

A Delicious Mix-Up

A MistyF Short (#231)

In a hurry to leave the gym, a stressed-out woman picks up a different water bottle.

What's inside isn't water but something incredibly delicious.

This story contains mature themes. There's no sex, but there is growth, expansion, and clothing destruction. As usual, this is a work of fiction. Any resemblance to people or events, past or present, is coincidental.

Meg's phone went off, *again*, and she hurried to get off her sports bra so she could see who it was. Her mom. Of course. She never should have volunteered to be her maid of honor for the wedding.

"Hi, Mom," she said, tapping her earbud. "What's up?"

She listened to the usual worried nattering as she stripped off her shorts, panties, and socks. This time, it was the dress fitting. Which was today. In a little over an hour. Shit!

"Okay, seeyouthenbye!" She hung up and put her buds away before rushing to the shower with one arm over her chest. She washed quickly, barely lathering up. In fact, she was so focused that she didn't notice someone step up next to her.

"In a hurry?"

Meg gasped in surprise and turned to see who had spoken. Well, when it rained, it poured. The woman next to her was Alexvia, the blonde super hottie who embodied Meg's goal – and reminded her how far off that goal was. Meg couldn't help a quick glance down to appreciate her near-perfect fitness physique. Gods, her legs. Those award-winning legs. She wanted to touch them. Her arm even started to move before she realized what she was doing and tried to make the movement look natural.

"Y-yeah," she said as she tried to suppress a nervous laugh. "I forgot I needed to be somewhere this afternoon."

"I know the feeling," Alexvia said back. "I get lost in my workouts all the time."

With that, she raised her arms to take out her messy bun and let the water rinse out the sweat. Meg drank in the spectacle as her heart raced. She was starting to get hot enough that the water felt cold against her skin. What would it be like to kiss that stomach? Those biceps?

Those breasts? Just then, Alexvia opened her eyes and Meg started to wash her own her so she had an excuse to close her eyes.

“Maybe we work out together next time,” Alexvia said. “Keep track of time for each other.”

A dozen responses struggled to be the one that came out of her mouth. It was like watching a rose race. Saying she was unworthy took an early lead. Then, Be Thirsty About It got out in front on the first turn. Then there was Playing It Cool. Playing It Cool was coming in hot on the last turn. Cool and Thirsty were neck and neck down the straightaway. Thirsty. Cool. Thirsty.

“Yeah, I’d like that,” she said as Cool edged out its rival and was the first horse past the finish line. “When are you here next?”

“Oh, I am being here every morning,” Alexvia said, her voice glowing. “And every other evening. Tonight is one where I’m being here, just in case.”

“Okay, I’ll keep that in mind.”

With that, Meg focused on rinsing out her hair and getting toweled off. She dressed in a hurry, grabbed her bag and water, and bolted out of the locker room. It wasn’t until the light at the corner of the block that she realized she’d grabbed the wrong bottle. It was bigger than hers and super heavy, too. Was it Alexvia’s? She kind of hoped it was as she shrugged and took a swig. Water was water, after all. Except what hit her tongue wasn’t water but the sweetest drink she had ever tasted. It was fresh from the fridge cold. There were notes of strawberry and vanilla that lingered even after she had let go of the bottle.

“Whoa.” She was about to take another sip when a horn blared. She had been so entranced that she’d missed the light changing. Embarrassed, she sped through the intersection

and pulled onto the highway a moment later. Traffic was... difficult. Not so packed as to be stop-and-go, but just enough to keep her from cutting to the left lane and half-flooring it. It also meant she could only take quick sips – even though she wanted to drink the whole thing in one go.

Meg pulled into a spot about fifteen minutes late. Thanks traffic. The bottle wasn't even close to halfway empty, so she brought it in with her. There would be plenty of time to savor it better. Not that the taste was leaving her mouth. At this point, the thick drink had left a flavorful coating on her tongue and the inside of her cheeks. The possibility that it might be Alexvia's filled her with a strange courage. There was nothing her mother could throw at her to wreck her afternoon.

"I can't believe you're late!" her mother hissed a moment later. "Everyone else has come and gone already!"

"It was the traffic, okay?"

Her mother was still in her gown. A pile of unopened shoeboxes sat to one side, and a pile of discarded ones lay strewn about on the other. She clicked her tongue and that was her only reply before she went back to focusing on finding just the right pair of shoes.

People used to say she looked a lot like her mother – before she had grown her hair out and dyed it blue, that is. Still, it was hard to miss the places where their faces were similar. They had the same distinct jawline. The bottom-heavy lips that they shared. The same blunt, triangular nose. Then, there were their eyebrows, which were prominent and bushy in equal measure.

Meg took several gulps from the bottle as she stalked toward the fitting rooms, and the exchange drifted away to make way for savoring. She wanted to stop and drink all of it but knew it would look weird to be chugging a water bottle in the middle of the bridal department. She could wait for the dressing room. Yes, she just needed to make it to the dressing room and then no one could stop her from indulging her need.

“Hi, there,” said the clerk overseeing the rooms. Her nametag read ‘Rosa’. “Name, please?”

“Oh, uh, I’m with the Richards party. Meg Richards.”

“One sec, I’ll go grab it.”

Left alone, Meg threw her head back and guzzled as much of the bottle as she could before needing to take a breath. As she did, she drifted into a trance-like state.

