

This work is intended for adults aged 18 or older.

The Curse of the Golden Calf  
By The Producer

Part 1: Discovery

To Daniella Fitzroy, PhD Archeology Australian National University, the profession of archeology was duly in need of an overhaul when it came to public perception. She studied the grid square that had been the focus of her latest excavation in Azad Jammu; part of the disputed Kashmir region on the Pakistani Indian border.

While her expedition to this remote village between two nuclear powers had an air of the pulp adventure novel about it, that was actually far from reality. The only obstacles she'd really had to overcome was bureaucracy and graft. Everyone from the government minister to the lowliest policeman seemed to want a bribe. Customary, she was always assured.

Well no matter, her financier had seemingly bottomless pockets to bankroll this expedition. But now that her camp was established and this set of pre christian ruins officially leased from the Pakistani government; she was free to dig.

Only the word digging was a misnomer as well. More like "gently brushing aside soil."

Working methodically through layers of strata they'd come across several intriguing antique finds of a culture so ancient and unknown to western perceptions, Daniella already knew that her discoveries would be well received by the archeologists and anthropologists alike.

She bent down to gently sweep aside a layer of sediment near the base of an ancient building that she guessed was likely not only pre Christian, but Pre Hindu as well.

The site had been the location of heavy fighting during the Indian-Pakistani conflict and was marred by shell craters. As such, there were a few locations that no doubt would have contained useful data but were now but dust. The building she was hoping to excavate had received the worst of it, all that remained was half the foundation, the rest blasted away by artillery.

The war was part of the reason she was able to attain the generous archeological rights. Through deft negotiation, she and her benefactor had convinced the local government that their archaeological treasures were best entrusted to a more stable western museum than anything within range of Indian howitzers. Detractors had called this approach no better than the looting of a third world country's cultural heritage; but that wasn't how Daniella saw it.

To her it was preservation and knowledge; and if it came with the added benefit of fame and the generous lining of her pockets then so be it.

Her brushing was starting to reveal something, and Daniella leaned in closer. The centuries of dirt had started to give way to a slab of stone that had obviously been worked by human hands. She brushed more, and soon with the help of her eager grad students had excavated a stone slab that had obviously been buried for centuries. The intriguing thing to her was the ornate and to her unknown sigil in the top, now being photographed by her team. A nearby government official also leaned in with curious interest.

Examining the area around the sigil, Daniella saw that there was a deep groove running along its perimeter. After meticulous documentation, measuring and mapping they excavated the area around the slab, revealing it to be a large octagonal box of stone. As the sigil up top was further dusted off and investigated, it was revealed to be a lid of some kind upon the stone container.

With delicate effort, the team gently began to dig out the lip of the lid near the sigil. The hot sun made Daniella's eyes sting with sweat, and she tied her short blonde hair back into a stubby ponytail. As the sun rose higher in the sky their work continued towards their goal of gaining access to the inside of the stone structure.

At least, with enough dirt and debris cleared from the lid, and carefully using prybars; the team of archeologists raised the lid.

By Daniella's estimate, the interior likely hadn't been disturbed for at least six centuries. Likely longer.

As the lid lifted there was a scent of wet decay that wafted out.

Looking inside, Daniella was dismayed to see the stone nearly brimming with a dark stagnant mud. The effluvia was thick and viscous; and Daniella knew that their work

had only just begun. All the mud would need to be carefully filtered and screened before being set aside.

Organizing bucket brigades to the sifts, Daniella began the laborious task of emptying the structure. Whole buckets of sediment were carefully sorted and filtered for artefacts. Over the next few days the structure and its contents were analyzed with meticulous care. Originally Daniella had hypothesized that perhaps it had been a tomb of some kind, but that belief soon vanished. There were no human remains, only an overabundance of clay pots, remnants of ancient hempen rope, and what may at one time have been scrolls of papyrus, but had long since rotted away into paste.

When at last the entire stone container was cleared out, there was a final surprise in store, a similar marking on it's floor, this time over a clearly marked tile that could only be a trap door. Daniella was about to begin excavation of this sub basement, when she was approached by their minder from the local government.

“Doctor Fitzroy, I have a delegation from the village who would like to speak to you, regarding your work.”

Daniella followed the government official to a small tea house near the dig site where a group of elders from the village were gathered. The aged men courteously shared tea with Daniella, in spite of her gender, and she was impressed by their courtesy. After an exchange of pleasantries, the real issue for the meeting came to the forefront. The government official helped translate the rougher dialect of the region.

“They request that you cease your dig. They say that what you discovered should stay undisturbed.”

Daniella had run into local superstitions before; and had found that while cash was a proper lubrication to smooth things over, more often than not the best thing to do was to appeal to the local heritage.

“I wish only to honor their past by learning more about it. To do that I must continue to excavate.”

The official translated, then nodding turned back to Daniella.

“They say, they are grateful for your work; but they ask this not out of concern for themselves, but for you. They say it is haram, forbidden, for women to take anything from the lost temple who aren't of the local family.”

Daniella tried to placate the elders, offering assurance after assurance but their adamant belief in a local taboo was too ingrained. After what felt like ages of back and forth, an agreement was finally reached where further excavation would continue only after a blessing from the local imam.

The ceremony was rather uneventful, and Daniella made sure that all her team was respectful of local customs. At the end of it all, the imam presented her with a small black pouch on a string. The government representative once more translated.

“He says it’s a ta’wiz. Scripture to help protect you.”

