

Prize-winning Pumpkins

by GizmosGadgets nGcups

Frankie knew she wasn't a botanist. Or any kind of gardener, for that matter. She was a mad scientist, and nothing less! Still, she expected her harvest to turn out better than *this*. She'd collected all of her freshly grown pumpkins from behind her ramshackle house in a sack, and laid them out in one of its many empty rooms, but... it was pitiful. Each one ranged from the size of her fist (she only forgot to water those plants a couple times, alright? Or... maybe five times?) to around a soccer ball. She didn't know what she had expected, but these certainly weren't winning anything at the upcoming county fair. She sighed. It was time for plan B.

Dragging her sack of pumpkins behind her, she entered one of the only organized rooms in her dilapidated mansion: the lab. She slipped her lab coat over her abnormally exaggerated curves. Its nametag, reading "Dr. Francine Stein," caught the overhead lights, almost parallel with them due to the doctor's projecting breasts. She always loved how she looked in the garment—how it cinched her waist and flared out dramatically with her hourglass hips. Especially when paired with her reflective diamond necklace, which drew further attention to her "fuck-off huge rack," as her best friend so eloquently put it, the gold chain contrasting with her expanse of richly brown skin. Now wasn't the time to admire herself, however. She'd done plenty of that following her extensive... "human experimentation."

She had quite a collection of machines focused on this kind of body modification, but just last month, she had retooled one of her favorite of these contraptions to focus on plant biology, instead. (Despite her reluctance to see it off...) It sat on the shiny metal table in front of her, one pronged arm pointing down at the table and a large microscope-like arm pointing at a much larger pumpkin than the ones she carried. She'd bought this one from the store; it was a little unusual in size, close to a beach ball, if a little oblong, but it was nothing compared to the *behemoth* she had resting against the back wall of the room.

That one she had acquired with not a small amount of financial investment, hoping to take samples and learn its secrets, but she evidently hadn't succeeded on that front. Truthfully, she hadn't realized pumpkins could *get* this big until she'd started this little venture. It took up an entire corner of the room, larger than a beanbag chair. She could lie down on top and her feet would just barely hang off the end. And she wasn't short! This was the kind of pumpkin that won trophies. Of course, she hadn't grown it, so she couldn't enter it. She shook her head. She'd start her experiment smaller, for safety's sake.

Placing one of her smaller pumpkins below the prong, she pushed an inconspicuous button, and in a flash, a bright white beam shot out from the forked metal, right at the gourd. Just as quickly, the light went out. In its absence, the mini-pumpkin seemed to tense and vibrate

almost imperceptibly. The vibration increased, and the faint sound of pulling plant flesh filled the room. Shifting and warping, the pumpkin grew up and out, its proportions similar, but its bulk rapidly increasing. Frankie watched, rapt. In a matter of minutes, it stopped, now the exact size of the store-bought pumpkin.

“Success!” she shouted, giddy. It had all lined up with her calculations! After being hit with the ray, the pumpkin on the left now matched the pumpkin on the right. Humming, she set up the rest of the pumpkins on a conveyor belt, her jeweled necklace catching on the table more than once. Huffing in annoyance, she hung it on the prong of the machine before finishing her preparation. It may have been her lucky necklace, but it was getting in the way. Now, she’d replicate these results on the rest of the pumpkins before moving on to the *real* experiment.

She set the gadget and conveyor belt up so it would automatically hit each pumpkin once before collecting them back in the sack. Strolling out of the room, satisfied with her work, she completely forgot about her necklace. Her mind was on finding something to do for the next twenty minutes. Maybe eat some candy and watch a horror show, to celebrate Halloween? Maybe grope herself, just a little. As a treat. In her defense, it felt pretty good, alright? Better after her self-experimentation! I mean, honestly, it was hard *not* to grope yourself when your boobs are twice the size of your head, in her opinion. Of course, her opinions usually went contrary to popular belief...

Walking away, she didn’t see the next beam of light shoot out of the machine, reflect perfectly off of the shiny necklace hanging just below and shoot off into the rest of the house, bouncing off of walls, mirrors, and polished tables, impassively searching for a pumpkin—or perhaps something pumpkin-shaped would do. It wasn’t sentient, of course, but Frankie had programmed very specific instructions. One way or another, the machine would find a target. The target would grow. Cause and effect, as simple as that.