She finds herself back at the gym. Alexvia is doing curls when she notices Meg. She puts the barbell down. She crosses the room and slams a hand on the wall behind Meg on either side of her head. Despite the menacing pose, her expression leaves no doubt that she wants Meg. She moves in until her breasts are lifting Meg’s chin. “See you this evening.”

“Ma’am?”

Rosa’s voice broke the trance. Meg relaxed and put the bottle down. She draped the wrapped dress over her arm and picked up the bottle again. “Thanks, I’ll go try this on now.”

Alone for the first time since she left her apartment that morning, she let out a heavy sigh of relief. She held up the bottle.

“Now, to finish you off...” Meg undid the lid and downed gulp after gulp of the drink. She was so eager to taste it that it felt like her tongue was getting longer, just so she had more tastebuds. When only the stubborn drops remained, Meg lowered the bottle and set it aside.

Finally, after an hour of interruptions, she had finished it. She had finished it, and she felt strange. She was normally wiped out after the gym, but right now, her body was raring to go again. It was like she'd had the best warm-up of her life.

“Hah... I feel so good.” Getting undressed felt good, too. She was more aware than ever of the feeling of fabric sliding over her skin. She was damn near panting by the time she was ready to put the dress on. “What is going on with me right now?”

Was it the drink? She recalled the strange moment that had just happened. Whatever the reason, Alexvia had the answer. ‘See you this evening’ indeed.

Pulling the dress up, Meg noticed it being tight around her hips. Her waist, too. She tried to get the zipper up but had to ask Rosa for help. After a good bit of a struggle, they got the zipper all the way up. Meg could barely breathe.

“Are you sure this is my dress?” she asked.

“I’m sure, yes,” Rosa replied, although her tone was a little uncertain.

The drink was making her grow? But she'd downed the entire thing! Shit, how big was she going to get? Alexvia big? Her whole body clenched with pleasure at the idea. In fact, she could feel the dress getting tighter and tighter. It wasn't going to last much longer.

The back went first, the slider popping off and landing somewhere behind Meg. Her enlarging form forced the weak point apart and then kept going as a tear formed from the

bottom of the zipper all the way to the backs of her thighs. Whether it was her back or her chest driving the growth, she couldn't tell. Everything was tight.

"What in the world?" Rosa asked, backing into the corner opposite the door.

"I don't know!" Meg replied. "But it feels amazing."

The tear down the back wasn't enough to save the dress. Every seam on her upper body began to bulge and come undone. The only things adjusting were the tied straps over her shoulders since she'd used a slipknot.

Looking in the mirror, none of her gains seemed all that dramatic – especially compared to Alexvia – but destroying the dress made them feel gigantic. In less than a minute, she had outgrown herself in every way possible. Even her hair was longer, and it turned out that the sensation of her tongue getting longer wasn't something she had imagined, either.

"Sorry about the dress," Meg said, pulling off the ruined dress so that she was standing there in just her panties.

"It's, uh, no big deal," Rosa said. Her eyes were wide, but her gaze was wandering Meg's body. "Do you want me to measure you for a new one?"

It didn't seem like she was going to grow further – not without more sips – so she accepted. Rosa got the tape and step stool. Meg hadn't grown super tall, but she had already been taller than the clerk.

Rosa started out measuring and taking notes. Then, after Rosa had to hug her to measure her underbust, it just turned into measuring, with each circle of the tape taking longer than the last.

Meg caught a glimpse of the measurements Rosa *had* written down and was astonished. She looked down and freaked. She hadn't noticed because of how the dress had torn, but her boobs looked super huge now! In comparison to the tiny bumps she'd had before, it was an exponential increase.

"You're getting turned on by how big I am, aren't you?" she asked as Rose measured her flexed bicep (thirteen-and-a-half inches!).

Rosa looked away, but Meg coaxed her to look back.

"I am, yeah."

Rosa was standing on the step stool, she wouldn't back up, so Meg moved closer. Rosa instead leaned forward and put her arms around Meg's neck. All of a sudden, they were kissing. What was this day?

The kiss lasted a few seconds before they broke apart. Both started to apologize.

"Sorry, I –"

"– No, I should apologize!"

"– don't know what I was thinking. It's just –"

"–no no, it's okay!"

"– today had been weird and –"

"Here's my number," Rosa said, hoping that would end them trying to talk over each other. "Call me sometime. We can go get dinner or, I don't know, just come back to my place and make out."

"S-sure. I'd, uh... I'd love that."

“Well, I’ll leave you to get dressed and put this in. Maybe I can call in a favor and get it rushed.”

“Thank you so much!”

Meg pulled on her shorts again. Even if they were a bit showy now, they were stretchy enough that she wouldn’t immediately give away what had just happened. Her top was the same way. It came down to her waist now and not her hips, but it would probably pass her mother’s casual glance. She grabbed the bottle as well, Alexvia would probably want it back.

“Well?” her mother asked, only glancing over her shoulder.

“They needed to make a couple of adjustments. I guess my time at the gym is paying off.”

“I hope it’ll be done in time.”

“She said she’d pull some strings,” Meg started sidestepping towards the door. “Anyway, I’ve got things to do. Call you tonight?”

“Sure, sure – and thanks for coming by, Meg. I mean it.”

Meg hustled to the car and then had to adjust everything before she could leave.

“Okay, back to the gym. Let’s get some answers.”