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<Cursed Pumpkins>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 1 - 31st Oct part 1

The cold air swept between my legs; my “thermal leggings” were not quite enough to safeguard against the autumn breeze. I was dressed up for Halloween taking my nephew out trick or treating. It was a tradition that me and him started many years ago, now rushing around in the night bravely, he almost didn’t need me.

Seven years old... Where does time go?

In that time, I had finished school and was taking a gap year before I went to university and working two jobs just to keep myself on the road. The balance of life, I was quickly finding out, was a tough one.

One more go around. I told myself.

I was quite sad about it all, it was something I did look forward to, even if my friends weren’t into dressing up, I always made an effort for Carter. He appreciated it at the very least. This was our time.

This year he was dressed up as a werewolf, classic stuff. He had a fascination with them. Apparently, there was some new show where a kid could turn into a werewolf and save the day.

What will they think of next?

I however had also gone for a classic, the witch. I was dressed in a short skirt and a tight crop top. Admittedly it was meant to be warmer when I first chose this outfit. However, the weather

had taken a bit of a turn in the past few days.

Cold snap... In October...

The outfit was also to be repurposed for the party that I was going to tonight. Until then, it was Carter time.

“Trick or Treat” He yelled to the occupant of the house; the old lady almost jumped out of her skin.

So here I was, currently standing at the end of the drive to someone’s house, freezing my tits off. I couldn’t feel my legs, despite the “Thermal leggings” My midriff was numb, as were my arms and face. I watched my overly happy nephew run back from the door with his treat bag bouncing in the wind, almost tipping out.

“Julie! Julie! Look! The lady gave me three bars, she said she was closing for the night, she thought I should have them. She really liked my outfit” He proudly said, puffing his chest out.

“Of course, you are the coolest werewolf around here, I mean look at that craftsmanship. Someone really cool must’ve made that.” I placed a finger on my chin musing.

“Julie!” he groaned.

“What?”

“You made it!”

“Oh yeah!” I said, giving a dumb smile to him. Carter just laughed at my lame joke.

Kids are great.

I looked around and realised that we had gotten to the end of the street.

“Hey buddy, I think it is time we head back, Mum is probably wondering what took us so long. “

“Awh...” He frowned before looking around, “there has to be another place...” Carter groaned, looking around for any excuse to keep getting more sweets from strangers.

“I mean... There is one more.” I said with a grin on my face. “If you are up for it this year...”

The house in question was number 13, it was set back from the road, it had a huge surrounding plot of land, but it wasn't well maintained. The grass was overgrown, the house was a shambles. It might as well have been abandoned, except for a few things; There was someone living there, there were decorations on the gate and in the yard and there was a light on the porch.

"Oh... Umm... Mom said there is a Witch who lives there..." Carter stammered.

"A Witch?" I burst out laughing. "She told me the same thing." I nudged his arm "I mean, if you are too scared, we can go home."

He took a deep breath and grabbed my hand.

"Let's go."

He marched me to the gate and feeling that his bravado had dried up, I took charge and dragged him down the long pathway to the house. I must admit, it did give off a creepy vibe. The whole path was decorated with lots of Halloween looking decor, but none of it was store bought, it was all handmade. It added to the effect. The porch was littered in candles and jack-o-lanterns. Even with the wind, the flames never wavered.

"Julie... I'm scared..." Carter clutched my hand and walked close to my side.

"It's Okay bud, we will knock, get candy and be on our way."

Standing on the wooden porch, the large and imposing door stood before us, it was etched with lots of strange runes. I pushed Carter forward to knock, but he was too afraid. Lowering myself down, I crouched beside him, and we both knocked the door together.

****Knock, Knock, Knock****

As we finished the final knock, the candles, which had been immune to the weather at this point, flickered. It made Carter yelp, and it did spook me. The metal handle started to slowly turn. I stood up and felt Carter's grip tighten. Slowly, the door creaked open. Slowly revealed to us was a short woman who looked incredibly old. Her eyes were dull, and her slow movements made me feel uneasy.

"Trick or treaters. I must admit, it has been a long time since anyone knocked on this door."

Her voice was flat, devoid of life almost. “Good thing I am prepared every year.” She said, turning around to grab something from inside the house. Upon turning back around, I was surprised to see her holding a pumpkin.

I raised my eyebrow and looked at Carter, he was too fixated on the woman to notice the pumpkin before him. The old woman wasted no time and removed the top of the pumpkin, she had cut it out previously it would seem. Inside there were sweets.

“Oh, how cute, I never thought to use a pumpkin before.” I tried to add some light conversation to the eerie interaction.

The old woman looked at me and did nothing more.

Alright then...

“Go on Carter, grab one.” I pushed him forward.

He was so brave before, but now, he was trembling. I stepped forward and reached in for him, my hand rummaged around for a few seconds before I returned with a single chocolate for Carter.

“There you go bud.” I patted him on the head and placed the sweet in his bag. “Thank you very much.” I said to the woman who remained motionless in the doorway.

Carter turned and ran down the path, clearly still spooked. I watched him run to the end of the path, only stopping to turn and see if I was following him.

“Kids...” I said under my breath to nobody in particular.

“They are a blessing. You are so good for what you do each year Julie.”

I felt the hairs stand up all over my body.

How did she know my name and was she really watching me each year?

I turned back to the woman and saw an expression on her face for the first time. It was a smirk, evil and sinister. I took a step back out of instinct alone.

“Let me bless you...” She turned again, returning with two conjoined pumpkins, they were very small, each only about the size of a tennis ball, they were stuck together. “I know you crave attention from boys, these will help.”

“What the?”

I restrain myself from swearing, too freaked out, I take the pumpkin from her decrepit hands and start to walk down her path. “Thank you.” I reply out of courtesy.

Carter kept his eyes on me the whole time, peering from behind the wall surrounding the house.

“Oh, there is my brave little guy.” I tease.

“Julie, she was super freaky... I didn’t like her.”

“I know, she did seem a bit odd.” I admit.

“What did she give you?”

I hold up the pumpkins and we both inspect them for a few moments before we feel some raindrops land on our heads.

“Quick, back to mum’s house.” I tell Carter. He runs ahead, I jog and catch up, keeping his pace as we rush in before the rain comes and gets either of us drenched.

We burst through the door just in the nick of time and Carter runs into his bedroom to count his sweets. He did it every year, it was rather sweet how he hadn’t changed in so many years. I walked into the kitchen to meet my sister, Cassie. She was ten years older than me; she had Carter when I was thirteen, I think that is why me and him are so close. Cassie was a lovely mum, she had a nice clean house and a lovely husband, John. Everything was in place, they seemingly had life sorted out. It was always nice to see her, due to the age gap, she was more like a Mum to me than most sisters are to their younger siblings.

“Hey, Carter counting upstairs?” She guessed.

“Yeah, I think he might have broken his record this time.”

“Oh yeah? I guess that is going to be fun for me.” She jokes.

“Yeah, we went to number thirteen.”

Cassie froze. “Did Carter go...”

I nod. “Yeah... Why?” I nervously respond.

Tears fill Cassie's eyes. "Did he... Get a sweet from there."