Jackie gazed up at the house. Anyone else would turn away now, but she had never been the most... wise. People would always butt in to her ideas or plans with a “Jackie, don’t do this,” or “Jackie, just do this instead,” or the unfortunately common “Jesus, Jackie, how are you still alive at this point?” When she was young, and the world still knew her as little Jacqueline Tan, she was always guided by the hand and told what to do, and she had learned to follow these instructions through the harsh lesson of fucking around and finding out. At this point, it felt like she couldn’t remember how to say “no.”

As a result, she was in this situation, standing in front of an obviously haunted manor. The dumb guys at work had dared her to come out to the edge of town and explore the place, and they said she was uninvited to their Halloween party if she didn't. Seriously, they were like children! She wondered if she even wanted to go to their dumb party... but then again...

She wasn't exactly the type to get invited to parties. Her face was pretty enough—her small mouth coupled with angular monolid eyes gave off a distinguished elegance—but in the backwater country town she lived in, it had only ever set her apart. Her long, straight black hair, once full, had grown thin and unkempt from a lack of attention, strands giving way to tangles. She never really “got” fashion, preferring to stick with sweatpants and soft sweaters. Puberty didn't do her any favors, either. Her boobs were more accurately described as “bumps” than “tits,” and her ass might as well not have existed. She was reminded of these facts frequently throughout high school, and along with her small stature, she went mostly unnoticed in adult life, slipping through the crowd like a ghost.

So, when those jerks in the break room had mentioned the party, her heart sank. She knew she had to do it. Jackie had to approximate *some* version of a social life, or else... or else something really bad, probably! After all, everyone told her she should be more social! And the dare wasn't even that horrible, really. It was just a big old abandoned house. Maybe people in the area reported flashing lights, cackling laughter, and a strange figure skulking around in the night, but that was all hearsay, drummed up to scare the local kids! At least, she thought so. And that disappearance a few years ago... that was unrelated. Probably.

Oh, who was she kidding, she was scared. Terrified. Practically petrified, standing stone still at the entrance. For all she knew, she was walking into a death trap, with ghosts, or monsters, or some crazed mad scientist looking for vulnerable young girls to grab and take as test subjects! Feeling a vibration, she grabbed her phone from her purse. Damn, when did the battery fall to 30%?

“so u in the building yet or wut? scaredy cat”

Jackie's shoulders tensed as she read the message from the party's host. With quivering hands, she responded. Whether in anger, fear, or nerves, even she wasn't sure.

“I'm not giving you updates by the minute, jackass. I just got here.”

“u don't need to be such a bitch

“and u wonder y no one likes you...”

“Shut up. Just so you know, I'm not texting you once I'm in this dump.”

“fine then

“bye”

She didn't grace him with a response, flicking her phone to Do Not Disturb. She shook her head, her fear thoroughly consumed by annoyance along with a burning reminder of her lack of social acceptance. Stalking to the rundown mansion's open doorway, she flicked open her phone's flashlight, and took her first step in.

The place was exactly as expected. A huge entrance hall, with sagging furniture and paintings hanging sideways. The wooden floor panels creaked at random, and Jackie jumped a little each time, despite herself. She groaned, inwardly. They're just squeaking wood, in an abandoned old shack, that no one had probably been in for decades, if not longer. The dust she kicked up was proof enough of that.

Although, as she progressed through rooms, (a right turn, a left, another right, she remembered) she had to reassess just a bit. Among the knick-knacks and shattered china, some of the oddities seemed... out-of-place. A flashlight? She was fine with her phone, but maybe someone had been exploring this breakfast nook before her. Keys? Whoever they belonged to must have lost them, although Jackie wasn't sure what they needed them for in the parlor room. A screwdriver? Who would bring that to a haunted house?

Okay, she was starting to get a little freaked out. Was someone really living here? As she got further in, the mess started to resemble something more "lived in," with books and dirty plates strewn around, along with chairs pulled out for every table and fireplace. Adding onto that, some of the shelves contained... jars? Flasks, full of strangely colored fluids. What she could only describe as "gizmos," indecipherable little metal contraptions filed away in open drawers and strewn across floors. If her ears weren't playing tricks on her, she swore she heard distant footsteps, and the light coming from open doorways subtly flickered, as if lightning struck rooms away.

