

It was late. The sun had just set, and the dusk had sunk in. Shadows crept over in the din, as two people sat on their own outside of a local coffee shop, sipping on their drinks around a small metal wire table. Energy buzzed about the seemingly tranquil space, permeating from the two people sitting across from one another.

“No you did *not*!” Nicole scoffed at what the man sitting across from her insinuated; she laughed at it, however, due to the sheer ridiculousness of it.

“I swear, it was by complete accident! I was just...exploring the library and found this weird...well, not a book, its more like a...pamphlet...” Pulling it out from his back pocket and unfolding it, the paper was sepia and aged, holes and tears present in the thick material. As he unfolded it completely, he sat it down on the table, the full image being comprised of several different smaller images and textures. All abstract shapes and squiggles, twisting and merging up into a diamond. Nicole merely raised an eyebrow at the sight of it.

“...and you know this does what it can do...because...?” Nicole was still skeptical of all this; an old friend of hers, coming out of the blue, making it seem like he just wanted to catch up. And they did, in all fairness, and it was nice. Nicole had always liked Shawn; he had a sort of...calming presence that could really pull anyone down from a high place. He chuckled at her question.

“Well, I just took a picture and put it through a reverse image search...and it gave me a really bizarre, offshoot website that looks like it was made in the 2000s...but it explained how to use it and what it would, erm, *allegedly* do.”

“Which is make tits bigger?” Nicole asked bluntly. Shawn couldn't help let out another laugh, which Nicole joined in on.

“Yeah, I know. The things you find when you're not looking for them, huh?” Nicole nodded, the situation setting in on her.

“And...you came...rushing to find *me*, specifically...for what reason?” Shawn shrugged.

“Well, it was more like...I was in town anyways and this was just something I happened to find a few days ago-”

“Uh huh. Bullshit.” Nicole stated. Shawn rolled his eyes.

“Look, I know...I know we've had some fun in the past, and I just...wanted to try this whole 'friends' thing out now that...y'know, time has passed.” Nicole grew silent at the words, and Shawn picked up on them. “I'm...Nicole, I'm really sorry. For acting that way. It was...y'know, we were still in high school, and I just...I'm really sorry I-”

“Its ok, Shawn. I know...y'know, that you're a good guy. I knew that then, I know that now.” Nicole stated, adjusting in her seat a bit. “I don't think we really need to get too into it-”

“No, of course not. All I wanted to say, really, was sorry, and that now that times passed and I've had time to...sort of figure stuff out, I think I can...I dunno, I really want to be friends again, y'know?” Nicole nodded.

“...this whole thing isn't helping though.” Nicole stated bluntly, folding her arms across her petite chest. She was fairly tall, taller than Shawn at least; She was also as thin as a rail. Her hair was tied up in a ponytail, and she wore a black tank top and a black skirt, which paired well with her pale complexion. Shawn cleared his throat.

“Yeah, I guess this wasn't the best strategy per se. I guess I didn't mean to make it seem like I wanted to use it on *you*, it was more just a...well, you always could talk about this cryptic weird shit, and magic Wicca whatever, more than anyone else I knew, so I guess that's why I kinda...thought of you when I found it.” Nicole blushed at the statement.

“Aw, that's...kinda sweet, I guess. But...I mean, come on, there's no way it works, right?” Shawn shrugged.

“Y'know, I'd try it on myself but I don't think much would happen. From what I read online its um...pretty specific.”

“Any clue how long it lasts?”

“Nope.”

“How big they get?”

“Size varies”. Shawn air quoted as he said it.

“Do they stay big or do they shrink?”

“Apparently depends on how long you're jinxed for. Break it in 48 hours and it all goes away. Past that, didn't say much.”

“I'm glad you at least did your research...” Nicole thought it over again. “How do you break the jinx?” Shawn let out a sigh.

“Didn't say. Can't be too easy, though. That's why I gotta find someone who actually wants it, I guess...”

“Well, I mean, ok...its not that...uh...I don't *want* them maybe a little bigger...” Nicole corrected, tilting her head to the side flirtatiously. “I just...y'know, if I'm stuck with tits as big as my head, I'm gonna have an issue with that, y'know?”

“Of course, of course...” He started to fold the symbol back up; Nicole held her hand out, gesturing for him to stop.

“So like...if I can hold you accountable for this...I might be down.” This surprised Shawn; the sudden shift in Nicole's tone was certainly something he had encountered before, but with much less intense circumstances.

“You serious?” Shawn asked, paper still only half-folded. Nicole gave a cautious half-nod.