I nod again.

Cassie runs out of the room, quickly scaling the stairs and bursting into his room. I follow behind and see Cassie rustling through the pile of sweets for anything out of the ordinary. That is when she sees the unmarked bar of chocolate. Cassie grabs it and breathes a huge sigh of relief.

"Carter, Mum needs this one, I'll get you three more to replace it, ok honey?" The whole ordeal was so quick that Carter was just dumbstruck. "Hun?"

"Why?"

"Never mind, you can have three though, how close does that put you to the record? This haul doesn't look very impressive." She teases him, taking his focus away from the bar she just took from him.

"What? Let me count, I was doing well until you stormed in here." He said with a serious childish tone.

"Me and Julie are going to leave, you get counting."

Cassie started to leave, and I followed her. When she passed me, she was cold, almost like she had just seen a ghost. We both remain silent until we get downstairs, sitting at the dining table Cassie lets out a few tears. I rest my hand on her palm.

"What was that all about?"

"Number thirteen is cursed Julie. That is why we don't go there." She said between sobs.

"Cursed? What are you talking about?"

"The woman living there is a witch or something, she never leaves anyone who enters her property, she tries to curse. This chocolate bar, it is cursed, I just know it."

"What are you on about? It is just a chocolate bar..." I replied to my sister.

"No. There have been stories, lots of them. Children, Men, Women. When they go on her property, they are changed when they come back... I just hope she didn't do anything to Carter."

Cassie begins to sob again.

“I’m sorry Cass...” I console her, confused and a bit panicked.

She can’t believe this crap...

“Look, let’s forget it, we got the bar, let’s just move on.”

As if on cue, Carter comes downstairs. “Mum! How many did you say you’d give me?”

“Three, Carter.” Cassie said, wiping the tears away.

“New record!”

Carter rushes over to Cassie, he excitedly celebrates, and Cassie squeezes her son, whilst fighting back tears.

Cursed... No way...

Chapter 2 - 31st Oct part 2

Cassie managed to compose herself and she played some Halloween themed games with him, unfortunately I had a party to attend so I couldn't stay with them. I left feeling a bit strange, it was quite hard to process such a reaction from Cassie, she was always so calm and measured.

Something about that woman's house really spooked her.

I got into my car and started to head towards my friend's house. She lived close enough to the club we were going to that we were going to crash there for the night after the party.

I mean... Curses? What would that make that woman? A Witch?

I chuckled to myself.

No such thing.

Arriving at Chloe's, I let myself in with the key she gave me. Chloe was my best friend; she was beautiful and kind. I caught myself in the mirror and checked that I was still rocking the witch's outfit. My eyes scanned over all 5"10 of my thin body. I had been working out, eating healthy and really looking after myself. I always had. I hid my blonde hair under a black wig, it was well secured, and the scraggy black hair sat perfectly under my black hat. I am not really a vain person but I had to admit that I did look beautiful, I loved how cute and small my features were, but it was my eyes that I loved, The deep blue eyes had a good smoulder when I gave "The eyes", or so my previous partners had told me. My long legs led to a perky rear; it was decently sized, but I did

yearn for a bit more back there. The black shirt I had on did well to accentuate it a bit more for me. My trim stomach was on show thanks to the crop top I chose to wear.

A sexy witch... How original...

The top itself looked real good.

The girls are poppin'

I was a B cup, I grew in my early teens and stopped, I wasn't too beat up about it, I felt I had enough beauty to carry me otherwise but it was always a bit frustrating when I would be overshadowed by someone with bigger tits than me.

I think I might win out tonight...

My crop top wasn't snug when I first put it on, but it did appear to be a bit tight now. I paid no attention to it and walked on through towards the bathroom where Chloe was. She was running late, as usual.

"Make up time?" I chided her.

"Yes Jules..." Chloe said, rolling her eyes.

"I thought we were meant to leave at nine. Isn't Nathan going to be waiting?"

Nathan was Chloe's crush, she met him in college, and they've been flirting with each other for quite some time.

"Tonight is the night" I recall her saying to me this morning.

My comment caused Chloe to rush, she was dressed up as a black cat. Painfully original, but cute that she was my familiar. We had been friends since we were ten, our parents are best friends. Chloe was strikingly beautiful, I found her more attractive than me and it certainly did help that she had the tits to back it up. She developed later than I, but she didn't stop growing. She had a healthy set of Ds, but she would regularly wear a C in order to make herself pop more. The brunette tied her hair into a ponytail for tonight, her tight black booty shorts showed off her rear to perfection, her legs were in fishnet leggings, and she chose to wear a crop top like me, the difference was that her top was much lower cut than mine. Putting on her cat ears and checking herself in the mirror one last time she turned to me.

“What do you think?”

She was my best friend, but I couldn't deny that I would love to do more with her, I wasn't a lesbian but if there was anyone in the world that I would have in a threesome, it would be Chloe.

“Nathan isn't ready for you.” I teased.

“He fucking better be, I need him.” She started to lead the way to the front door but paused when she was passing me. “Look at you!” She cupped her hands under my tits and shook them.

“Hey” I gasped from shock.

“Wow, they look good. Whatever you are doing, keep doing it. Let me know your secret for the next night out, we're late.”

She saw it too...

I looked down and took stock of the melons I was trying to contain in my bra. They looked plump, the bra, strained.

“Come on!” Chloe yelled from the door.

“Coming!”

We rushed to the club; the exercise kept us warm through the chilly weather.

“Why didn't we bring jackets?” Chloe asked.

“Because we are stupid.” I replied.

“Oh yeah...”

There was a queue to get in, luckily, we knew the doorman, so he let us in after Chloe showed him some cleavage. The club was dark, the music was thumping, and the floor was sticky.

Normal club vibe then...

“Let's get a drink.” I pulled Chloe towards the bar.

Chloe was scanning the club for Nathan, but it was hard to see between the strobe lights where he was, she was resistant to me pulling her.

“C'mon, I am not staying sober for a single second longer.” I had to yank her arm. “Why

don't you just sniff him out, I am sure you could do that..."

"Har har. Fine. I'll get the first one." Chloe stopped putting up a fight and we waded through the crowd to the bar.

The overworked staff behind the bar were rushing around like headless chickens trying to keep up with the amount of people screaming their orders over the blaring music. Chloe tucked herself between two guys to get to the front of the queue, one of them was more than a little tipsy, he smacked her ass and allowed her to order first.

Returning with two cocktails that probably cost her way too much, Chloe handed me the drink.

"Let's get these down us and then let's dance, Nathan said he was running late."

Wanting to find myself to that happy drunk stage, I tilted my head back and necked the whole cocktail in one motion.

"Fucking hell Jules, that shit cost a bomb..."

I stifled a burp, "Well, for what it's worth, it was bloody good. Come on, I want to dance."

Chloe downed her drink and we both headed to the dance floor, the DJ was playing appropriately spooky songs and the orange and red lights flashed around the room. It wasn't long before I felt some hands softly rubbing on my body, a staple of being a woman in a crowded dance floor. I secretly loved it.