The moment Jackie heard a faint, but unmistakable shout of "success!" she was just about ready to bolt. She could see the fear in her eyes reflected in the mirror of the dressing room, and couldn't deny it anymore. What was the way back again? A right turn, a left, a right, then a... then a... whatever, maybe she'd figure it out by the time she got there.

Suddenly, as she turned around, a flash of light filled the room. A bright beam ricocheted off of tables, walls, the vaulted ceiling, and finally, the mirror. The machine had found its target. Jackie felt a strange warmth course through her, lingering in her backside and intensifying. Her ass felt like she had sat on a hot concrete bench.

Then, a strange feeling. An unfamiliar feeling. It was almost as if something was pushing, outwards, from the inside of each buttcheek. Pulsing, fighting against her skin, stretching it out as it was filled in turn. She tried to shake it off and focus, but it was too bizarre, too vivid. She could just close her eyes and let it wash over her. It didn't even hurt—if anything, it was oddly soothing, like a massage. Really, a massage was sorely needed from the way her low waistband dug into her hips, the fabric of her pants cramping her thighs and riding her asscrack.

Wait, that wasn't right. Her pants were baggy, intentionally so, to obscure her stick figure silhouette. Their light material should barely be brushing her butt. Nothing resembling the feeling that it's pasted onto her ass, tighter by the moment. Her left hand flew behind her with barely-conscious urgency, meeting flesh sooner than she expected. Before, her open palm would have lay flat, grasping hold of little more than skin and bone. Now, it sunk in, dwarfed by a mound of fat. Her hips had gone from unnoticeable to dramatically flaring out from her waist. Her ass projected more than a few inches behind her, meaty, her hand failing to wrap around it. She still felt warm. With confusion, and more than a little apprehension, she peered back at the mirror behind her.

It looked like someone had shoved volleyballs down her pants.

She stayed stock still, eyes locked with the mirror. As the minutes passed, she felt rooted to the spot. She watched her ass slowly expand outwards, her hand surrounded by its increasing mass. Her thighs plumped with it, her lower torso exaggerating the shape of a round pear. She still felt warm. The sound of tearing filled the silence as her pants began to rip at the seam, and her panties tore on the sides, relieving tension. Her hips widened past what she would have considered possible, clearing what must have been two feet. She could feel her thick pants rub where she had never felt anything before, new nerve endings sparking to life across twin seas of asscheek.

It stopped. She began to cool down, as the strange sensation faded away. A fog began to clear from her mind, the result of the heat and shock combined in the moment. She couldn't quite believe her eyes, but it didn't matter—she didn't have to. She could feel her ass, in her hand and against the frigid air, its weight barely tipping her backwards as she unconsciously adjusted to a new center of gravity.

"What the FUCK?!" was about all that Jackie could articulate, her thoughts escaping her frayed mental filter. "What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck... my... I... that feeling... my ass... it's like goddamn pumpkins, what the fuck?!" Her asscheeks were bigger than anyone she'd seen. Bigger than Amy or Zara from high school. Bigger than Jasmine or that bitch Rachel from work. Bigger than any porn star, she was sure. At least, anyone of her weight or size. They were disproportionate, comically protruding from her slender frame like a prop or costume.

Jackie released her hand, the motion causing jiggles to reverberate across the fat, before she turned around in full, ignoring her butt wobbling behind her as best as she could. She muttered, "I've gotta... no, can't get out, but maybe... maybe I can find someone to hel—" before another blinding light filled the air, cutting her off mid-sentence. The streak of white took the same trajectory, bouncing off of the mirror, but Jackie wasn't facing the same way. This time, she saw it. Her stomach dropped.

The heat returned, just as strong as before. This time, now that was familiar, she could identify it, and she could tell that it wasn't emanating from her bottom. This time, it was by her

throat. From her heart. In her chest. Somehow, the sensation was more visceral than before, the flesh more tender. The feeling culminated in her nipples, hot, raw, and acute. She closed her eyes; she couldn't bear to see it play out in real time. Despite that, she could feel it; her breasts pushed out, flesh seeping in as if created from nothing.