Daniella thanked the imam and pocketed the trinket. Once the visitors had left the dig site, she immediately put her team back to work sifting debris. Everyone was excited about what might be contained in the sub-basement and she was no exception. Daniella was however, apprehensive about further involvement of the local government and made a point to avoid opening the small chamber until the local authority had left the dig site.

That night, with only a handful of her team, Daniella carefully pried the tile stone up from the floor. Inside the roughly square foot of hidden space was nothing except a small wooden box. With deliberate care, it was extracted and then opened. All those assembled gasped at the contents. While dirty, there was inside the indisputable form a golden statue in the shape of a calf. Roughly six inches high, it gleamed with a luster that all assembled found mesmerizing.

Working quickly, the find was washed and then secured in a packing crate amongst other artifacts for shipment.

While Daniella was a professor for Australian National University, this expedition was being financed by a private corporation. The Museum of Antiquity in Hartford Connecticut was part museum/part elite club/all tax shelter. Daniella’s benefactor had sent her into the field several times, and on each occasion her finds had ended up in the private collection.

She was sure that she’d be receiving a bonus for this exquisite find, and she was already thinking of both the fame her find would bring along with the extra padding to her bank account while packaging the golden calf.

It sat for another two weeks as the expedition continued, innocuous in it’s crate, though

carefully inventoried.

When the group departed finally at the end of the month, Daniella found herself nearly pulling her hair out at customs, but the customary bribe and orderly paperwork soon ushered her and her precious cargo off to the United States.

## Part 2: Fame

“Absolutely exquisite Doctor Fitzroy.”

The corpulent man in the large office bent over the packing crate, the gold of the calf reflected upon his round face.

“I’m sure that your benefactor would happily pay you a bonus for this specimen, perhaps more than customary in fact. I shall begin work at once to ensure it has a prominent position in the gallery. Actually, we may even have to have a temporary exhibit just about your expedition and it’s discovery!”

The curator of The Museum of Antiquity, Reginald Quintrell, sure loved to listen to himself talk Daniella thought. He was no expert on archeology, nor art, but he did have a talent for organizing art galleries and exhibits. Especially to turn a profit. She could already see him imagining an array of small gold painted replica statues, photos of the golden calf on coffee mugs, calendars and placemats.

Sales of which she’d make sure she received a cut of.

“Of course Mr Quintrell. And I’ll be allowed to speak at the unveiling of course?”

He turned and grasped her hands.

“Of course my dear! I wouldn’t dream of having it any other way. I’m sure you can regale all the members and guests with stories of your dealings with those primitive savages.”

Daniella winced a little. That was a bit harsh on Reginald’s part, but he hardly knew better. She decided to change the subject.

“When do you think we can formalize my payment?”

Reginald waved a hand.

“Oh that shouldn’t take more than a week, we’ll be in touch about your payment and of course the exhibit. Was there anything else?”

Daniella shook her head and departed Reginald’s office. The next few weeks were full of activity as the exhibit was assembled. Daniella returned to Australia and communicated via email, ensuring she received the credit she felt she deserved. As always, it was a generous sum, and with the added bonus she was able to add to her already considerable nest egg.

Soon enough word began to leak about the discovery, and before long the government of Pakistan began to make queries, which were swiftly rebuffed by the team of lawyers at The Museum of Antiquity. This hadn’t been the first such occurrence and soon the plaintiffs were shown that while perhaps they morally had a point, there was no legal leg to stand on. The expedition and the artefacts it recovered were deemed to have all done so within the letter of the law.

With that relatively minor hiccup out of the way, progress on the exhibition and its unveiling began in earnest.

Daniella was drafting her presentation and lecture for the grand unveiling, excited for the esteem sure to accompany such a find. At the same time, the cataloging of other artifacts was progressing at a slow yet steady pace. Some of the mud had revealed tattered yet somewhat legible pages of papyrus that were being translated. At the moment there wasn’t much to go on, yet Daniella was sure there may be even more fame to be had with their translation.

When the day of the gala and unveiling of the exhibit finally arrived, Daniella returned to Connecticut. For the event she’d purchased a new black satin dress that hugged her trim physique in all the right ways. Her field work had blessed her with taut corded muscle which she maintained when she could when not working in digs. Her biology had been a bit less generous and her modest breasts and hips did little for her overall figure. Not that she wasn’t pretty, she just hadn’t spent her time focusing on her bodies shape. All the affluent guests were eager regardless to talk with the attractive archeologist, and couldn’t wait for details about the find. With some difficulty she managed to not reveal too much, and waited to take the stage.

Reginald spoke first, his steady and plodding demeanor setting up the crowd to be wowed by Daniella and the great reveal of what they’d decided to call “The Kashmir

Idol.”

When Daniella took the stage, next to the large glass case covered in a black shroud she could feel the tension in the audience. She spoke for a little bit about her expedition, sprinkling the facts with a few embellished anecdotes, mentioning the ta’wiz she’d been gifted that could also be seen in the exhibit, before finally gripping the black cloth.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, I’m pleased to deliver our newest discovery. The Kashmir Idol!”

As she whisked the cloth away, an image of an idol appeared on the large projector screen in the gallery where the gala was being held. The audience gasped and applauded. Daniella felt a flush of excitement, a rush of pride and achievement; a feeling she’d only experienced a few other times in her career and was one of the driving forces behind her. She smiled, her cheeks flushing with satisfaction.

