable. He hung in a thoughtless, weightless moment as what little control he had left over his body slipped away completely, draining away to join the churning pressure deep in his belly and the throbbing ache in his balls, and mix in with the torrent of pearlescent cum that gouted from the tip of his pole into his pulchritudinous lover.

Despite the feminine elegance of his new body, his orgasm was no less brutal and primal, leaving him snarling and roaring as he struggled and failed to keep atop the overwhelming sensations. He collapsed against Faye's heaving backside, his breasts swinging down to brush against her lower back, still humping and shooting off inside her in increasingly heavy and strained bursts, each one now pumping more cum up into Faye's needy womb than any normal person could in an entire night.

She pushed back against him, purring as she filled up inside, squeezing her muscles together instinctively with each lurch of his dick to suck more out of him.

A sudden extra-hard strain on his muscles made Lucas rear backward, losing his balance and falling, his cock slipping out of Faye and beginning to jet its still-continuing, overwhelming load into the air. With a desperate whine Faye flipped her cumbersome body over, tits swinging and slapping against each other, and off herself and the floor, to ensure the fat strings of cum landed across her chest and face. She mashed it into her boundless flesh, squealing in tandem pleasure with Lucas as his orgasm played itself out, continuing to twitch and jerk and unload jet after jet of his seed across her and the rest of the room.

Faye was the first to stir. Somewhere in the endless rolling orgasm she'd passed out completely, and so had Lucas as his finally faltered. For a moment she wondered if it had all been a ridiculous dream, but shifting slightly, feeling the bountiful flesh of her chest slip to one side and collapse in a massive boobquake, feeling herself roll over her new hips and her thighs squeeze against her pussy, she knew it was real.

As she tried to pull herself up off the floor, her body reminded her what else was real. Her chestflesh buzzed wherever it rubbed and bounced off itself, her nipples still huge, hard, and unbearably sensitive. As her thighs rubbed together the pressure made her nethers pulse and throb, still moist and aching with need. Despite having just gotten fucked into supernatural insensitivity, her body was demanding more like she hadn't been touched for a year. By the time she'd managed to get her cumbersome new curves back onto her feet, she was flushed and sweating, breath shuddering, pussy dripping rivers of juice down her thighs.

Behind her, Lucas was still unconscious, but was moaning and writhing in his sleep. His nipples were swollen and hard and his cock, barely having softened, still glistening with both of their juices, was pumping and throbbing, and as she watched with a hungry, gaping mouth, started growing back to its previous glory.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw back into the kitchen, and the mostly-full pot of potion still sitting there. She was struck by a vision - the number of enormous, heaving breasts and needy, powerful cocks that sat waiting in that pot, the number of people she could share this overwhelming, incredible transformation with - and

who'd be willing to share their new bodies with *her*. Then her pussy twinged, making her twitch and moan, and her attention was brought back to her roommate's genderfucked body and the twitching rod of cock begging for her. She sat heavily on Lucas's lap, enveloping his cock with her tits and thighs, pushing herself into him, stirring him awake for more. Sharing could wait. She had a recipe, after all.