With her ass, it was unexpected, unreal, to feel it where she hadn't before, but she hadn't felt boobs in the *first place*. As they brushed against her scratchy sweater, she could feel her tits—they were certainly tits now, weren't they?—push the fabric aside, her sensitive nipples rubbing against it. At once, the sensation made her regret leaving her bralette to the side this morning, at the same time as she felt deeply grateful. She didn't need to force through a second kind of underwear tonight.

She could feel their teardrop shapes fall against her chest, spreading across her torso. First, her rib, then falling below her ribcage. Eventually, her belly button. They pushed outwards, sideways, and inwards, pressing against each other before long, the heat building up sticky sweat. She could feel air across their bottoms as her sweater fell across their tops. They felt like large bags of sand, gradually filling from an endless desert. Her tits began to weigh on her shoulders, an unfamiliar tension on her neckline as the skin was pulled forwards. With her eyes closed, the feeling was almost zen-like, the soft warmth with the predictable pushing, feeling them move against her front. Each time she breathed out, she could feel them just a little larger, claiming just a little more space. Once again, it stopped.

This time, when she opened her eyes, she knew what she'd see. Strapped to her chest were two humongous tits, stretching her sweater like she was holding car tires underneath it. Talk about sweater puppies. Her neckline was pulled forward, showing the start of what must have been at least a foot of natural cleavage, a hint of shadow between the pale mounds. Each boob was the size of one of her new buttocks, an even more otherworldly sight than before. While her ass was disproportionate, the only word for her boobs was "impossible." She could hardly believe any woman on earth had tits like these. In fact, there was no way "tits" was even the right word anymore. "Jugs" wasn't quite there, and while "melons" was in the right direction, it didn't quite describe the sight. Maybe there wasn't a word yet. Maybe she'd need to make it.

Tentatively, she reached up a hand. She wasn't in a rush, anymore—she knew what she'd find. Her hand met soft tissue, and she squeezed. They felt sensitive, different, new. Where her butt was a mound of fat and muscle, her boobs were denser, an indomitable network of flesh, like water tight against a balloon. The grope sent a jolt, a pinch where there should have been nothing, her brain not accustomed to the mountains hanging from her pectorals.

Suddenly, like the flip of a light switch, she started laughing. "Oh my god. Jesus. What, what even? I guess I wondered what tits would feel like. Now I know." She experimentally reached further up and prodded a finger. It sank in, skin contorting around it, pushing flesh aside,

up to her knuckle. She could feel higher sensitivity, a tenseness, as she prodded stretched areolae. She shuddered.

Turning slowly to the side, Jackie examined her profile. From her torso and rear, her outline exploded outwards, like beach balls stuffed into her clothes, larger than fresh melons, and certainly larger than her head. The thought boggled her mind. One part of her brain could barely even recognize her reflection as her, as if her demure face was placed on someone else's body.

That side of her could see the image staring back for its raw sexuality, the embodiment of society's objectification, the personification of an ancient fertility idol, exaggerated past what's normally acceptable. She could see the way her breasts had pushed her sweater up off her stomach, hanging just inches below her areolae, revealing a wide curve of underboob. The way her pants clung to an overflow of cheeks, leaving nothing to the imagination around the pocket of fat escaping from the rip in the cotton.

The rest of her conscious mind stuffed those thoughts down as quickly as she could. She was just an ordinary lady with an ordinary, boring life. Just Jackie. Sure, she had boobs, and a butt. It's normal. It has to be.

"I wanted a better figure, didn't I? Like one of those sorority girls, the life of the party, everyone paying attention? Well, I have it. If this counts as *better*," she thought aloud. She couldn't parse her own feelings. She grabbed her ass again, feeling the fat shift as she pushed and pulled. "What do I even do now? Is this... permanent? What... what the fuck *is* this? I mean, I guess... I guess it doesn't feel bad. I still need to process it..."

Another burst of light assaulted her eyes, striking the now much easier target of her heaving chest. The heat gathered, yet again. Jackie tensed. It dissipated, and she sagged in relief, nearly falling due to her newfound weight. *I guess I'm safe now*, she thought. *It's over*.