It would have been perfect had two things not happened at once. One was a twinge in her side, and the other was a buzz from her Dior ostrich leather clutch from her cell phone. After a meet and greet with the guests she managed to find a way off from the main exhibit to one of the quieter galleries of the museum.

There she opened her phone to see a text from one of her research assistants.

*Found something new, need you as soon as possible.*

Daniella frowned, she’d told her research team that she would be busy this evening. For them to break that request also meant that they probably did in fact need their help. With an exasperated sigh, she called the number, at the same time tugging at the waist of her dress. She wasn’t used to wearing elegant clothing, and it was rather uncomfortable. She was far more accustomed to khaki trousers or jeans.

The phone only rang twice before being answered.

“Doctor Fitzroy, thank you so much. We’ve come across a few things in the research lab and would like you to take a look at it if you’re available.”

“You know I’m at the gala tonight right?”

There was a nervous pause.

“Y-yes ma’am, but we felt that you’d be interested in this.”

“Can you not tell me over the phone?”

“Doctor, you asked that anything we felt was a major discovery be told to you in person.”

Daniella sighed and then began to walk towards the research and preservation wing of the museum, thankful that she didn’t have to travel to a separate facility. If the research staff were staying this late then it probably was something she should see.

Walking inside she donned a labcoat over her dress before entering the clean room where she could already see several pieces of papyrus that had been reassembled from fragments.

“What have you got?”

“This paper is in greek Doctor.”

That made her ears perk up.

“Greek?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“And what does it say?”

“It describes the artefact in great detail, it almost reads like some of our research notes, except there is a bit more superstition involved.”

Daniella leaned forward over the fragile document, pieced together from over sixty different fragments. While she knew greek, it was rusty enough that she instead soon moved to the translation provided by her research assistant.

*The calf is made of the purest gold, and meas-(text lost)-per side. Of note are the effects that worship of the calf causes. The sealing of the calf in (text lost)*



“What’s this about effects?”

“We don’t know ma’am.”

Daniella frowned. What was greek documentation doing in Pakistan?

“Thank you for telling me, don’t say anything to the press OR to Reginald. And hide that.”

She pointed at the translation.

“Keep working on it after he’s left the building.”

If Reginald knew about something like what was listed in the ancient document, it would only be a matter of time until the public knew, and she did not want that detail leaked just yet.

She rubbed her hip, the fabric of her dress chaffed a little.

“Keep me updated, I’m going home.”

### Part 3: Complications

After making a few rounds through the throng of assembled dignitaries and other socialites at the gala, Daniella hailed a taxi to drive her home. She was a bit buzzed from the champagne and couldn’t wait to get out of the black dress and high heeled shoes she was wearing. Her feet hurt and her dress was now as uncomfortable as it was attractive.

The cab pulled up in front of her apartment building and she got out, heels clasped in one hand, staggering towards the front door on stocking clad feet while fumbling with her apartment keys.

Letting herself into the apartment was a bit of a chore, she managed to drop her clutch twice and when her heels fell from her grip she left them on the ground while she opened the door before kicking her shoes inside. Closing and locking the door she reached behind and unzipped her dress, sighing in relief as she let her breasts hang free. She was sweating, partly from the booze but also from the tightness of the dress. As she shimmied out of her dress, pulling hard as it clung to her hips, she walked to the

bed.

Clicking on the local news at 11, she watched the piece covering the recent exhibit unveiling. She smiled, pulling the pantyhose off of her legs, before falling asleep on her back, with the tv still on.

Daniella hadn't noticed, but as the statue had been unveiled to the raucous applause of the assembled elite, minute changes to her had begun. Those changes had lessened then ceased as the gala had wound down, but now with the news story on the newly unveiled golden calf the changes renewed themselves.

Daniella's hips rounded out slightly as she slept, while her bust also added a small amount of size to itself. Her small bust growing and rounding, not fast enough nor even large enough for her to notice sober, it would be nigh impossible to be detected by the tired and inebriated archeologist.

Once the new story ended the growth ceased, and this first stage in what would be a coming ordeal for Daniella Fitzroy PhD, passed unnoticed by anyone.

The next day Daniella stumbled half awake to the kitchen to make herself coffee before returning to her apartment bedroom to catch the morning news. Reginald Quintrell was being interviewed by a blonde reporter.

"The new exhibit will be open to the public in a week's time, in the next week Sandra, news organizations like yours will have the opportunity to photograph the new artefacts, under suitable supervision of course."

Daniella sipped her coffee while she banded a nightgown around herself. Another image of the calf appeared on the screen.

"And of course our museum store will be launching a new line of products centered around the recent archeological discoveries. Of course we will be distributing a percentage of the sales to underprivileged communities in the Kashmir region."

Daniella snorted at that. "A token amount for tax purposes" would have been closer to the truth. At least she'd receive her cut of the profit.

A picture of the golden calf once more appeared, and Daniella watched along with hundreds of other households her buttocks and bust changed in a slow yet inexorable way.

Daniella turned off the TV, still oblivious to the slight swelling taking place as she walked to her desk. Checking her itinerary for the day she was pleased to see that there were no commitments for the next two days. Deciding to use that time for herself, Daniella dug through her wardrobe for some activewear, settling on some leggings and a fitness top. As she donned the garments she frowned, they felt a bit tighter than normal. Likely all that time out of the field she thought. Whenever she was back in a museum she always put on a little weight. All the more reason to get in some exercise then.

