

## The Four Vials

Natasha could only sit there, catching her breath, motionless, sprawled across her swollen body. Pinned between four massive orbs, each rivaling the size of truck tires in diameter, she could only lie there and groan pitifully.

“...I just HAD to buy some...stupid...magic flaxseed...God! What was I even thinking? Just...trying something on like that? So stupid!” Natasha admonished herself, unable to come up with any sort of plan forward. That is, until she heard a sudden “snap” come from beyond the walls of flesh she was attached to. “Hello? Is someone there?” Natasha called out cautiously. There was silence for a moment, before she heard the echoing clack of heels against solid wood flooring.

“My, my, dear...I never thought you'd end up looking like *this*.” The voice was familiar. It made Natasha's skin crawl. The very person that had sent her home and instructed her to put on more...or else.

“Hey! What's the big idea?! You never said it could do something like this!” Natasha thrashed about, feeling the new bulk of her body wobble about, the sensation strange and new to her. She blushed at said feeling, leaning back to try and still herself once more. Tiffany could only grin at the sight.

“I thought you'd be a touch more careful with something you knew could make you grow.” Tiffany shrugged. “You can't blame the manufacturer if you don't follow the intended instructions, dear, you know that.” Natasha crossed her arms and huffed, pushing a piece of auburn hair from her face.

“Well...fine...but...are you just gonna, y'know...leave me like this?” Natasha lost strength as she said the sentence, only causing Tiffany to roll her eyes. The thousands of times she had heard that very sentence, and yet, it still never got old to her.

“Hmmm...I haven't decided yet.” Tiffany teased with a tap of her chin. Natasha rolled her eyes at the response.

“So...what, I'm just gonna be forced to stay on my couch for the rest of my life?!” Natasha huffed, trying to push herself forward to stand from the sofa, only managing to make it creak and groan under the weight.

“Now, now, dear, there's something I need you to understand before we go forward...” She stepped around to the side of Natasha's boobs so she could be seen. The sight made Natasha tense up; something about the redhead always had an air of danger, like a coming disaster was right around the corner. “...this growth you have, I can't simply make it 'go away'. But...” She snapped her fingers, Natasha gasping right after the action and feeling her body lift upwards slightly, back bending as her tits receded back into her body, ass following suit as an aura of light trickled out from her body and into four small vials in Tiffany's hand.

Within seconds, Natasha had regained her old, B-cup, average-booty self, letting out a sigh of relief at the sight of her new form. Before she could get comfortable, however, she looked back up from her body to see the wicked red head jingling four glass vials between her fingers, each filled up with clear liquid of sorts.

“...what are those?” Natasha asked, unsure if she should dare inquire about them. Tiffany grinned at the

chance to explain her plan, however.

“These, my dear, are pure growth extract. I took the size from you, divided it into four, and put them inside these vials.”

“How does that-” Natasha started to ask, completely bewildered by the concept. Tiffany merely interrupted by holding her hand up.

“Asking questions about how magic works is a long, long explanation that neither of us have time for. So instead, let's just say it just...works. You get any one of the bits of fluid in these on you and you'll gain quite a bit of inches to the bustline, or maybe it'll be down below. Or perhaps both!” She reached out, handing all four off to Natasha. “Now, obviously I don't expect *you* to take any of these. However...” Another devilish grin crossed her face. “...if the contents haven't been consumed by the end of this week, I'm afraid that whatever's left will make it back to you, dear.”

“What?! Seriously, what kind of deal is this? So now I have to like...sneak people this stuff or something?” Tiffany shrugged.

“There must be at least a couple people you know that want to be a bit bigger, hm? Or a few enemies you can't stand?” Tiffany winked. “Doesn't matter who you give it to, darling, all that matters is that all four vials are empty by the end of the week.”

“But...but its already Thursday! Can't you give me a full week at lea-”

And with another snap, Tiffany disappeared. It was as if Natasha had blinked, and everything in the room shifted slightly to the right. The disorientation wore off, leaving Natasha to stare down at the four vials in her hand.