All of a sudden, everything went dark. On impulse, Jackie tried to boot her phone back up. Nothing happened. She must have run out of power. She didn't pick up that flashlight earlier, did she...

Strolling back in the room, Frankie scoffed. "Of course it didn't work. These things never work on the first go. And of course it broke *after* I left the room." After all, none of the pumpkins in the sack had grown an inch. "What could I even change? Before I start tinkering with this machine, I'd better make sure I've got the setup right..."

She eyed her setup, stopping the conveyor belt and pouring the miniscule pumpkins back onto the conveyor belt. Her eyes glanced over the necklace, barely registering it. She vaguely heard murmuring from across the house, but brushed it off without much thought. *Must've left the TV on.*

The speed was set up right, the machine was set to activate in bursts... maybe her model pumpkin was off? In the corner of her eye, she spotted the giant pumpkin sagging against the wall. "Well, if I use this one... I'll know for sure."

Hauling the gigantic gourd onto the table, it squished against her large chest. As her assets obstructed her arms from reaching all the way around, she felt a twinge of annoyance, but ignored it as she set the thing down. They were worth it. She brushed the previous pumpkin to the side, useless to her now. "Let's fire this bad boy back up."

Jackie had one of her infamous plans. The room was nearly pitch black, but only nearly. Light trickled in from some further room, right in the direction she was already headed. While a tiny voice of reason in the back of her mind screamed at her to get her (now oversized) ass out of dodge after insane paranormal bullshit like her extreme growth, well... she didn't exactly *know* the way out. And, well, maybe, just maybe, if she found the source, she could reverse it?

She steeled herself. She'd get back to normal, turn on the lights, get out of here, and never listen to any of her douchebag coworkers ever again.

Her foot stepped forward. It touched the floorboard. The floorboard creaked. She jumped.

The moment she hit the ground, she felt the force ripple through her body. Her ass was pulled down by gravity before briefly jiggling back up, the impact spreading across its surface like a wave. As it cascaded back down, the inertia spread through her thighs, bringing with it her full attention, the seconds feeling like minutes. She hadn't registered its full girth, but now it knocked her off balance, its weight spread out a foot in each direction. At the same time, her boobs caught up. Her sweater brushed against the swathes of skin as they fell, rubbing against her nipples, sending a jolt of arousal to her core. The huge orbs maintained their shape through the air, slapping against her stomach. As the impulse reverberated through their distended proportions, Jackie stumbled forwards, already off kilter.

She caught herself, falling to her hands and knees. She could feel her tits smushing against the floor, pushing against each other. What the fuck, touching the ground on her hands and knees? She could feel her ass wobbling side to side. Holy shit, still? Kneeling there, half

resting on the overstuffed pillows strapped to her chest, the reality of her situation finally sunk in.

“This... this is crazy. This can’t be real.” She moved to pinch her arm, and met resistance in her wall of tits. She reached past and pinched, and then pinched her oversized bosom for good measure. It hurt. “I’m not dreaming... my ass is like couch cushions, and my boobs... I have boobs... and I can barely even goddamn *reach* around them!” She started breathing faster, faster, starting to panic, before shoving her head down on impulse, submerging in the plush flesh of her chest. The warmth spread across her face and the soft squish of the breasts has a strangely soothing quality. Gradually, her breath slowed. She wasn’t sure what happened during the time in between. Whether it had been minutes, the strange beams of light illuminating the room for a split second at a time, soundlessly sapping into her greatly stretched skin. Or a matter of seconds. Maybe it didn’t matter.

“How was I laughing about this earlier?” she muttered. Her body felt warped and bloated, a round, heavy softness where she’d only felt skin and bone. It was an impossibility, but it was real in a way she couldn’t ignore. As scary, as urgent, as sudden of a change as a wound. Without moving, stock still, there was an omnipresent squish, like she was cushioned on both sides. Protected. Snug. It was a feeling she could, almost, get used to. And *that* might have been the scariest part.