I felt the drink had gone to my head quite quick, I was feeling loose. Chloe appeared with another two drinks. Over the loud music I couldn't hear what she was saying, nor could I read her lips because of the poor lighting. I grabbed the cocktail and downed it, not wanting to stop dancing. The fruity beverage tasted amazing. I didn't take the time to savour the taste, I just felt the alcohol slide down my throat. Chloe jumped up and changed her body language, I turned around to see who or what she had seen.

Nathan.

Admittedly, he was a hunk. Well built, strong and able, he was also so sweet. He played sports but he wasn't quite the brute that some of his teammates were. He was dressed as

Frankenstein; his large body made it work. That was the last I saw of him and Chloe all night, it was very evident that their brewing flirtations would bubble over tonight, almost immediately his large arms were wrapped around her, and they were dancing.

“Good luck...” I said under my breath to Chloe, not that she heard.

I danced on my own for a song, bumping between crowds of people, the alcohol was clearly having an effect on me. I was feeling warm but loose. I was having a good time, although my top felt a bit tight.

Stupid top.

I glanced down and in my tipsy state, I could've sworn they were bigger, but I quickly found that thought exiting my head when I bumped into my own hunk. He apologised and made sure that I didn't fall over, his arm swiftly wrapped around my waist. He was dressed as a Mummy, the four of us could've been sectioned for our lack of originality.

I could barely make out over the blaring music. “Hey, I'm Steve.”

I didn't bother to reply, I just danced with him.

Actions speak louder than words, right?

I started to gyrate and dance close to him, my rear rubbing against his thigh. When the next song came on, we both started jumping into the forming mosh pit at the front of the club, near the decks.

I don't know how long I was dancing for, nor how many drinks I had gone to get throughout the set, although Steve was generous if nothing else, he paid for me all night. The set ended and the dance floor was clearing out, time had flown by, and the end of the night was here. I checked my watch and saw that it was 2am. I was still in the presence of Steve; he hadn't left my side, and we had a great time. Now with the music having dimmed and some lights coming on to help see people out, I got to see him in his entirety, as did he see me.

He was drunkenly staring at my tits. I was too inebriated to care, in fact, I was quite flattered that my Bs could garner such a gaze.

*This top makes them **pop**.*

“I’ll say...” Steve drunkenly replied.

“Did I say that out loud?” I slurred.

He nodded.

I looked down and saw my tits bulging between the cups of my bra, they were trying to bust the seam of my top.

“Wow...” I gasped. My hands cupping them.

They feel bigger...

I looked at Steve to see if I had said that out loud or not. By his reaction, either I did, and he was too fixated on my boobs, or I didn’t.

I’ll never know.

I was feeling rather horny, after a few drinks that is usually the case with me. I grabbed his hand and dragged him out of the club and started to take him back to Chloe’s. Neither of us were happy enough to walk that far without letting our inhibitions take over. I found his hands were quickly on my tits and his tongue down my throat, my hands were rubbing his thigh.

Thankfully I was drunk, or the smell of whiskey on his breath might have turned me off.

I enjoyed how he was so forceful in taking my kiss and manhandling my breasts, although they felt a bit sensitive. I moaned into his mouth. I wanted more. My hand started to reach for his cock, I was disappointed to find that he wasn’t hard, despite his vigour.

Well... We’ve got this far...

I started to stroke his flaccid member in his trousers, with my other hand I encouraged him to grope my tits.

Still nothing.

I was becoming frustrated.

Not that I wanted to fuck right here, I wanted to at least know that he was hard for me. A few more minutes of trying and there was still no life within his trousers. I had enough. I drunkenly pushed him off of me.

“I’ve... Got to go...” I slurred.

He made another advance for me, but I held him off. “If you didn’t have whiskey dick, I’d be taking you home right now.”

I stumbled towards Chloe’s, frustrated and horny.

Fucking men...

My walk home felt dizzy and bouncy. At some point I held my arm across my tits to stop them from bouncing too wildly. I stumbled into Chloe’s place and heard moaning coming from the living room.

Looks like Chloe and Nathan hit it off alright.

I bounced upstairs to the spare room, falling to my knees as I climbed more than once. I stumbled across the landing, dropping my bag onto the floor as I flopped onto the bed, letting out a yelp when I felt a pain in my chest when I fell to the mattress.

I closed my eyes and felt my world still spinning, the noise from downstairs slowly fading as I fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 3 - 1st Nov

The sunlight has become too intolerable to my closed eyes, the searing light makes my face wince.

The uneasy feeling of needing to pee comes to the forefront of my mind.

Five more minutes...

The aftereffects of my consumption are starting to take over my head. A light pounding turns into something more severe.

Ugh...

I realise I am not going to get back to sleep but I lay there and keep my eyes closed. I hear a few banging noises from downstairs.

It seems Chloe is awake...

I make out a deep mumble, the voice is too deep to be Chloe's. Then I remember.

Nathan!

I start to become more alert.

At least my top doesn't feel tight anymore.

Turning over I feel a weight on my chest that feels very strange to me. I open my eyes and I gasp.

Tits.

I look down and I can see my boobs. Naked and proudly sitting perkily on my chest.

They're...

Each bigger than small melons, they are massive compared to what they were.

Huge...

The reason my top doesn't feel tight is because my boobs have grown out of the top and snapped the bra.

The alcohol must've dampened my senses to the pain.

I am shocked, awestruck and just staring at these new additions to my chest.

I don't even know what size they are. They are fucking massive.

I finally move, lifting my body up with my elbows, I don't take my eyes off my boobs.

Watching them sit heavily on my chest, they don't sag at all, they are so perky and round. They look like implants. I reach out to touch them and I am overwhelmed by the sensation of them. My fingers poke and squeeze them and quickly prove that they aren't fake. The residual horniness from last night quickly returns.

No... This is... Weird...

I stand up and walk over to the full-length mirror that is on the wardrobe. Noticing how they bounce with each step. The sensation is rather arousing. Staring at my melons in the mirror I let out a soft moan.

Fuck...

I can't believe what I am looking at, formerly flat chested, my chest was now home to two large round boobs, at a guess F's, they were easily bigger than Chloe's even from shape they looked significantly bigger.

So, round...

I couldn't take my eyes off of them. I heard someone coming up the stairs, I panicked and slammed the open door to the bedroom. I rested my back against the wooden door, I looked down, staring as my tits rose and fell with each quick breath I took.

This just doesn't happen.

Something catches my eye on the floor, next to my discarded bag I can see the conjoined pumpkins on the floor.

Surely not...

I don't think anything more of it because the knock on the door behind me makes me scream out.

"Jules?" Chloe's voice called me, with a hint of concern in her voice.

With blinding speed, I open the door and yank her into the room, so quick that she doesn't see anything, I keep my back to her now that I have thrown her into the room.

"What the hell?" She asks.

"Chloe..."

"What is it?"

"Brace yourself... You aren't going to believe this." I said before turning to my friend.

I saw her face turn to one of shock almost instantly. Her eyes glued to my tits; I felt a pang of pride as my large chest stuck out towards her. There were no words for at least 30 seconds, I mean what do you say when your best friend magically wakes up with huge tits.

"What the fuck Julie..."