As she left the apartment for a jog in the park, her mind finally was able to turn inward. Daniella rarely had a moment for introspection, but a jog did allow it. As she listened to the rapid beat of a pop song she contemplated her life. Her current status and fame was exciting, but was it satisfying? Fulfilling? As she rounded a mile loop marker for her jog she wondered what exactly she was. Sure the diploma behind her desk declared her to be an archeologist, but lately she felt that she had more in common with an errand boy, or worse a grave robber.

As she jogged the website for the museum was updated, prominently featuring the new artefact, and the views began to roll in. Simultaneously, Daniella's buttocks and breasts swelled within her tight workout clothes. Yet again, it went unnoticed, Daniella's mind being focused inward.

The pattern continued the rest of the day, Daniella attributing such small irritations like a tighter than average bra or a pair of pants that seemed to be tighter than average to simply be the product of overindulgence rather than something perhaps a bit more unique. When she finished her evening meal, a mixed green salad, the attention received by her recent find that sat under glass only a few miles away also diminished. But not to the same level as before. Articles had been published, pictures shared on social media and interviews posted to websites.

A point of no return had been crossed, and no one yet knew it.

As she examined her reflection in the mirror, Daniella frowned. She'd definitely put on weight, no doubt all that time in the office and sitting on her ass while she worked on the exhibit; all the fine dining probably wasn't helping things either. She resolved to definitely exercise more and ease up on the hearty breakfast she'd been indulging in.

When she went to bed that night, it was to a sleep that while not anxious, was not the relaxed contentment of the previous.

The next morning arrived and this time the night had not been as kind to Daniella's

figure. As she'd slept her curves had continued their increase in size, her buttocks had rounded out even more, growing by over a third in size which was also mimicked by her breasts. Nearly two full cup sizes had been eclipsed while she slept, and when Daniella awoke, the discovery only took her as long as it took to stand in front of the mirror.

"What the hell?"

She asked her reflection.

She cupped her breasts, undeniably larger than they had been, before turning sideways and gawking at the rounded bubble of a butt that now protruded behind her. The sudden development was upsetting in its rapidity, but she couldn't deny that her figure was much improved.

A rummage through the sparse selection of her dresser (most of her wardrobe was back in Australia) only found one bra suitable for her new chest, and it had belonged to a friend who had left it by accident. A trip to the clothing store was definitely in order, but perhaps she should also set up an appointment with a doctor as well. Maybe this was a symptom of some kind that she should get treated for immediately. She'd been inoculated against many tropical diseases, but wasn't about to dismiss the possibility that she'd contracted something overseas that was just now asserting its malign presence over her.

She was only half wrong.

Daniella managed to cobble together an outfit that fit well enough to shop for clothes and departed.

As she shopped for new underwear, skirts, pants and other clothing to fit her unexpected growth spurt, more people read articles about the new exhibition at the museum, while at the same time Daniella's derriere and chest continued to grow.

Arriving back at the apartment with a new five day wardrobe in tow, she again felt a familiar buzz in her pocket. She set her shopping down and checked the wall clock. It was seven in the afternoon, over an hour past closing for the museum.

She checked her phone and stared at the new message from her research assistant.

*Recovered and translated more greek. You should see it at once.*

Daniella nodded to herself, eager to see what this new addition might be, and decided to wear some of her new purchases. As she fitted her bra and underwear before buttoning up her shirt, a small voice in her head pondered whether her clothes had managed to shrink some on the cab ride back to the apartment.

Of course not, she had probably just grabbed the wrong size off of the rack when she wanted a different color. That was all.

Arriving at the museum she swiped her key card at the staff entrance to the collections department and walked past corridors of dark offices until arriving at last at the space taken up by her research team. Only her assistant was working.

“I didn’t do any more work with the greek documents until Curator Quintrell left, like you said. New shirt?”

Daniella waved her hand at the question, failing to catch the quizzical eye from her research assistant who was taking in far more than just the change in clothing.

“Just something I picked up today Ebony, what did you find?”

Her assistant slid another transcription across.

*-sealed away to prevent such an incident from occurring again. Should this account be found (text lost) and refrain from worshiping or tithing to the (text lost) Do not disturb this place, should you draw the plentiful boon of the calf unintentionally.*

Daniella tapped her lip. The Greeks weren’t atheists by any stretch of the imagination, but to see what she’d hoped to be a historical account suddenly dissolve into a clear plaintive story of mythology disappointed the archeologist in her. The idea of an ancient warning of some kind of curse or magic however, well that was quite marketable.

“Lets keep this under wraps too okay Ebony? This is the sort of thing that could bring unwanted attention to the exhibit right before it opens.”

Ebony crossed her arms.

“Look doc, if you want me to keep covering for you, I want there to be more in it for me.”

The sudden self serving request from someone who had been one of Daniella’s loyal grad students only a few years before was shocking, and she stood there speechless

for a moment before summoning the confidence she was used to.

“What’s in it Ebony, is that you’ll continue to do your job and trust my discretion. There’s nothing illegal about withholding this information, and you’d do wise to remember that. We need to confirm all of this through other means before we go off telling the world about something like a curse or magic. You’re a good archeologist, but you need to realize that digging and translating is only half the work.”

Ebony frowned.

“You mean funding?”

“Yes, funding. Dollars for digs Ebony, and people won’t pay us to go find things if they think our assessment of it is unreliable.”

Daniella could tell that her answer wasn’t satisfactory, but Ebony simply shrugged.

“Alright doc, but you need to maybe think a little more about the dig and less about the dollars if you ask me.”

“Thank you for your, opinion.”