“I mean...I don't believe in this bullshit for a second. So...I mean, I can make fun of you for this for a

while.” She replied with a laugh. Shawn rolled his eyes, but unfolded the paper and laid it across the table. It was early enough that very few people were even around, save for the half-asleep passerby needing their caffeine fix.

“Alright...all you have to do, from what I read, is lay it out flat...choose a target by saying their name, and then read a few words that are written at the bottom here.” Shawn explained, rubbing his hands together in mild excitement before looking back up at Nicole. “You’re completely sure?”

“Yes, yes, c’mon, before I change my mind!” Shawn hid a smirk as he looked down at the symbol in front of them.

“Alright. Nicole!” He read the strange words aloud after calling out her name. They waited there a moment, sitting in silence, nothing seeming to happen at all. Shawn finally let out a snicker, which turned into a laugh.

“I can’t believe you fell for that!” Nicole rolled her eyes and sighed.

“Jesus Christ, Shawn, how old are you?” He slapped his hand on the table, grabbing the paper and folding it back up. “Look, did you come all this way just to fuck with me or what?” Shawn shook his head.

“No, no, I swear I-” He looked up at her, surprised to see the intense glare of anger on her face. “Woah, woah, Nicole, I swear, everything I said was true, I just didn’t-” Nicole didn’t want to hear a word of it, however. She didn’t like him just laughing at her when he was the one acting like a fool.

“You’re not *funny*, asshole!” She splashed the rest of the water she had been drinking in his face, then promptly stood and left, quickly marching her way to her car and out of the parking lot, Shawn calling out desperately as his voice got further and further away. “God, what a fucking *dick*. Can’t believe I was friends with that guy at some point...” Nicole muttered under her breath, looking behind as she pulled out of the parking lot, heading back home.

The topic of breasts had been a sore spot ever since her sister had her...episode. Last year, when she came home from college, her sister Beth had gone from flat, like the rest of the women in the family, to absolutely busting through her shirt! Nicole couldn’t believe it. And she insisted it had all happened over night, after reading something from a book she had grabbed in an odd antique store.

“I wanted to bring it home, but...after I cast the spell, I misplaced it...probably one of my roommates snatched it from me.”

Nicole just had to stand there, eyes wide, trying her best to keep her jaw from falling open. Her sister’s breasts were bigger than her head, easily; they sported cleavage that stretched two inches down in her low-cut top, their perky round shapes reminding Nicole of large honeydew melons she had seen at the grocery store. The sight had her absolutely livid; Nicole had just come to terms with her own sexuality, her own inner beauty in spite of her lack of curves. And right when she had accepted it, here came her sister with knockers that stuck out almost a foot in front of her, and she was just supposed to be ok with that? Just be supportive and jump up and down and congratulate her?

She did that anyways because the guilt of not supporting Beth would’ve been too much for her. But ever since then, the memory haunted her like a ghost, always cropping up whenever Nicole saw a

particularly large set of breasts in the wild. It was a jealousy she couldn't seem to quell, and it frustrated her to no end.

She continued to shake out the memory as she entered her tiny apartment, a studio with one tiny bathroom connected next to it. She took a deep breath, letting out the anxiety of the experience with Shawn through her breath. Opening her eyes, she looked down at her chest to see the mild bump that was her A-cups. With nothing better to do, thinking her visit with Shawn would've at least lasted through the afternoon, she sighed, turning on the TV and watching some garbage reality TV for a few hours. She got some chips and snacked, vacantly wasting the time away as she checked her phone for any interesting news or gossip.

After a while she got up and vacuumed, cleaned up the dishes lying around, and other various chores she had meant to get done. This was a typical weekend for Nicole, and the only thing she could muster doing between her grueling 10 hour days at the nursing home. Only one other day off after this, and she planned just being on her own, the experience with Shawn leaving her nerves completely shot. Soon the sun set and Nicole felt herself getting drowsy. As she got out of the shower, she felt something...moving more as she dried off. Wiping her eyes, she looked down at herself and gasped: where there was once only mild bumps were now small fistfuls of flesh.

“Holy shit...did it...do I have...?” Too many questions rushed through Nicole's head. She brought her hands up to them and squeezed, letting out a sigh of surprise. “Oh, wow! That's...that's really nice~...” She cooed as she released them, letting them lightly slap back down. “Huh...I wonder if they're done growing, or if...if they're gonna get any bigger...” Nicole turned and looked at a side profile in the bathroom mirror, then front again, nodding approvingly at the sight. “I mean, I...guess I wouldn't mind...but these are pretty awesome themselves. Can't let them get too big if I wanna keep my job, anyways...”

But did she want to keep her job?