It was rare that Chloe called me Julie, it usually was when she was super serious.

"I don't know. I just woke up like this."

"Can I feel?" Chloe blurted out.

Uhh?

"Sure." I didn't see why not but it was a rather strange request.

She wasted no time, and I felt her hands on my exposed breasts, her hands were exploring their surface and testing the feel of them in her hands. I must admit, it felt thrilling to be groped like this, the over stimulation, the sudden new tits and the pent-up horniness from last night was starting to really stack up. I was starting to pant, and I was barely containing moans.

"Are you ok?" Chloe asked.

“They... Umm...” My legs trembled. “Feel pretty good...” I moaned, blushing.

“They feel pretty good to me too...” There was tension in the air. “What about...”

Chloe then lowered herself down my chest and stuck my hard nipple into her mouth and sucked on it and gave it a soft nibble. My body visibly shook, and I had to reach out to support myself. Her hands roamed my body for a few seconds as she suckled some more.

“Fuck~” I gasped.

Chloe released my nipple and stood up, her own nipples making indents in her top, her breathing was quicker too, she bit her lip and stared at me with a desire in her eyes.

“Umm... Sorry Jules...”

“It’s ok...” I moaned. “Anytime...” I winked.

“What happened... Like...” She gestured to my chest.

“I don’t know, my top was feeling tighter yesterday and then today...”

“What the fuck.” Chloe exclaimed.

“I feel fine, *more than fine* actually...” I reached my hands to my boobs and pinched my nipples, letting out a soft gasp. “Your fault.” I teased.

“Sorry... Umm... I mean, as long as you feel ok...” Chloe was blushing again. “Should we take you to the doctors?”

“No way, I finally have tits! They might take them away, let’s just... Carry on.”

“Carry on? *Carry on?* You have huge stripper tits, suddenly, overnight... How do you just “*Carry on*” You can’t just do that.”

“Watch.” I grabbed a robe that was hanging up on the back of the door.

I quickly discarded my busted top and wrapped the robe around my nude chest, the fabric sending tiny shivers all over my body when each fibre ran across my expanded tits.

“There, now your guest downstairs won’t know any difference.” It was a temporary measure but thanks to the fluffiness of the gown, my chest was relatively concealed.

“My guest...” Chloe’s face dropped.

“Yes... I heard you both last night.” I smirked at her.

“I *do* have a guest downstairs...” She timidly said, trying to move past the two elephants in the room.

“I know, so glad that you and Nathan got it together.”

Chloe nodded, her face getting redder by the second. I ambushed her with a big hug, my tits mashing against hers felt strange, oddly exciting.

Mine are bigger...

“I can feel your tits still... They are so big... What are you going to do?”

“Three things Chloe. Eat, Shop and show off.”

We went downstairs, I kept myself covered, Nathan knew me, so I didn't want to have to explain to him how my tits are bigger than Chloe's suddenly, plus I don't want to have her man's eyes on them. I am not like that at all. Chloe and Nathan were so sweet with each other, it was cute but also at times wanted to make me hurl. With my stomach full, my hangover quickly fading. I decided it was time to get a new wardrobe, lest I wanted to walk around topless everywhere.

Not too bad of an idea...

It didn't take too long to pick out a bunch of clothes online, but they wouldn't arrive for a few days, I needed something until then. I threw on the baggiest jumper that Chloe had, it was from an Ex, that she never got rid of. Still, it didn't hide the girls completely, thankfully the lack of bra didn't affect me, they were genuinely that perky that they just stuck out on my chest. My back did feel the difference, but I quickly got used to the new weight distribution. The closest place was a supermarket, it had a clothing section but nothing too extravagant, enough to get me through a few days though. Bouncing through the doors, I noticed a few glances. Despite my best efforts, it was quite clear that I was stacked thanks to how the jumper sat on my chest.

I must admit, it was rather nice to have that attention.

I can't wait for those new clothes to arrive. I'm going to look so hot.

I felt my knees become weak at the thought of being in the club again and popping out of

my new clothes.

I need to focus on the task at hand.

Rushing to the clothing department, I grab a few of the largest size clothes they have on the hangers and make my way to the changing rooms. I try on the first one, a size 14 but it is much too tight to get close to covering my boobs, the next size up gets over my chest but the picture on the front is distorted from the protrusion of my boobs. I find the strain oddly arousing.

They do look good...

I thrust my chest out and stare for a few moments before I change into the next size up. It does a much better job at covering my boobs but there is no question that I am well endowed. The fabric is so tight that it clings to the underside of my tits, the top of my shorts visible.

It is just for a few days... I justify my revealing decision.

I leave the changing room with the top still on and immediately bump into a familiar face. Steve.

His jaw drops and he is gawking at me, this time there is no question that his manhood is working to full capacity. His loose-fitting shorts have a clear bulge pointing towards me.

“Now it works?” I tease.

He nods, no words or sounds leave his mouth. He stares at my boobs dumbly.

“Too late.” I bounce past him, too frustrated with how he left me last night. I paid for my clothes with my phone, and jump back in my car and head back to Chloe’s.

I decided to not go out, despite my thriving sex drive wanting me to, I am just too tired, and I want to showcase my new figure with my new clothes. Me and Chloe order a pizza to share between us and talk through the night, mostly about boobs, before we head to bed. Laying on my back, I stare at my rising mountains and feel a twinge below.

I can't wait to go out...

Chapter 4 - 2nd Nov part 1

I had my alarm set this morning, I thanked the gods for the week off from work but this morning I wanted to go for a run, missing out yesterday was something I wasn't entirely happy about. However, given the circumstances, it was a necessary outcome.

The ringing of my alarm roused me from my slumber, but I was quickly finding myself in a state of panic.

“CHLOE!” I screamed at the top of my lungs.

Laying on the bed, I felt this immense weight on my chest. Chloe burst into the room, and I turned to her, she had frozen in her tracks. It was obvious to anyone why she did.

I was laid on my back and the blanket was still up to my chin, however slightly below my chin was a giant mount.

Round.

Big.

Towering.

We both knew what was under there, my tits.

Chloe timidly approached the bed and flicked the blanket down, revealing my massive breasts. They were much bigger than yesterday, they resembled basketballs on my small frame. Simply guessing, middle of the alphabet territory.

It took a lot of effort, but I was able to sit up and I was amazed at how perky and firm they were, they somehow barely moved on my chest. The round mounts just took up my field of view and obscured a large portion of my abdomen.

“This... This isn't normal...” Chloe said.

I couldn't help but agree with her. I poked my chest to confirm it was real, the feeling of my synapses firing with my own finger touching the stretched skin was enough to almost throw me into a frenzy. My eyes rolled into the back of my head and Chloe held her hand over her mouth.

“What?”

“Your... Umm...” She pointed to the front of my tits.

Nipples?

I reached around their sideways swell and made contact with my nipples; I nearly came from first contact. My fingers felt my way around what I could not see. They were huge, they were thick and very hard. I gave them a squeeze and I yelped in pleased agony as I came.

I fell backwards and stared at my boobs rising and falling on my chest with each breath. The sight was arousing to me, but I knew it was wrong, I needed to do something.