With that Daniella left. On the way back home she pondered what Ebony had said. There was truth in it, she had in fact been out more to enrich herself, and her benefactor than the world’s understanding of the past. It was an indictment of her character that she remembered she’d thought of the PR and money that could be drummed up by an allegedly cursed item first. She mentally chastised herself as she once more crossed the threshold into her apartment, swearing to herself that she’d do better going forward.

As she stripped off her new and tighter than expected clothing, she was incapable of knowing that even now, the opportunity for redemption was nearly beyond her reach.

#### Part 4: Conspiracy

Daniella slept in the next day, but the world waits for no one. The grand public opening of the new exhibit of The Museum of Antiquity titled The Kashmir Idol began promptly at 9AM with the regular opening of the museum. The local interviews and web articles had done their job and a larger than average crowd awaited the chance to look at the new items that were featured prominently in their media feeds. Cash slipped across kiosk

counters and credit cards swiped through readers as a throng of people clamoured for a chance to see the unique golden calf.

Across town, beneath the sheets of Daniella's bed, things began to happen.

What had been a relatively benign ripening of the archeologists' cures now accelerated. Her hips, thighs and buttocks took on weight and size at a supernatural pace. The new pair of panties that she'd worn to bed put up a valiant struggle, their nearly untested seams and stitches fighting to remain intact as Daniella's hips rounded and ballooned to a size double their original girth stretching the garment to a tension for exceeding any designed limitations..

Up top the story was repeated but with Daniella's bust, even as she snored her tit's went from the attractive round globes of a overfull C-cup to heavy pendulous bags of flesh that squeezed against the tight confines of their cotton, lace and underwire prisons.

Daniella subconsciously tugged at the taut waistband of her panties and the shoulder strap of her bra in her sleep. Her ignorance would vanish in moments however, as after the adoring masses had their fill of gawking at the golden bovine sculpture under glass, and read the accompanying literature, more than a few stopped by the gift shop on their way out.

It was there that Reginald Quintrell's talent as a museum curator sat in it's glimmering merchandising glory. The Kashmir Idol sat in paperweight form, as high definition posters, on calendars and coffee mugs, pencil sharpeners and even plush toys. A little something for everyone, and it seemed like everyone needed to have one.

Almost at the exact time that the first Kashmir Idol Collector Ceramic Coaster was bundled into a gift bag, Daniella's underwear and bra snapped off, and her eyes snapped open.

It didn't take her long at all to find the tattered remnants of her undergarments, and only a second more to feel the substantial new size of her body. As her hand ran down the now giant swell of her hip and bloated thigh she gasped aloud.

"What the fuck?"

She sat up, or tried to.

As she groaned and heaved her newly burdened bulk into an upright position she felt the fall and tug of two melon size tits slapped against her lower ribcage. Her thighs and hips were immediately forgotten as she reached up, her spread palms being swamped by new and sensitive tittlesh.

“What the fuck happened to me? Where did these-”

Her mind was racing, and the original thoughts of a tropical disease or hormone imbalance were lost when the memory of the greek documentation of a curse entered her head.

“No. It’s impossible.”

Heaving herself out of bed she stood on two somewhat shaky feet, utterly in awe at the feelings of what were easily at least forty pounds of new mass. Taking one step forward, she felt her hips gyrate in a manner totally foreign to her. The foreign shifting in her center of gravity almost made her fall back onto the bed but she managed to right herself. As a guard against such another unbalancing Daniella spread her legs a shoulder width apart, and leaned forward, using the new weight of her chest to counterbalance her large behind.

As she waddled towards her full length mirror her rational mind was assaulted by the impossibility of what her five senses were telling it was true. She’d grown an impossible ass, monstrous thighs and giant pair of tits overnight. There wasn’t any possible scientific explanation, it had to be the-

The mirror came into view and thought left her brain as she looked at herself. She didn’t even fit in the full frame of the mirror. Turning sideways her breath caught in her throat. Her butt stuck out nearly a full foot behind her and six inches to each side. Her tit’s had increased nearly the same amount, their weight and girth were akin to two hefty sandbags hanging from her chest.

She didn’t know how long she stood pondering her changes, assessing the damage as it were, but soon enough the assertive personality she always had came back to the forefront.

It didn’t take her long to formulate a hypothesis about what was happening, as absurd as it seemed, she’d been cursed, and the idol she’d brought back was to blame. She ran a hand through her short blond hair, a nervous sweat beading her forehead.



The greek papers had mentioned worship of the idol, and what was happening now with the guests and media attention was nothing other than full blown 21st century worship. Likely more powerful than anything the ancient Greeks could ever have imagined possible. The paper's hadn't mentioned anything about lifting the curse, but for now, she had to just make sure anything resembling worship was stopped.

She began making phone calls, using any excuse she could that would preserve her professional dignity in order to get the exhibit prematurely ended, or at the very least postponed.

It was pointless. Within hours of her frantic emails and phone calls she received a stern call from Reginald Quintrell himself, telling her that under no circumstances would the exhibit be closed on it's first day open to the public. It would be a week at the most.

Daniella couldn't bring herself to say what was actually happening, but took what she could get and agreed to a brief closing in a week for "preservation research."

After the phone call with Reginald, Daniella sat down on the bed, her hands idly exploring the gratuitous fecundity of her figure. She was marvelling at it, half horrified and half in utter awe at the opportunity to experience something so supernatural. As the day continued to progress however, she realized that her growth was far from over. After roughly another few hours had passed, her buttocks, breasts, thighs and hips also had enlarged even more.

