

Voodoos and VooDON'Ts



by TOOBIGisTOOSMALL

Chapter 4

"This is embarrassing," Tess said defeated, while tossing aside another pair of pants that wouldn't fit.

It had been a week since Tess and Dani's ordeals, and they had decided to treat themselves by going clothes shopping, but were currently having difficulty finding something that fit, while sharing a dressing room.

"Don't be," Dani tried to console her friend, while trying on a shapely dress herself. "Do you know how many women would kill to have a butt like that? How much they are willing to pay to try to?"

Tess's ass had become two oversized honey baked hams of meat, sticking out like a shelf behind her, and rounded out to the sides. And while true that many women would love to have a butt like hers, Tess knew this would greatly hurt her chance in any bodybuilding competition, getting her docked for poor symmetry, (not to mention laughed out of the building). She was having to come to terms with the endeavor of bringing up the size of the rest of her body to match, and the question of if she even wanted too.

"I swear the world is against me. I just want to compete and beat Mayse at bodybuilding. I don't need to win; just beat her. Get her to quit being so high and mighty. But every time I use the voodoo, it backfires."

"Hey, things didn't go quite according to plan for me either."

"Yeah, but even I admit those tits look great on you." Then Tess added jovially, "Though they could be bigger if you wanted."

"Shut up," Dani said with a smile. "I still can't believe that guy. Offering to buy me new tits, after I *just got* new tits. How does this look?" Dani turned around, showing off a tight black dress, hugging every curve of hers.

"Classy. Very understated," Tess replied sarcastically. "How are these?" Tess turned around, presenting her bulbus posterior in jeans that fit snug on her hips, but loose around the legs.

"Maybe go with hotpants?" Dani genuinely suggested.

Tess turned back around to rebuke the idea, but instead of speaking, stood frozen.

"What is it?" Dani asked.

“You are looking a little... deflated,” Tess pointed at Dani’s right breast, which was now a shadow of its former self, and dwarfed by her still full left breast.

“What the hell?” Suddenly her left breast flattened as well. Dani gripped onto both, feeling them. “They feel... real.” Moments later, her right breast started to fill in her hand, growing larger and rounder and firmer, until it stopped at a much larger size than it started the day out as. The left breast followed until it matched the right. “What?” words escaped Dani. She then scrambled for her phone, and started frantically thumbing it.

“Who are you calling?” Tess asked.

Dani kept thumbing her phone, without answering Tess, until she stopped motionless. “God damn it.”

“What? What is it?” Tess said confused.

Dani held up the phone to Tess. It showed a photo of a social media post time stamped an hour ago: it was a selfie of Alix in a hospital bed, with Keith leaning in next to her. The caption read: ‘Getting prepped for surgery! Can’t wait to upgrade! #outwiththe700inwith1400’

.....

Tess pulled into the gym parking lot, and parked in a spot facing away from the gym. The light coming from the windows of the gym reflected off of the car’s rearview mirror, and framed highlighting Tess’s eyes. It was 3:30 in the morning. Even being a fit freak, Tess had never been to the gym before 6 AM. Only strippers, nurses, and strippers going to school to become nurses were at the gym at 3:30 in the morning. Today Tess will fit right in. Her hips measured 43 inches around. There was no hiding its size. And the only thing Tess could find at the store that would fit, much to her chagrin, were a pair of workout shorts that barely counted as such. They only came halfway down her cheeks, and hugged them tight with a permanent wedgie. Tess wore a tight, long-sleeved number up top, as if it would magically even things out, but she knew it didn’t. Her eyes went from looking in the rearview to looking at the coffee tumbler in the cupholder. Ever though she swore she was done with voodoo, she still made another batch. She had no plan to use it. She wouldn’t know what to write on the slip, yet there it sat. She took a slow, deep, meditative inhale, the exhaled, “No,” and got out of the car, marching to the front door.

Tess sat down at the chest press machine. She preferred to use free weights, but in her current state, didn’t want to leave herself so exposed, so to speak. Set after set, she thought of what she would say to Mayse after beating her. Tess pressed until muscle failure, and then

reduced the weight by one plate. What would be the perfect culmination of a comeback to everything Mayse had said to her? Tess reduced the weight. She imagined dwarfing Mayse on stage. Tess reduced the weight. She imagined being so big, no one could see Mayse standing beside her. Tess reduced the weight. She was straining now with gritted teeth, pushing to failure with only two plates left. Letting out a large grunt, she let her arms shoot back, and the plates slammed back into place. Tess got up and started to wipe down the machine, when a familiar voice appeared out of nowhere:

"I thought that grunt sounded like the grunt of desperation!" It was Mayse.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm always here this early. You don't think I only work out once a day, do you?" Tess didn't answer. "I'd ask you what you are doing here this early, but I can see it's obvious you are trying to hide that botched butt job. Did you really think you could convince the judges those plastic sacks are real?"

"I don't have butt implants."

"Keep telling yourself that, fake butt. Maybe if you wish upon a star, your fairy godmother will turn those pumpkins into a real ass." Tess resisted the urge to correct her on the mixed cartoon metaphors. "Anyway, I'm gonna go put in a real workout. You have fun continuing to fake it until you make it with your pathetic two plates."