“Dammit...what even is this woman, anyways?! Why boobs? Why any of this?!” She called out in frustration, only to let out a sigh. An idea struck her, and she rushed to the kitchen. Uncorking the vials, she emptied out all of them into the sink, a wicked grin on her face. “Ha! Loophole! Take that, bitch.” She set the vials aside, only to see that they were corked once again, and also still very, very full. “What...the...?” Gasping out in frustration, Natasha picked the vials up and thrust them to the ground. Instead of shattering, however, the vials bounced up and down Natasha's shirt, guided by a seemingly magnetic force to her boobs. Lucky for her, they were all corked up and unable to leak.

“...this is *so* stupid.”

\* \* \*

## FIRST VIAL

“No. Way. No WAY any of that happened!”

“I mean, I wish it hadn't. I'm barely used to this place and I'm already meeting fucking witches!”

The dull hum and excessive emptiness of Natasha's office building hummed deeply around the two coworkers, huddled over in their cubicle and whispering, as they usually did. Most work in their office building could be done in a few hours, so there was always time to kill. Everyone knew it, hell even

their boss knew it. The only people that didn't were, perhaps, the invisible eyes that existed outside the walls of the building. It left plenty of time for employees to think and scheme of other things in the meantime.

"You cannot be serious, Natasha..." The blonde couldn't believe what she was hearing, tugging at her ponytail to adjust it for the hundredth time that day. "I mean, I know there's been stories out there, but they've always been from...y'know, out of town. Never around here!"

"God, remember when people talked about aliens and bigfoot like that was some kind of mystery to solve?"

"They still do, Natasha."

"Right...but...you know what I mean, Jen. Its like...women growing big all over is now the new cryptid or something." Jen shrugged.

"Well, now its happening over here too. I still don't believe in witch lady, though-"

"Why not?! We can go to her shop after work and I'll introduce you if you want-"

"Ohhh nonono, last thing I need is for these to start busting through *my* tops." Jen gestured to her chest, her E cups putting her dress shirt's buttons to the test. "They get close enough as it is." Natasha sighed.

"Anyways...whether you believe in the witch or not, I still have these four vials that I gotta get rid of by next week, or else..." She held them out in her hand, the glass making small *tink* noises against each other.

"...why did you bring them to work, anyways?" Natasha shrugged.

"...I dunno, I...guess I put them in my purse without thinking and now I just don't want them out of my sight." Jen scratched her chin, looking at the vials skeptically.

"You tried just dumping it out?" Natasha nodded.

"Doesn't work." Jen raised an eyebrow to this.

"Reeeally? Hmmm..." Jen slowly grabbed one of the vials and observed it.

"Careful with that. No clue how much does what yet, its still...very untested." Jen rolled her eyes, stuffing the vial down her cleavage. The sight made Natasha's jaw drop, but Jen merely giggled.

"I got an idea. You wanna try it out on Melanie?" Natasha hesitated, mouth open to retort, finger up, but she faltered.

"I mean...she...does make fun of you all the time behind your back-"

"ALL the time. About *my* boobs. That are...real and natural and she calls them fake nearly every day!" Natasha scratched her chin, before waving her hand dismissively.

“Alright, fine, go for it. Just...don't get any on yourself, alright? Don't use the whole thing on her either. And try to be stealthy about it.”

“Yeah, yeah, got it.” Jen giggled mischievously and scurried away, one vial in hand, over to Melanie's cubicle, making a stop at the watercooler to grab a paper cup. There she sat, long red hair draping over her chair as she chewed gum and filed her nails, blowing them occasionally as she killed time her own way. Phone up to her ear, she yammered to a friend of hers about nothing in particular, Jen using this as the perfect opportunity to sneak behind her and trickle some of the vial out into the cup, making sure to leave at least half the vial's contents inside before corking it and shoving it back down into her cleavage.

Quickly, Jen splashed the small amount of fluid across Melanie's back before bolting away towards the bathroom. Melanie only gasped out in disgust.

“What. The. FUCK? Who did that?! UGH!” Standing up from the cubicle, she looked out, but saw no one. Letting out a disgruntled sigh of frustration, she sat back down, tugging at her clothes, expecting them to still be wet. However, to her surprise, it was as if she hadn't been splashed at all. “Huh? Maybe I'm just imagining things...I swear, I felt something splash on me...” She muttered to herself, picking her phone back up to her ear. “No, girl, sorry, I thought someone splashed me with something. Nah, nah, I'm dry so I think I'm just...bugging or something. Florescent lights and shit, y'know...” It only took another few seconds for Melanie to start to feel warmth creeping up to her chest. She pushed it out of mind, however, until she felt her blouse shifting downwards, cleavage that once never existed now making itself very known.