Her professional curiosity and amazement was soon replaced by a feeling of horror as her body seemed to rebel against her from an outside impetus. By the time the museum closed for the day, her tits were each larger around than her waist, and their tips were capped with absurd thumb sized nipples. Her hypothesis was seemingly confirmed when her growth slowed to an imperceptible amount when the museum closed for the day.

"This is not sustainable."

Daniella said to herself.

She would have to find a way to shut down the exhibition before the end of the week, if she wanted to even be able to walk when it was all over. Never one to sit idly by, she began to plan. Before long what would normally be unthinkable to her, was her main goal.

Theft of a priceless artefact.

Not forever, she said to herself. Just long enough for her to reverse the curse. She bent to her planning with a will, her infiltration, disabling of the security systems, the storage of the golden calf, and most importantly, the wiping of the security footage and entrance records.

She stayed up late, mapping her approach and ordering supplies that should arrive at her apartment over the course of the next day. As she went to bed that night into a fitful sleep, she was apprehensive yet determined.

The growth that Daniella experienced over the night ended up being a drop in the bucket compared to what she'd endured the previous day, and what started again at opening the next morning. It was somehow worse when she was expecting it, knowing it was coming seemed to make every stretch of skin and rounding of breast. She hated what was happening to her, and even more frustrated that it was all her discovery and hard work that had led to it.

Items began to arrive, extra extra large black leggings and sweater along with a wool knit cap. Boots, lockpicking tools, and other miscellania all arrived forming a neat cardboard ziggurat in front of her apartment door. The last thing to arrive was a rental truck, who's confused driver passed the keys and rental agreement through the gap in her door. She was grateful he wasn't too curious, as she wanted no one to see her.

As the day drew to a close and night fell she began to struggle into her clothing, feeling like a particularly rotund and cumbersome cat burglar, before waddling out her apartment door. Her butt nearly wedged tight in the doorway, having swollen during the day to almost three feet wide and she grimaced as she felt both edges of the door frame brush the side of each hip. Entering the rental truck took a bit more effort and once finally inside Daniella didn't even reach for the seatbelt while she felt her tits brush against the steering wheel. As she motored away she grit her teeth as her nipples stiffened at the stimulation of the wheel as she drove.

Daniella parked two blocks away from the museum and waited for an hour before driving by, noting the cars in the employee spaces. After another hour long wait she was satisfied that only the night watchman was left. She drove into the parking lot and stopped before extricating herself from the truck. She waddled to the employee entrance as fast as she could, angrily growling under her breath as her thighs rubbed together, even with her stance a shoulder width apart.

The physical exertion was more than she expected and after entering the building after swiping her key she had to pause a moment to catch her breath.

Moving in rapid waddling sprints interrupted by pauses to renew her energy she slowly progressed through the museum, careful to stick to blind spots in the security cams whenever possible.

It all progressed swimmingly enough until she reached the refurbished wing with the new exhibit.

There was a large rolling steel shutter that was blocking her way to the idol.

“Fuck.”

She whispered under her breath.

Withdrawing her lockpicking kit she groaned as she half knelt half fell down to her knees in order to reach the lock that pinned the shutter to the floor. She hissed through clenched teeth as her chest brushed against the cold tile floor, her nipples standing out like medicine bottles visible through her black sweater.

Picking the lock took longer than she expected, but when it finally opened with a satisfying click, Daniella grinned and withdrew her tools. Her satisfaction was short lived as now free from its latch, the shutter retracted upward with a loud rattle that seemed to fill the entire museum. Cursing under her breath she bundled up her tools and waddled as fast as she could into the exhibit hall looking for a place to hide. Here her previous preparations paid dividends, as she found the one spot that would conceal her bulk and also shield her from the cameras. Tucked away behind the counter of an information desk.

Within minutes she heard the cautious footsteps of the night watchman and saw the play of his flashlight beam over the ceiling and desk where she hid. He must have thought that the shutter had come loose on its own. Because Daniella soon heard the shutter closed and locked followed by his footsteps retreating once more. The bloated archeologist breathed a sigh of relief. Behind the information desk she was grateful to see that the employee computer terminal was still logged in from a different account. She began her electronic labors and soon had eliminated the idol camera feed from the regular rotation of security monitors, as well as erased the record of her entrance into the building from the digital log.

Next came the hard part. She looked directly up from the desk at the camera that was slowly turning from the metal shutters, across the gallery to the idol before slowly turning back. She timed its progress, counting the seconds of time between swings and estimating that she had roughly 30 seconds of time until she was visible in the camera.

When the camera had turned just far enough Daniella lumbered out from behind the desk, one swing of her hips accidentally knocking over an office chair in the process as she heaved her bulk towards the idol.

Her clothes were starting to feel a bit tighter than they had at the start of the night. Something she despised but also something she'd planned for. Daniella had ordered her clothing a size larger than she thought she'd need, and now she was grateful for the forethought as she felt the taut fabric of the black sweater pulled against her slowly growing tits, while the black leggings hugged her giant ass almost like a second skin.

The foreign stimulation however was having an unanticipated side effect, one of arousal. The sheer size of her new assets combined with an increased sensitivity meant that her cheeks were blushing a vibrant pink in the dark of the gallery. The rubbing of cloth on her huge nipples and the brushing of her newly bloated thighs against her love nest were beginning to cross the line from nuisance to welcome distraction.