You don't just grow boobs like this... Let alone overnight...

I attempted to pull myself up but found Chloe was laying across my torso, her head near my boobs. The shock in her face was still there but her inner thoughts had won out, she needed to feel them again.

“Chloe... They are *very* sensitive...” I warned.

My words fell on deaf ears, her mouth swallowed my nipples and she started to rub and grope my huge, estimated M cup breasts. Every movement of her tongue had my toes curling. I moaned loudly and thrust my chest towards her willing mouth.

I don't recall much of what else happened that morning, but I certainly did not make my way to the gym. I can remember just writhing in orgasmic bliss until I passed out.

Coming back round was just as shocking as the first because this time I woke up with Chloe

by my side, whatever we had done involved her to a degree that she was napping from exhaustion.

I checked the clock on the wall and realised that the morning was quickly turning into the afternoon. I slipped out of bed, nearly stumbling when I stood up for the first time. Partially due to my legs being weak but also from the gravid weight that was on my chest.

Catching myself in the mirror made my heart stop.

I'm massive.

I really was. I wrapped my tits in the robe and noticed my bag on the floor, still there from Halloween night, by the side of it was the conjoined pumpkins. This time I didn't think twice.

The curse...

I grabbed the pumpkins and the bag and rushed down the stairs, my new tits barely staying covered in my borrowed robe. I paused by the bottom of the stairs and looked again at myself in the mirror.

Who has tits so big that they have cleavage in a robe...

I felt my heart skip a beat at the sight. I nearly jumped out of my skin when I heard a knocking at the door. Looking through the glass, I saw it was Nathan.

Shit.

He obviously saw me because I saw his eyes grow wide and his jaw drop.

Too late now...

I open the door and barge past him, my tits smashing against his chest and sending him flying backwards. I must admit the sensitivity of these things is off the charts, I felt a strange but arousing quiver in my legs as my cannonballs blasted him.

"Sorry, got to go!" I yelled, jumping into my car. My boobs were touching the steering wheel, I drove with my seat so far forward, I shouldn't be surprised. I moved the seat back and sped down the road, back to my sisters.

She must have some idea...

Every swerve, every pull off, the force that it was applying to my body was amplified by my

tits being pulled around the car. I had to use my biceps to keep them in place, driving with my hands at ten and two and fully extended to try and contain the gigantic boobs. I came around the final corner almost on two wheels, it was a miracle that I didn't crash or get pulled over on the way. I wasted no time at all, I didn't even knock, I just let myself in with the key I had.

My Nephew was in school at this time, the car was still at home.

Good, Cass is here.

I opened the door and quickly closed it behind me, lest any curtain twitching neighbour's notice my new assets.

The second I walk into the house I notice something is off.

There is a mess...

One thing I know about Cass, there is never a mess in her house. She is a clean freak.

Walking through the hallway, I can see some discarded wrappers on the floor, chocolate fingerprints on the bannister.

What is going on...

"Cass?" I call out into the house.

"In... Here..." I hear the slightly distorted voice of my sister calling me.

Sounds like she is speaking with her mouth full.

I walk through the doorway into the kitchen, and I am hit with two things immediately. The smell. The place smells like a... Well... Kitchen. A highly used one, there is the smell of grease in the air, there is a chip pan bubbling away, the oven is cooking making a strange concoction of smells. Secondly, I cannot believe the amount of stuff on the surfaces and thrown all over the floor. The cooking instruments in the house are firing on full blast, the bin is overflowing, and the amount of discarded half eaten crumbs and bits of food that someone was too lazy to remove from the packaging is staggering.

I see in the corner of my eye some movement, I turn to see Cass, sitting at the dining table, dirty plates covering the surface of the table, her cheeks bulging from whatever she is currently eating. She doesn't even pause her chewing to comment on my changes. Sat at the table I can only

see her face, she somehow looks a bit pudgier, but that could easily be because of the amount of food she has currently stored in her cheeks.

We both stare at each other for a few seconds as Cassie finishes off her food and with an overexaggerated gulp. We both say in unison; “What happened.”

Obviously, she was referring to my ginormous tits that covered my torso, barely contained in my gown. They projected so far from my torso; it would’ve been impossible not to notice.

I on the other hand was referring to the copious amounts of mess around the place.

“This place is so messy; I’ve never seen your house like this before!” I said in shock. “What’s gotten into you?”

“The Witch. Looks like she got you too.” Cassie gestures to my heaving bosom. “I told you... Shouldn’t have gone to her place...”

“But... A little mess isn’t so bad...”

“That’s not all...” Cassie said, her hands pushing off the table, rising to her feet.

Immediately I see what she is talking about.

Her belly...

Not just her belly, all over, Cassie has gained weight. She put on a few pounds after she had Carter, it took some time, but she lost the baby fat, and she was in the best shape of her life for a few years after that. Even a few days ago, she wasn’t quite at her best, but damn close. Now the woman before you looked as if she had given birth a few days ago and still had her postpartum bump.

Not quite... It looks bigger...

Her stomach was stuffed, it was easy to see how round it was, it was resting on the table as soon as she stood up. Cassie’s body had plumped up all over but most of the weight was concentrated in her belly. It bulged obscenely and lay on the surface lazily. It heaved up and down with each breath that Cassie was taking and wobbled for almost a second after each inhale and exhale.

“I can’t stop eating Julie...” She rubbed her bloated gut and pointed at the half-discarded

sub by the side of me. “Hand it to me... Please...” Her eyes were welling up with water, she was so desperate, but that wasn’t why she was crying.

I picked up the sub and walked towards my fattening sister. “Here Cass...”

Standing so close I could get a better idea of her size; she was so much bigger than a few days ago. I reached out and poked her stomach, to make sure it was real. My finger sunk into her fat midsection.

I don't believe it... I can feel it... But What?

Cass looked sorrowful, she snatched the sub from my hands and started stuffing it into her face.

She can't help it...

“But... How? You didn’t go there...”

With a level of voracity unmatched by a human, she swallowed the sub and let out a soft belch.

“Carter fed me the chocolate... I threw it away but because it was in the wrapper on the top of the bin, he didn’t think it was bad...” A tear rolling down her face. “I am glad he didn’t get any though...” Cassie said, looking down at her midsection.

Cassie waddled past me and grabbed some crisps from the cupboard, her belly resting on the kitchen counter as she did so. I noticed her ass was much bigger too, my sister never had much weight on her to know this but it would appear that she was pear shaped.

“I’m so sorry Cass...”

“We need...” She paused to put more crisps into her mouth. “To do something...”

She was right.

“I can’t get bigger... I don’t think you can either...” Cassie said, pointing to my tits.

Right again.

I froze on the spot and looked down at my boobs.

Bigger... Holy shit...

“We’ve got to go see that witch.”

Cassie’s expression dropped, she looked fearful. “What if she makes it worse...”

“Cass, you are blowing up, you can’t stop eating, where do you think this ends? You as big as this house?”

Cassie took her hands and placed it on her bulging stomach and rubbed it, as if seeing if it was real.

“I’m already bigger... Than when I woke up...” She said, her voice filled with trepidation.