“Uh...I'll...call you back, girl...” Hanging up abruptly, she tossed her phone to the side and pushed her chair away from the desk. She wanted to scream, but she remembered she was at work and didn't want anyone to see her like this. With boobs that she definitely didn't walk in with. Thinking that, perhaps, she might be able to sneak out before anyone noticed her, she quickly grabbed her phone and wallet from her drawer before quietly making her way out of the cubicle.

It was then that Natasha looked out from her cubicle to see Melanie, quickly making her way out of the door. Before she got far, she heard a soft groan and abrupt shuffling of carpet. Natasha peeked over the side of her cubicle, seeing Melanie standing in place, back to her as she breathed heavily. What she saw made her jaw drop; in one smooth motion, what was once a normal silhouette from behind swiftly sported two massive half-spheres that poked out to the sides. It was the back of Melanie's new breasts, which both had jumped to be as large as two basketballs, dominating the front of her frame to the point where her blouse ripped to shreds at the front.

Managing to keep balance, Melanie now rushed for the exit, hoping that the growth episode was over, and that she'd still be able to drive her car home. Not caring who saw, her bumbling awkward steps managed to make their way outside.

Not long after that, Jen came back into her cubicle, panting from the rush of adrenaline.

“I think I did it! Did I miss anything? I had to hide out and make sure she didn't find out it was me...”

“Yeah, I mean...she looked like she got pretty big...how much did you use? *Please* tell me you didn't use the whole thing...”

“No way! I only used, like, half of it. Check it out!” She reached down her cleavage and grabbed at the vial, which seemed to stick from the combination of sweat and pressure from her tight attire. After a quick jolt upwards, sending ripples across her cleavage, Jen pulled the vial out from its fleshy prison.

Jen had made a critical error, however: she had put it in upside-down. The cork remained down her cleavage, allowing the rest of the contents to quickly pour out across Jen's breasts.

“Jen, no!” There was nothing Natasha could do, however. Just as quickly as it poured onto Jen's cleavage, it absorbed in and became bone dry in a blink of an eye. Jen's face immediately became stony, eyes going distant and glassing over. Her ears rang as she looked down at her already behemoth breasts, dread creeping through her.

“...it...it can't be...*that* bad, right? How...how big could I get?”

“Jen, I...I could see Melanie's tits from behind...they stuck out on the sides...” The words shot a whole through Jen's soul, her gut going ice cold as her breasts started to heat up. She felt Natasha take her hand as she began to get pulled towards the exit. “C'mon, let's get out of here before...”

*Ping!*

They had barely made it down the hall of cubicles before one of Jen's buttons burst forth from her button-up blouse, only four managing to hold on at this point, new cleavage peeking out, then pushing forward into the gap between the clothing. The diamond space widened and thinned, flesh oozing forth as her E cups quickly turned to Gs. They resumed their dash towards the exit, stifling their shocked gasps as best they could as they fumbled out into the corridor and towards the stairwell.

“*Fuck*, this feels weird, Natasha...and I think its actually working...ah!” She gasped out, another button flying out from beyond her as her bust wobbled forward, the space in front of her being claimed by her tits as they bloated up a few more cup sizes within seconds, their sides starting to brush her arms more and more.

“Did you really not believe me, Jen?” Natasha asked, swinging the stairwell door open, the two making their way down, only having to go down one flight to get to the ground floor. The stark white clashing with the gray cement, all lit by flickering florescent lights, distracted Jen from her bust for only a moment, before yet another button clattered its way away from her, the sound of plastic hitting metal reverberating in the stairwell.

“Well, you can't blame me for having my doubts...God, how big do you think I'll get, anyways?” Jen asked, her worry coming clear through the tone of her voice.

“Let's not find out here, ok? I'll take you back to your place and we can let it get through your system there-” Natasha's eyes went wide as she watched Jen's breasts bloat up once more, inches pouring in as they slowly made their way past the size of her head, cloth creaking and stretching, desperately trying to cover the oncoming overload of flesh. Jen grunted and gasped, flesh madly wobbling up and down in her top with every step down the stairs she took.