She shook her head, trying to clear the horny cobwebs from her brain as she bent in front of the display case. Had it been ten seconds or twenty to cross the gallery?

She threaded her lock picks into the lock and began to twist and jimmy the tools. She was counting down in her head the entire time.

15, 14, 13,

At ten seconds she left the tools inside the lock and waddled behind a large display panel, blocking her from the camera. To her chagrin she saw that the display continued her ta'wiz that she'd dismissed as a mere trinket. Now it was behind glass, next to a smiling picture of her wearing it in Pakistan, looking decidedly happier and smaller.

She counted in her head, waiting for five seconds before peeking around to see the camera swinging back toward the shutter. She lumbered back and continued to work on the lock.

Danielle ended up having to make four trips to cover, and even had to wait a little to catch her breath after the third. When she finally opened the case and snatched up the idol, she waddled back to the desk and collapsed behind it.

Now she had to formulate a plan to get out. Sure the guard might have dismissed the rolling shutter once, but twice? No. How was she going to escape without alerting him.

Daniella was in the middle of formulating a plan when overhead fluorescent light switched on. Daniella's heart almost leapt into her chest and would have burst out of her throat a moment later when she heard the approach of footsteps. Far too many footsteps to be just one night watchman.

“Fuck.” She whispered under her breath. There was only one thing to do, break for the fire exit. The alarm would sound, but if she started moving now she just might make it out of the building and to the truck before the shutters raised themselves. The emergency fire exit was very close to the parking lot, and if she could block the door to prevent pursuit; the intruders would have to run all the way down the gallery to another fire exit to follow her.

Leaving her tool bag she grabbed the golden calf by a leg and began to waddle as fast as she could toward the door. The camera was pointed her way but it surely didn't matter now. She approached the illuminated red exit sight and threw herself bodily into the crash bar.

Immediately lights began to flash and a klaxon screeched through the museum. She heard voices on the other side of the metal shutters shouting in alarm and frustration accompanied by the jingling of keys. The door swung open as she shoved forward, the cool air of the evening brushing her face, using her forward momentum she threw her body out the door and-

She felt her hips wedge tight in the door frame. Groaning in frustration and exertion she pushed and kicked with her legs, trying to force her enormous booty through the exit and into freedom. She felt herself slide forward an inch, and then wedge fast.

“Shit!”

She yelled.

She'd have to shimmy out sideways in order to fit through the door. Daniella began pushing back against the door frame with her feet and pulling with her arms. Her

movement began to increase in its intensity as she realized that she may actually be stuck in the doorway. Behind her she heard the click and rattle of the shutters going up. The sound of boots on the tiled floor increased in tempo and frequency followed by a shout.

“Subject spotted! You! Put the idol down!”

In desperation she flung the golden calf out the open door, hoping to destroy it. To her dismay it careened off of a shrub in the sculpture garden before landing in a flower bed.

Gloved hands grabbed her shoulders and began to pull, she pushed back, kicking and flailing ineptly until with a sudden tearing her tight leggings ripped as she was pulled back into the museum landing hard on her butt. Looking up she saw over a dozen private security guards all with drawn pistols, and a pale face she'd only seen once before.

Her benefactor.

The man had met her only once in a dark room, but the high cheekbones and piercing eyes had been forever etched in her memory. Staring back at them she felt the innate suspicion she felt then coupled with the agony of her defeat and for the first time, fear at what would happen next.

“Good evening Doctor Fitzroy. I see that old Reginald was right to warn me about your sudden hysterical outburst about closing the exhibition.”

He gestured to the surrounding guards who dispersed to different corners of the gallery. From outside one guard returned holding the golden calf, its gleaming exterior partially marred by dirt.

“I believe we shall have to close for at least a day following your little escapade Doctor.”

Daniella opened her mouth to thank him before he held up a hand.

“I'm more than displeased with your conduct and feel I must inform you that your services will no longer be required.”

Daniella at last found her voice.

“What was I supposed to do? The idol is cursed! It’s blowing up my ass and tits like I’m the fucking Venus of Willendorf.”

The man chuckled.

“Indeed it is, though that’s hardly the fault of the museum. When you returned with the idol you assured us that it’s acquisition would have no negative consequences for the museum. That has proven to be untrue. Only two days open to the public and we must close the exhibit to asses damage to the artefact.”

Daniella screamed back.

“What about damage to me!”

The man shrugged.

“What about it? You’re the one who found and secured the artefact. The risk of it’s acquisition is one you must bear. What difference is this-”

He gestured with ambivalence at Daniella’s body.

“-than being captured by extremists or contracting some disease. Though given the unique nature of the inconvenience to your person I have generously decided to provide for your future welfare-”

Daniella sneered.

“Oh, Thank you! How generous of yo-”

“-and the future welfare of the museum. We can’t have the public knowing that one of our collection has cursed the woman who found it.”

He gestured to one of the guards.

“Please take Doctor Fitzroy down to the truck she rented. Drive her to our storage collection until we can make a more, hospitable residence for her given her condition.”

The man nodded helping Daniella to her feet.

“The collection? Take me back to my apartment you asshole!”

The man glowered at Daniella.

“Doctor Fitzroy, the police and fire department will be arriving soon and I must speak to them about the false alarm triggered by our night watchman. I promise you will be cared for, but I doubt we will speak again. Goodbye.”

Daniella tried to stand, shouting at the back of her benefactor.

“Hey wait a minute! You can’t just MMMPPPPFF!”