I took the time to stop and wrap my arms around my boobs, taking stock of my size.

Right again.

I was bigger, not a huge amount but it was undeniable truth that I was still growing, not as rapidly as overnight but my tits were still growing in size. I opened my robe and ran to the mirror. My huge boulders smacked against one another as I bounded through the house, topless.

God, I hope John or Carter aren’t home.

Thankfully, they weren’t, I left Cassie still eating in the kitchen. Staring at my breasts in the mirror, I could well and truly see their size in all of their massively expanded glory. My nipples were hard thanks to the cold air, in comparison to the warmth radiating from my chest.

“Cass... We need to go... Now... Before it is too late.” I called back to my sister who was still stuffing her face.

She waddled through the kitchen and into the hallway with me, I couldn’t help but notice how her stomach wobbled and bounced on her frame. It was uncontained by her top; her greed had made her top ride up and bunch under her fatter boobs. Her stretchy PJs were at their limits holding her widening hips at bay. I wrapped the gown around my boobs again, barely and turned to open the door.

We can’t afford to grow anymore...

Chapter 5 - 2nd Nov part 2

Making our way down the street, all notion of shame and secrecy gone. Cassie's stomach was out in the open, she was in her PJs, and I was barely containing my melons in the gown I had on. We marched to number 13 and not letting ourselves have a moment to think, we carried on right up to the house. We both jiggled and wobbled to the front door and rang the bell. The deep sound of the bell reverberated through our chests, and we sat there waiting for the door to open.

We didn't have to wait long; it was almost as if she was waiting for us to ring the bell. The old woman stared at us and grinned, obviously proud of her handiwork.

"Ah, Hello girls." She lifted her cane and poked Cassie in her fat gut. "I was expecting a young boy, but I guess any curse is better than no curse."

She was so brazen about the whole thing.

"You cursed us!" Cassie screeched. "You were going to curse my son!"

She just nodded.

"You would've made him huge and fat like me! Why?"

"I'm a Witch, I curse people so that I can regenerate my life force. I've not had anyone in a while, which is why I look like this." She pauses and places her palm on Cassie's belly. "But..." Suddenly there is a glowing appearing in Cassie's stomach, and it looks as if it is moving into the Witch's hand.

I watch in awe as it looks like she is turning back the clock. Her face becoming far less wrinkled, her skin becoming full of life, the white and black scraggly hair turning into long flowing black locks. She looked as if she had just turned from 100 years old into a middle-aged woman.

Cassie could only gasp and look at the much younger woman before her. Without warning, her hands were on my tits, the gown falling to the wayside.

“Oh, and these are big aren’t they?” Again, the glowing flowed from my boobs into her palms. She started to become younger again.

Seconds past us by and although I couldn’t feel anything, she was growing younger before my eyes. Her wrinkles gone entirely, her hair radiant and skin vibrant. I stared in awe at how beautiful she had become. Her tits perked up and her Ds filled out her top, which had changed during the transformation. She was wearing a sports bra and hot pants. She looked incredible.

“There... Thank you girls...” The Witch turned as if to dismiss us.

“Hang on!” Cassie said. “You can’t just leave us like this.”

Turning back around with red glowing eyes. “I can. And I will.”

“Please... We didn’t wrong you, in fact, we helped you...” I pleaded.

With her red demonic eyes staring at me, I felt like at that moment I might die. I panicked, I wanted to be rid of this curse right now so that I wouldn’t become a giant pair of tits with a person attached to them. I wanted to make amends for ruining Cass’ body too. This was my fault ultimately.

“Plus, if you stop the curse now, I will come back in a few years when you need the power once more...”

The blood red glow faded from her eyes and her scowl softened.

“You’d do that?” She said, confused by my choice. “Nobody has ever offered to be cursed...”

“Please... I just want to stop this from getting any worse...” I gestured to my exposed chest and Cassie’s round stomach.

The Witch stared at me with an intensity only matched by her demonic gaze moments prior. “Alright.” With a snap of her fingers, I felt a strange feeling wash over me.

Then suddenly a piece of paper appeared before me floating in the air.

“This is the contract, if, when summoned, you don’t return to be cursed, I will own your soul, as well as Cassie’s.” The Witch said.

“If that is the only way to get this to stop, deal.” I nodded.

“Wait! Julie, are you really making a deal with a Witch?”

The woman scowled at Cassie.

“If it stops this, then I will do anything.”

I grabbed the floating pen and signed the paperwork.

“Excellent. Pleasure doing business. Now there are a few things to note...”

My heart sank.

“You won’t stop growing immediately. The curse has a duration, you will stop growing tomorrow at dawn.”

Cassie went to open her mouth, but I punched her arm.

“Thank you. What happens after that?”

“Well, if you mean, can I undo this... I can’t. A curse is a curse.” The Witch says dismissively.

“But-” Cassie started before she was interrupted by the black-haired demon.

“I suggest you choose your words carefully; I use curses to replenish myself, I don’t have to do that...”

Cassie backed down immediately.

“Thank you.” I added. “Also... Here...” I pulled out the conjoined pumpkins from my pocket and handed it to her. “I don’t know if this has any significance to you or your power, but I don’t think I need it anymore.” Making light of the fact that my own tits resemble pumpkins almost at this point.

“Thank *you*” The Witch said, shocking me and Cassie. “Most people destroy these... But it does have power in it... I appreciate you returning it.”

I nod with respect and turn away and start to walk back to Cassie's.

"What the hell was that all about?" Cassie got close and whispered into my ear as we walked down the path.

"I might not like what she did, but she allowed me to make amends, sort of. I think that is deserving of my respect, lest she make my girls as big as a house."

Bouncing all the way home, we got back into Cassie's, and she started her consumption once more. I sat there watching my sister grow bigger by the hour, every morsel adding to the girth of her gut. Meanwhile, I would periodically look at my chest and see the robe was slightly more revealing. I ordered some clothes for us both on next day delivery but for now we just grew throughout the day, we ditched our clothes by mid-afternoon. I couldn't stand to leave Cassie alone, I tended to her every whim, as bad as that might've been for her figure, I knew if she didn't get it, she would be much worse off.

Cassie had texted John and asked him to get Carter from School and take him to his mother's for the night. After all, we didn't know what the sunrise would bring for either of us.

As the twilight took hold, Cassie's voracity started to wane. We had moved to the sofa in the front room, her ass had grown across the cushions all day and her stomach stretched further across her thighs. She was entering BBW territory now. She still looked good, her beauty had remained in her face and her skin was still as good as ever. I might even argue that with the rapidly expanded form before me, the skin being plumped up, her skin looked even better. Her body looked soft and inviting, yet her stomach looked so tightly packed with food, it was hard to believe that she was comfortable.

The clock struck 8pm and as if on cue, Cassie stopped eating. She laid her head back and rubbed her gigantic stuffed belly for a few minutes before she passed out right then and there. I didn't have the heart to move her. I placed a blanket over her and let her rest. Taking one final look at her fat body as she billowed over the sofa.