“Wow, I thought these were annoying beFORE-UNH!” Jen tried to joke, cleavage squeezing out through the available holes in her top, another button flying across the empty room, clattering down the steps. Yet another surge of growth had hit, tits upgrading from what seemed to be an H cup all the way

up to a J, their size starting to resemble volleyballs.

With only one door left to walk through, they stumbled out with little other fanfare.

“This is nuts, this is nuts, holy shit, what the fuck...” Jen merely muttered a long line of worried phrases as her eyes stayed glued to her front, stuffed in the backseat of Natasha's tiny hatchback.

“Alright, alright, just...try not to get too much bigger on the ride home, ok?” Natasha asked, looking back just in time to see the final buttons fly from Jen's shirt, her chest flopping out from its confines and into her lap, the look of utter shock and horror clear across Jen's face.

“...Natasha?!”

The engine started and the race home began. Luckily for both of them, it seemed like her growth had come to an end in that moment, tits now reaching down to the bottom of her rib cage, while staying completely perky in shape. They drove into the parking lot, Natasha covering Jen with a jacket as they made their way into her apartment.

Falling back onto the couch, the two sat and caught their breath, Both of their eyes closed until their breath came back. Jen looked down, a chuckle crossing her lips as she stared at the cleavage that now seemed to reach a mile away from her. She shook her shoulders about, watching flesh ripple and wobble about.

“...wow.” The words slipped out of Jen's lips, face flush pink as she stared down at her massive mammaries. “These are...no joke...” Natasha couldn't help but blush herself at the sight of her friend and co-worker in a hyper-busty state, work shirt pulled open, the sides clinging enough to hide her nipples, the rest of her cleavage on full display. “You mind if I just...” She pulled the ruined blouse from her shoulders, her bra also tumbling down with the garment, the shirt settling on her arms as her nipples peeked out into full display. The sight made Natasha's blood practically pour into her head, the poor girl thinking she may have a nosebleed on the spot.

“Holy shit those are literally perfect...” Natasha muttered, completely dumbstruck by the sight of the two prized watermelons hanging from Jen's front. Jen giggled at her friend's words.

“Yea? Think so?” She wobbled them about again, the two boulders bobbling about back and forth, the sight mesmerizing, captivating Natasha's full attention. “Oooh, I can see you drooling, Natasha!” Natasha shook her head, trying to snap out of distraction.

“Kn-knock it off, Jen!”

“You wanna touch 'em?”

The room fell completely silent. A ticking from the clock in the living room was the only sound for what felt like ages, before Natasha could find her voice again.

“You...you serious?” Jen nodded.

“Doesn't have to be weird. I let girls touch them all the time. Except, you know, they weren't...” She squeezed them, letting out a gasp. “...you know...mmm...wow...” Losing her train of thought, she shook

her head to regain her focus. “No, but, really: offer's open if you want a grab.”

“...you're so weird, Jen.” Natasha rebuked dismissively, looking away before glancing back to the side at her extra busty friend. The thought rolled about in her head for a moment, before she suddenly felt...off. Like someone else was looking at them. Looking out the living room window, however, she saw no one. But the feeling lingered regardless.

“Hey Natasha? You ok?” Jen asked, a genuine look of concern across her face. Natasha could only nod slightly, looking away from the window and trying to maintain focus on the issue at hand.

“Ok...so...do you have any bigger shirts or...?”

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Meanwhile, Tiffany peered into her crystal ball, grin broad across her face.

“Aww, its a shame she didn't start going at it...” Tiffany tutted in disappointment. “Ah well. Can't always go the way you want, I suppose.” She grinned, leaning back into her chair as her familiar friend floated their way down to the table.

“So how many vials are left, Red?” The sock puppet inquired, scratching the top of its yarn-woven noggin.

“It seems there's still three to go, and only two days left to get rid of them all. She's managed to keep it off herself so far, however.” A faint jingling noise could be heard from outside of the small room she inhabited. She pushed herself away from the table, making her way back out to the shop, greeting as a customer made its way through her doors.

Business as usual. But Natasha's adventure has only just begun.

TO BE CONTINUED...