A canvas bag was pulled over her head, followed a second later by a strong smelling rag pressed against her face, then she knew no more.

#### Part 5: Consequences

Daniella came to with a headache and a brief ignorance of the misfortune that had befallen her the last few days. This blissful ignorance lasted only a few seconds as she re-discovered the unfortunately familiar heavy weight of her tits pressing down on her chest.

Sitting up took a full ten seconds, as Daniella had to push behind her with both arms to overcome the huge weight of flesh pinning her flat against her back. Upon rising to a vertical position she saw that she was in what appeared to be a repurposed office, one that was missing virtually all of its furnishings except for a chair, a mattress upon which she sat, and a television which had been wheeled in on a stand.

Looking down she was shocked to see that she was naked. She was equally upset, though regrettably not surprised, to see that she had grown some more. Her titanic melons were now each a foot wide and capped with perverse six inch long nipples, while her rear.

She almost cried when she looked down.

Her ass thighs and hips were so massive as to be larger in mass than her entire body had been before the changes had started. It was freakish. An enormous mound that had more in common with a beanbag chair than the human body.

In an attempt to distract herself from the waking nightmare Daniella got to her feet and



waddled to the door.

Locked of course.

Seeking any kind of escape she tuned on the tv. Flicking through the channels a self deprecating curiosity made her stop on the news station with a picture of the museum.

“-officials say that any reports of a break in were in fact erroneous. However, due to concerns about the preservation of certain artefacts the latest exhibit will be temporarily closed. WRAV news sought-”

She turned the tv off, so she'd have a brief respite, then what? What would happen to her?

The following days were like a hell on earth for Daniella Fitzroy.

She was soon relocated to a building in a large rural compound she didn't recognize by guards who refused to answer any of her questions. The only person who did speak to her was a doctor who asked her about her health but likewise refused to answer any questions she had.

When the museum reopened, all of the media attention that had been given to the exhibit from the rumored break in boosted the already rampant ticket and merchandise sales. Daniella's body responded in kind. Seeming not satisfied with simply growing, her gigantic parts began to change as well.

Her ass asserted itself as her dominant feature, while her spine seemed to cave to the will of her buttocks, forcing her to walk bowlegged and bent forward. Partly as a way to balance her gigantic rear, but also allow her breasts to keep a low center of gravity.

Her breasts however seemed offended at the concept of being second to an enormous ass and soon began their own radical transformation. Daniella could almost laugh at the divine comedy of it when she developed a second pair of nipples below her original pair, that soon ballooned and grew, as her breasts themselves morphed away from any human shape to something more bovine in both shape and appearance.

From belly button to clavicle, her entire chest was dominated by a pink udder, distended veins and foot long nipples removing any attractiveness sheer size might have had. Daniella's humanity was now a vestigial afterthought to the changes wrought by the curse. Her head, arms and torso seemed minute in comparison to the giant organ she

was now attached to.

Her one solace was comfort. A dozen unnamed assistants saw to her needs.

A special bed had been made for her, as sleeping on her back was an impossibility, a mattress with a large cavity for her udder had been constructed. She was allowed limited freedom, books she requested were delivered without complaint, along with any movie or television channel she desired. Food was well cooked and served promptly, and her trips to the bathroom for bathing or otherwise were conducted with dignity and care.

After two weeks she thought it to be over; and she'd begun to adjust to life as a walk mass of cursed tissue, when she noticed two nubs on either side of her forehead, just below her blonde hairline. Her fears were confirmed over the week as two large horns gradually emerged from her head, further complicating her navigation of doorways. The humiliation was complete when a month to the day after her affliction she woke with a twinge in her udder.

She had suspicions but needed help. After pleading with one of her assistants to tug on her teats (they were too far away for her own hands to reach), she whimpered in relief and frustration as a stream of milk splattered to her bedroom floor.

Now her udder varied in its turgidness and size. Overnight it would swell with milk, until her teats would actually brush the floor when she walked, before reducing in girth and weight after milking to simply a cumbersome size rather than debilitating one.

It was beyond mortifying for her. To be led around and milked daily while nude by complete strangers. Clothes were an absurd impediment, and offered no real dignity.

The little shred of pride she had vanished the day she finally pleaded with her caretakers for some kind of sexual release.

Three months was a hell of a dry spell, and it was finally too much for her.

The caretakers didn't complain at all, and Daniella was surprised when they produced vibrators and other toys in minutes. As though they'd expected this request, she thought. Whenever Daniella asked, a man or woman clad in a white labcoat and wearing surgical gloves would access her swollen mound and apply whatever she wanted as long as it avoided personal contact.

Within a few weeks, the caged disgraced archeologist soon began to come to terms with her new life, and within a year she had accepted it.

It was absurd, she thought a year to the day after she'd been hauled off in a van. Beneath her a milking machine rhythmically pumped streaming white fluid from her udder, while a nameless caretaker polished one of her horns.

Absurd, but that's what life was; and you had to live with it.

### Epilogue: Successor

Doctor Ebony Greene stood before a gaunt man in a dark room. He had just outlined her new duties as head of the acquisitions department for the Museum of Antiquity. Telling the curator about her former bosses attempts at subterfuge had really paid off. She'd been fast tracked to getting her doctorate in Anthropology, and now had Daniella's old job.

The man closed a folder on his desk.

"I expect great things from your first expedition Doctor Greene; and I hope you'll be more cautious and forthcoming than your predecessor."

Ebony nodded.

"Yes sir. I most certainly will."

The man smiled.

"Great things indeed."