I went to the mirror with one final look at my own body before I turned in for the night. My breasts were bigger for sure, not much though, maybe a cup size or two. They still sat perfectly

perky on my chest. Now that the looming fear of my unending expansion was gone, I felt free.

I look kinda hot... If not a bit obscene.

I took a photo of my naked and huge orbs and sent it to Chloe.

“I fixed it... They’ll stop growing in the morning... I’ll show you tomorrow where they end up.”

And with that I went to bed. Somewhat eager to see what surprises the morning would bring.

I wonder...

Chapter 6 - 3rd Nov

I am startled awake; the doorbell is ringing. I get up as quick as I can and stumble to the door, still half asleep. The delivery driver has the shock of his life when I open the door. My naked huge breasts on display, I take the package from his frozen hand.

“Ugh, Thanks...” I groggily say, closing the door in his face.

As I walk down the corridor, I start to come around and realise something.

My chest feels heavy...

I am next to the mirror in the hallway, I turn slowly and see the damage that one final night of the curse has taken upon my body.

Huge. Massive. Gigantic. Words I would've used to describe my boobs yesterday, but I wasn't using those right. Before me now are something in the latter portion of the alphabet. The size seems irrelevant as you approach the size I am now, rather it would be more apt to compare me to pumpkins. Big, huge, ripe, pumpkins. They stuck out on my chest impossibly, no sag to them whatsoever. It almost appeared as if I had some of the largest implants on the planet contained under my skin. My hand timidly reached to touch them.

The sensation was incredible.

It felt like my nerve endings had been stretched and spread over the orbs so that every tiny touch sent me to a place of pleasure. I felt my legs tremble from the simplest of touches. I stared at

their huge size and was captivated.

I shouldn't like this...

I thought about all the difficult things I would have to do just to fit in, all the hardships I'd face trying to drive again, fit in clothes. None of it deterred this lingering feeling of arousal.

Chloe...

I took my phone out and snapped a picture. Checking it before I sent it, I almost came. I was about 30% bigger than yesterday. Looking at the time, it seemed that I was asleep for quite some time, nearly 10 hours.

Cassie!

I rushed as quickly as I could into the living room to my sister, so see what the final day of the curse brought her. I bumped into the door frame, my lateral projection was so much that I didn't account for it and caught my tit. It hurt much more than I was expecting.

The nerves...

Rubbing the impact area, I rounded the corner and saw Cassie on the sofa.

Holy shit.

The final day's growth was quite a lot for me and my breasts, but looking at Cassie, it was easy to see she suffered a lot more growth than me.

Probably because she was aggressive to the witch.

I stare at her body for a second before even processing it.

Or she was just that thin before...

Her body had ballooned overnight, her fat gut that made her look like she was fat and pregnant had morphed. The taut stuffed dome had spread over her body, the fat no longer just accumulating in her middle. Her stomach was still large, very much so, but in its current state it was almost a double belly, large and heavy it spread across her thick lap. Her tits were piled on top of the fat mountain of a stomach. She was still sleeping; I was able to just watch her and notice the changes. Her face was much puffier, the fat on her chin fell low on her neck almost causing it to disappear. Cassie's arms were thick and bulbous, her pudgy digits rubbed at her stomach.

I was too worried to wake her up.

I don't want her to know I saw her first...

I reach down to the floor and grab the blanket, which must've fallen off in the night, and lift it to cover her body. Well, I tried too. Manoeuvring with these gigantic melons was much more difficult than I thought. I lowered myself down and my tits bumped into the corner of the sofa, causing me much more pain, but also waking Cassie.

Her eyes went wide as she saw my immeasurable melons. She then screamed, noticing her own expansion.

“HOLY FUCK!” She screeched, her voice almost busting my ear drums.

It was hard to argue with her reaction, she had probably gained about 200 lbs in only a few days. Her two-seater sofa was more like a one to her fat body now. She seemed to be a lot more upset by her growth than I did mine. Despite me probably never getting a guy again, unless they were into beach balls, despite me never fitting through door frames without needing a course plotted out.

I somehow felt a bit more at peace than Cassie did.

“Cass... It's ok... It's over now...” I tried to soothe her.

My words did not give her as much solace as they did me. She screeched again. “Easy for you to say, everyone loves tits. You can just become a stripper and you'll be fine.” Her voice was filled with malice, I did not take it personally though.

“But I can't shrink, I am still bound to the curse. You aren't, you can lose weight, I can make money and we can get you a surgery. We can fix you...” I said, trying to hug my overweight sister.

My tight boobs pressed into her soft body, and I felt how squishy she was. My hug was barely effective as I couldn't hope to get my arms around my breasts, let alone Cassie's wide body too.

It took some time, but I was able to calm Cassie down. She accepted her fate, somehow, she knew that there was nothing that could be done, but at least she was no longer cursed. I

meanwhile looked down at my breasts and considered the fact that one day the Witch might call, and I might get even bigger.

or maybe she would curse me in another way.

I couldn't let my mind think of it anymore, lest I go insane.

"What's in the bag?" Cassie points to the delivery bag that I had forgotten about.

"Oh, these are the clothes that I ordered." I bounced over to them, almost losing my balance thanks to my deployed airbags.

I tore the plastic open and pulled out the very large shirts from inside and threw one to Cassie and I lined up putting one on myself. I had ordered the long shirt dresses for us both, my thought process, the largest ones of these would most definitely cover us.

Cassie was grunting to fit into hers within a few seconds.

The largest sizes were out of stock, and I was left ordering a few sizes smaller as a result, a size 20 to be precise. Apparently, it was a tight fit to contain Cassie's new body, billowing with fat. It clung to her skin and compressed her rolls, it felt like it was more revealing than being naked almost. The fabric struggled to contain her fat; it was almost tearing already.

I hope she doesn't get any bigger...

I picked up my top, same size and pulled it over my head with ease.

That was never going to be the problem.

I couldn't even reach the far side of my tits; the hem was pulled taut before that point. I had to rely on Cassie to grab and pull the hem to get it over my bust. I thought the thread was going to cut me in two from how hard it pressed into my spine. Thankfully, she managed to squeeze my tits into the top. The fabric then fell from my tits down towards the floor, like a banner being released on the side of a castle wall. It didn't fall as far down my body as it did Cassie's, the projection of my breasts was far too horizontal to expect much less. The long dress top should've covered my legs, but it barely covered my narrow waist.

We both looked ridiculous.

"What is John going to say?" Cassie asked.

“I don’t know...”

“What is *everyone* going to say?”

“Not a clue...”

I plopped myself onto the other sofa and I felt my boobs slap against the tops of my thighs. How perky and up in my face they were, it was as if I was in hospital and I had one of those table trays that goes over the bed, but it was too high and nearly touching my chin.

I have no idea how we are going to go about our lives now...

Chapter 7 - Epilogue

“The show must go on”.

It felt like the dumbest line to think at that moment but looking at my morbidly obese sister and my impossibly sized breasts, I could only think of that one thing. We didn't know what we had to do but we knew that we couldn't give in. Cassie relied on spite, she chose to grit her teeth and start dieting and exercising immediately, I however accepted my new life, living in constant fear of when I would get that call.