Jackie shook her head and slowly rose to her feet. She didn’t need to steel herself. For the first time that night, she was already grounded in the present. Slowly, she walked forwards, her posture straight. Her chest shook, minutely. Her butt jiggled along with her stride. She paid them no mind, steadily walking on the only path forward she could see. One room. Two. The light grew brighter. She could make out the lumps under her jumper, obscuring her feet. She could make out the tears in her pants, making way for wider hips than could ever be necessary for child-bearing. She paid them no mind, the tortoise making its way to the end of the race.

“Let’s fire this bad boy back up,” Jackie could just make out of a muffled female voice.

Her eyes blown wide, she took a step forward, and called back, “Hello? Are you there? I need help!” A moment later, a beam of light streaked out of the door, pinging off the ceiling, on a trajectory straight towards the floor. From her startled step, her jugs had bounced up, bounding forwards just ahead of her, in just the right spot to absorb the blast.

Before, her body had grown warm. Now, it was on fire. Not painful, not stinging, but burning with sheer energy, now centered on the globes hanging in front of her. Again, she felt a pulse, but stronger, more insistent. Jackie’s head snapped down to see her boobs push out, their massive volume somehow growing fuller.

All at once, Jackie understood. She didn’t know how big they would get, but she knew they would be bigger than she ever imagined—let alone thought possible.

She started running, ignoring the feeling of her boobs pulling her chest down, stretching the muscles from her pecs to her neck, and slamming back against her belly, alongside the feeling of her ass fighting to drag her down as she dragged it behind her. Her tits kept pushing out, filling with fat, ducts, breast tissue. Her now thick thighs pushed into breast with each stride—squishing into the soft cushioning, spreading ripples through the flesh like it was jello.

As the orbs neared the size of small yoga balls, their weight took its toll. They now reached all the way down to her crotch from a standing position. Jackie's back hunched over, unable to take the strain. At just the wrong time, as she reached a bright doorway, her boobs slapped into her broad hips. She toppled through the doorframe, falling forwards yet again, her tits absorbing the impact. As she felt their sizable mass, she reflected; without the inertia from running with their weight, maybe she'd have fallen minutes ago.

Then, Jackie looked up. A tall female figure stood before her, precisely braided hair framing her bemused face. Her blouse and open coat did nothing to hide her exaggerated curves, more than a sliver of dark skin showing at her neckline. With boobs easily bigger than her head, maybe the woman had been hit by the same thing as Jackie? Either way, Jackie knew she needed help to get the hell out of here. She could feel it—she'd found her savior.

Frankie was great at predictions. Whether statistical models or gut feelings, she had a knack for seeing what was ahead. In all honesty, she did not predict this.

Right in the middle of her experiment, some cute asian girl fell through her doorway, after Frankie had heard some yelling across the house asking for help. The girl didn't seem familiar... Well, her face was pretty enough, although her hair could use some attention. She was kneeling in a strange position, almost like she was lying down on something. This woman looked up at her like Frankie was some experimental new chemical hand-delivered on her birthday.

Well, this girl probably didn't have that on her mind. Frankie knew she had strange tastes.

Either way, Frankie should not be thinking like this. This wasn't some stranger at the bar. It was a home intruder. And why was that lady minutely rising from whatever bow she was in?

Finally, Frankie looked a little further down.

She wasn't bowing, or kneeling, or lying on a big pillow. Right there, on the floor of the lab, were easily the biggest boobs Frankie had ever seen, half-covered by a raggedy sweater. And she'd seen some pretty big boobs—her own pair was a testament to that. Behind the woman, her

rear stuck out into the air, round and full. Not quite the defiance of nature strapped to her chest, but nothing to scoff at. “Well-endowed” would be putting it lightly for this gal.

“Hello? Who are you? What do you want?” Frankie asked, slowly backing away.

She startled, then started talking almost faster than Frankie could understand, “Oh, ah, I’m Jacqueline Tan, you gotta help me outta here! See, I got hit by those flashes of light, and now I’m”—she gestured downwards—“this, and if you’re finding your way out, take me with you, I can barely walk! Go fast, though; if you get hit, too, we’re screwed.”

“H...hit? Flashes of light? What are you talking about?” Frankie said, no longer grasping the situation. And did the woman say her name was ‘Jack-o-lantern’?