Mayse walked away, leaving Tess alone with her twitching eye. "Fuck this," Tess said with personal resolve, and stormed out to her car, and sat inside. She pulled out her phone, typing out drafts, until she landed on the one she would write on the slip.

With any exercise in the gym, workout pump will become new muscle size, and muscle recovery from fatigue will be immediate. (No muscle growth to hands, feet or face.)

After drinking the contents of the tumbler, Tess was back in the gym, sitting at the chest press again, pumping out a set at the light weight she had left it at. Coming off working to exhaustion, it was excruciating. Every fiber in her chest burned, but she still punched through until matter made its inevitable triumph over mind, and she let go, dropping one arm to the side, the other immediately reaching to massage her pecs. Did she do something wrong? Did working out first screw something up? Before she could continue spiraling, one of the other girls in the gym approached her. Tess couldn't tell if she was a stripper or a nurse, but she could pass for either.

"Hi," the woman said with a friendly smile.

"Hi," Tess replied politely.

"For what it's worth, I think your butt looks great."

"Oh. Thanks." Tess was caught off guard by the compliment.

"Is it true it's real?" Like, all of you?"

"Yes, it's all me," Tess said with a grin.

"Think you could give me some pointers some time? You are definitely going on my gym goals."

Tess took in the endearing moment, "Yeah, I could do that sometime."

"Thanks!" the woman elated. "I'll let you get back to it," and just before she scampered off, she added, "Don't let that woman get to you. She's a jerk to all of us here in the morning too."

The sentiment lifted the weight off of Tess's chest. In fact, her pecs were feeling much better. She leaned back and pressed the weight with ease, so she stopped and added another plate. She pressed again until exertion, and then added another plate. And then another plate. And another. As Tess leaned over to add the last plate available on the machine, her other hand reached to her pecs again. They were noticeable bigger than before, and though it may just be in her head, she could swear she felt them growing...

.....

Dani wrapped the large overcoat around herself before knocking on Alix's apartment door. They were still in the middle of a heatwave, but it was the only thing she owned that could completely cover her overgrown chest. Dani had texted Alix earlier under the guise of coming over to check on her. Dani didn't know what she was going to say, but she needed to make sure Alix didn't intend on going any larger. Dani knocked again. Her phone vibrated with a text from Alix, reading: *Come in*. Dani cautiously turned the door knob, and eased the door open, "Hello?"

"Come in! I'm just getting out of the shower," Alix called out from the bedroom.

Dani closed the door behind her, and stood in the living room with her arms folded nervously under her chest. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and realized how more prominent it made her chest look, and dropped her arms to her sides.

"How do I look?" Alix walked out into the living room in sweatpants and a surgical bra. There was still bruising around her breasts, but they were huge compared to the last time Dani had seen her in person.

"They look good," Dani said sincerely. "I didn't realize you were planning on going bigger."

"I had been thinking about it, even to the point of starting to save a little on the side from my streams."

"Streams?"

"I stream playing games online, and I get some money from that. I also do some camming."

"Oh, I didn't know."

"It helps pay the bills, and allows me to save for the future. I try to save where I can. Which is why when you dumped the Keith opportunity in my lap--"

"I dumped?"

"Whatever you want to call it. I didn't want to pass up to opportunity, and here we are." Alix waived her hands in front of her body in a presenting fashion. "You were right, Keith is a creep, but I think I can drag a couple more procedures out of him before he starts putting on the full court press, if you catch my drift."

Dani was getting nervous, "What other procedures were you thinking of?"

"Lip fillers, botox, maybe a new butt," Alix brought her hands up over her breasts, cupping the sides and tops of them. "And when these babies heal, I'll make them bigger too."

Dani's eyes widened, but tried to play it cool, "Are you sure you want to go back under the knife so soon with those?"

"No silly. I don't need to. These are expanders. I already have the saline purchased to go bi--"

"NO!" Dani blurted out uncontrollably at Alix, who took a step back. It was now or never for Dani, "I mean... this is hard for me to explain, and harder to believe, but the point at the end of it all is that I need you to not make your breasts any bigger. Do what you want with the rest of your body, but leave your breasts alone."

"Why?"

"It's hard to explain."

“I think I know.” Without giving Dani a chance to react, Alix lunged forward, grabbed Dani’s overcoat, and pulling it off of her in one fell swoop, exposing the tight shirt barely containing Dani’s breasts. “I KNEW IT! You don’t want me bigger, because you want to be the biggest.”

“WHAT?!”

“You went bigger than me, and loved it, and then saw me post online that I was going bigger, and you couldn’t have that, so you called up your doctor for a rush job.”

“That’s not what happened. I don’t want to be bigger than you.”

“Then how big are they? How many CCs?”

“How many do you have?”

“1400 each. How many do you have?”

Dani flinched, “A little more than that...”

“Get out!” Alix tossed the overcoat in Dani’s face, “GET! OUT!”

The door slammed behind Dani. She was fucked, and knew it, but by how much, only time would tell.

Thanks for reading the newest chapter! You can follow me over on DeviantArt <https://www.deviantart.com/toobigistoosmall>. Feel free to reach out. I always appreciate the comments and reviews,