Cassie's life changed dramatically, she was a fit woman before but at this new size, she needed to start over. John didn't mind nearly as much as Cassie thought; he was very supportive of helping her. They hired the best personal trainer that they could afford, and weeks turned into months without any progress. Cassie would call me being frustrated that she couldn't lose a pound, despite not eating or exercising without rest days. No matter what she did, she couldn't lose any weight.

One day, she had just gotten home from the gym, exhausted and tired. She craved something she knew wasn't on her diet plan. At the end of her rope, she went upstairs to change out of her sweaty gym clothes and jump into the shower. Despite it being nearly six months since the curse, she still felt unnatural in her fat form. She took extra time to make sure that she got into every fat fold. Stepping out of the shower she looked at herself in the mirror and her face winced.

“I don’t look any smaller... The trainer says it’s muscle, it weighs more than fat.” Cassie picked up her arm and flexed it.

Her bicep just wobbled in response.

“AAARRRRGGHH!” She screamed.

The noise caught John’s attention downstairs; he made his way to the bathroom. Quietly opening the door, he saw Cassie stepping on the scale and she grunted again.

“Not a single pound!” She said in frustration.

“Now or never John.” He muttered under his breath.

John knew that this wasn’t going to work, he knew that she wouldn’t lose a pound, ever. He walked into the bathroom, staring at his fat wife, his loving palms met her soft fat.

“Cass...” His voice was filled with love and care. “I... I don’t think this is going to work...”

He saw his wife’s eyes fill with tears, the thought she had buried since that first week of no progress was now finally reality, spoken by her husband. Before she felt her world crash around her, John said something entirely unexpected.

“I think we need to move on... Like this... With the new you...” His hand gave a loving squeeze. “I never minded it...”

Since she blew up, they hadn’t had much physical contact, certainly no sex. For Cassie, it never entered her mind. John, on the other hand, wanted it from the first moment he walked in through the door.

“I think we should maybe ask if your Mum can keep Carter tonight... I’ll order us a takeaway and then later... Maybe we can shower together...” His words should’ve repulsed Cassie, but she was so broken by the lack of progress she had made, she gave in all too willingly.

Cassie nodded.

That night they indulged, after 10 months, they finally had sex again. It was a reawakening for their relationship, one desperately needed.

Me on the other hand, I was too busy for normal life, I had to quit my jobs because I couldn't physically do them anymore, whilst I was trying to get my life in order I went on sick, that helped pay my rent for a few weeks but seeing as I needed a stable form of income, work from home jobs were drying up. I knew I had to do something, or I'd become homeless. That is when Cassie's words rang in my head.

"You can just become a stripper and you'll be fine".

I started to look online, research a little and try out some dances, but my two left feet and the balloons on my chest made dancing incredibly hard. I didn't think I'd earn a decent living doing it, despite the freakshow aspect of it. I choose not to pursue that route, save myself the embarrassment. Instead, I started modelling online. It was easy to set up, I didn't need to spend a shit ton of money to get it set up and with a pay gate, I was only ever going to get comments from people who wanted to be there. It was slow going at first but once people started to find out about me, my income boomed. The gap year I had was drawing to a close, I could afford to pay for my full course with cash, I had so much money that I was in a position to pay my way through life.

Somehow, I had pivoted this awful thing into something amazing for my life. I thought that I might not find anyone but based on the countless comments I was getting daily, that might not be true, although I wasn't looking for anyone yet, I was just so caught up in the whirlwind.

I decided ultimately to push school at least another year and continue my modelling. It was very fun, fulfilling and kept me busy.

31st of October. Exactly one year removed from the day we got cursed, I arrived at Cassie's. I hadn't been to her place in a few months. Today however was Carter's Day, Halloween. I decided that I wanted to dress up for him and take him trick or treating again, this time we avoided the witch's house. When I got there, Cassie wasn't there. I took Carter from John and did our little tour of the street and brought him back. John was a loyal man, despite his inhuman level resistance, my custom-made nurse costume even got a few stares from him.

Hard to blame him...

I looked down at my girls and saw how much skin I had on display.

Maybe a little much for the rounds...

I looked down at Carter and saw his bucket was overflowing, much more than normal.

“I think they liked your outfit Aunt Julie.” Carter commented.

Me and John just giggled.

“Where is Cass?” I asked John.

“Oh, she got back when you were out, go in and see her, you’ve not been around in ages, I’m sure you both have lots to catch up on.” John grabbed his keys and patted his son on the back.

“C’mon Carter, Nan wants to see your costume this year.”

With that, I was left standing in the hallway of my sister’s house. I felt nervous for some reason.

Maybe Cass will judge me for my online stuff...

I timidly walked down the hall.

“Cass?” I called out.

“In here...” Her voice sounded different.

Happy almost?

I walked through the doorway into the kitchen and saw Cassie. There was a lot of food cooking.

Like before...

There was no mess this time however, just a lot of food being prepared. I scanned the room and my eyes crashed into the immense form of my sister. She was bigger, very noticeably so. Her belly had lost the soft look and was now looking much more globular, her hand was resting on it, and she stared at me with a smile. Her whole body had plumped up and she looked like she had given into gluttony. Her face was much fatter, her arms were thicker, her legs were like tree trunks and her tits were sagging from their own weight. Her gut dominated her frame, huge and round, a pure display of her indulgence.

“Hi...” She couldn’t look me in the eye. “I guess you’ve got some questions...”

I can only nod.

“Well... I couldn’t lose it... It wouldn’t budge. John saw how frustrated I was getting and then he... Told me his secret...” She patted her bloated stomach and I saw the ripples travel over the front of the tight-fitting dress. “He loves me at this size...” She giggled at the absurdity of admitting this to me. “Bigger too actually...” Cassie gestured to the hob with food on the top, simmering away.

“Do you love it?” I say softly.

“You are unbelievable. I just told you something so incredibly out there, most people would be disgusted, probably never want to talk to their sister again and you ask that...”

“What?” I ask, confused.

“Not a hint of judgement, you just care about me, no matter who I am or what I become.”

Her eyes fill up.

“Of course, you’re my sister. No matter at what size.” My eyes are getting teary.

“I love you.” Cassie says, bursting into tears and rushing to my side.

We hug for a few moments, and we regain our composure.

“I do love it... I love John... This feels all so liberating...” Cassie taps the top of her stuffed stomach.

“Hey... Seeing as we are sharing...” I pulled out my phone and showed her my income page from my online site.

Her jaw hit the floor and she looked at me wide eyed. “All that, since you started? What? When?”

“Cass... That was this week... I’ve been doing it for about five months now...”

I filled her in with all the details and we caught each other up with our lives. I apologised for being so distant, my online persona was taking a lot of my time, she reciprocated the apology with her own. Her reason was embarrassment and worrying about not being accepted by me.

We hugged it out again, and looked at each other, content.

My phone started ringing.

I looked at the caller ID and it was an unknown number, answering it I immediately recognised the voice.

“It’s time.” The Witch’s voice spoke over the phone to me.

My heart sank and I heard the phone hang up and beep at me.

Cassie could tell from my reaction that it was something bad.

“What? What is it?”

“It was *her*.”

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