The strange woman’s face scrunched up, like she didn’t expect further inquiry. “Well, yeah, there was a bright light, and then my... um... my butt blew up, and then the same happened with my... chest... and then it happened a third time and my boobs feel like inflating balloons!” It was true. In the time from when she tripped to now, Jackie’s boobs had graduated from jumbo beach balls to practically beanbag chairs.

Frankie wasn’t sure what to make of it—in her experiments, she’d never managed breast growth anywhere near this. She could never get one of her machines to match any larger simulations, and she couldn’t find any real life references for breast sizes that didn’t exist. In fact, she was tempted to scan this woman for later, but she had more pressing concerns.

Too stunned to take it all in, when she heard the thunk of another pumpkin passing the conveyor belt, she turned towards her machine. Frustratingly, yet again, it had remained the exact same size. Turned away, Frankie replied, “Listen, lady, you’re clearly having a medical emergency, but this is *my house*, so while I will happily escort you *off* my property, why are—”

She was cut off by the activation of the machine. With a *whoosh*, a beam of energy zapped out, and hit the hanging necklace, bouncing off, missing the pumpkin entirely. Frankie’s lucky *reflective* necklace. Of course! She felt like such an idiot. Following the beam, Frankie turned her head, and saw it careen straight towards Jackie’s protruding ass, a perfect target.

Jackie squealed, “O-oh fuck...” Sure enough, her butt seemed to push outwards, matching the rate of her still spreading breasts, the air filling with the sound of splitting seams. “See! Y... you saw, didn’t you!”

All at once, it clicked together in Frankie’s head. She never safeguarded her gizmos, so technically, there was no restriction in the code to only target *pumpkins*. Of course, to match the target, whatever it hit needed to be round, and biological, but... all it did was overload cells, converting electrical energy into chemical energy to spur self-replication. Effectively, it grew any homogenous tissue. When it reflected off the necklace, it ricocheted through the house, randomly

finding this woman's rounded mounds of fat before petering out. Of course, first, it must have targeted that slightly above average pumpkin, but now...

Frankie's head turned towards the behemoth of a gourd resting on the table. Her mouth widened to a devious grin. That necklace really was lucky, after all. Wordlessly, Frankie turned off the machine. It had done enough.

"Hey, answer me! Was that what was doing it? I-it's not stopping... hello?" Jackie called after her.

"Let me find you some transportation. You're going to be quite heavy, after all. Don't worry, though; you'll be a *very* interesting test subject." With that, the mad scientist walked away, Jackie yelling after her.

Jackie tried to stand. Her tits put together were like a loveseat, with the weight to match, anchoring her to the ground. Her ass pulled her down, its weight spread across her now-broad hips.

Helpless, all she could do was yell as she grew. Within minutes that felt like hours, the heat dissipated, first from her front, then from her behind. Her torso was dwarfed by her new appendages, sinking in like a waterbed. She could see how each boob and asscheek matched the oversized pumpkin on the stainless steel table, no longer distracted by the scientist standing in front. That pumpkin must have won a prize, she mused. Then, could she win four prizes? She thought she deserved it, enduring the sensation as her torso was sandwiched between the cushions of fat.

Finally, the strange woman returned with two rolling carts. "These should do. So, I think it'd be best for both of us if you don't resist while I do this."

Jackie masked her fear with rage. "Hey, why the hell should I do that? You made me into this, didn't you?! I don't even know your name!"

"Oh, it's Francine Stein, but you can just call me doctor. I got my PhD, you know. Anyways, as far as I can tell, all you could accomplish is falling over, and you don't want to hurt yourself, do you?" the doctor chided. And, did she say her name was Frankenstein?

Either way, regrettably, Jackie agreed. There was no point in putting up a fight. As Frankie heaved one oversized breast onto its cart, the sensation of her body pulling, pushing, and jiggling was like nothing Jackie had ever felt. She pressed her face into the soft tissue.

“What have I gotten myself into?” Jackie moaned.

“You’ll be fine, I promise. Let me tell you, it’s gonna feel *amazing*,” the doctor soothed, a Cheshire grin plastered on her face as she rolled Jackie to god-knows-where.

To be continued...?