The thought came in, then went out as she got into bed, quickly going into a deep sleep. As she laid there snoring, the covers shifted on top of her; her breasts wobbled a bit. They let out brief twitches in place, Nicole's face scrunching in discomfort as her hands pulled upwards to her distressed front.

Bwoomp

There was a small sound in the dead silent room, flesh pushed up briefly as her sheets pulled further down across the bulging spheres that pushed up, and up, and up into the air with each new pump. Nicole let out a small squeak as they surpassed DD before slowly coming to a stop, her slumber left undisturbed for the rest of the night.

Until the sun broke through the curtains. The light crossed Nicole's face as her eyes slowly fluttered open, letting out a long yawn before staring down at her chest. For a moment, she didn't react. She just stared blankly at them, as if it were still a dream somehow. Slowly, she brought her hands up to them, giving them a tender squeeze, and letting out a small scream, followed by a longer, louder one.

“Now way! I...again? I can't believe it...” She tossed the sheets aside and sat on her knees on the bed, smile plastered across her face as she removed her night shirt. What was once practically nothing had transformed into two sizable handfuls, Nicole pushing them up with her arms and watching cleavage ooze up to her face. “This is...awesome! Hmm...” She dashed to her closet, pulling out a tight tank top

she had recently taken a selfie in; upon donning it, it barely fit, her midriff now completely bare as fabric was needed to cover the new pounds of flesh that were now attached to her. She held up her phone and snapped a few selfies, giving various cute smiles and pouts each photo.

“I wonder if they're gonna keep growing or...?” The timing was impeccable; just as the question left her lips, she felt a rush of warmth swoop into her breasts. “Unh! W...well...I guess...that answers that...oh God!” The rush swelled, her E cups seemingly jiggling before bloating out once more, pushing her poor tank top to its limits, stitches giving away as they soon grew to be as big as large grapefruits before stopping. Nicole gripped her leg while it happened, the whole sensation shooting through her body as if she'd been struck by lightning. She gasped, panting for air for a moment before gathering herself and holding her phone up again.

Her tank top had held together, if not just barely. She had easily gained another few inches, and she couldn't help but bite her lip with the realization that she was almost as big as her sister was. That thought was interrupted by the idea that this could, very well, happen again. The thought nagged at her before she picked up her phone again and called Shawn.

“Hello?” He answered, thank God.

“Hey Shawn, its Nicole, um...so...that pamphlet actually worked...”

“Uh...huh...right, Nicole. Sure.”

“Look, Shawn, I'll send you something real quick wait a sec...” She pulled down her phone and texted him the photos she had just taken together. After a moment, Shawn replied:

“Oh! Oh shit...wow, ok...that's um...wow, that really worked huh? Wow.”

“Yeah, 'wow' indeed, Shawn.” Nicole mocked, rolling her eyes. “So...do you know like...exactly how long this is gonna go on for? Cuz I kinda grew overnight...and then more this morning...” She grabbed at her left boob with one hand, feeling its weight in her palm, still reeling from the sudden growth spurt.

“Well, um...I still couldn't find a way of breaking or reversing the curse, but...I think because there's a 48 hour time frame for breaking it, that's...probably when it'll stop? So...this time tomorrow, maybe?” Nicole let out a disparaged sigh, then hung up on him.

“Great. Well...I let him do this to me, after all. Can't be mad at him for my dumbass decisions...just gotta hope it doesn't get too out of hand by then.” She dialed another number and called her work, telling them she wouldn't be in because of bad take-out food she had last night. It was the first time she had ever used that particular excuse, so she was believed and relieved. With that out of the way, she could now laze about and watch herself get bigger. Or not. The idea that there was no set timing bothered her. She pulled out her laptop and decided to kill time.

As she surfed the internet, she couldn't help but be reminded of something: her sister, after her growth spurt last year, had posted a blog of her “progressive growth” or some such nonsense. It seemed like it had gotten a lot of traction online, however, and the idea of getting attention for these definitely interested her.

Taking the time to crop out her face in the photos she had taken, Nicole searched out the forum her sister had told her about, which just so happened to be remembered in her cookies or stash (for better or worse) from when she had looked it up months ago. Without any further hesitation, she posted three photos: one of her flat, one with the E cups, then of her new G cups that she was currently sporting, before posting with the title “Just cursed myself to grow bigger for the next 24 hours. Wish me luck.”

She closed the site and scrolled through other social medias, coming back in an hour to see a flood of upvotes and a few comments. Hesitant, but curious, Nicole looked through them. Most were asking what her name was, a few were crass and speaking about what they would want to stick where. Blushing, she closed the site and set her laptop aside.

“God, never underestimate how horny the internet can be...hm?” A familiar sensation was starting to build up in her chest once more. The heat and tingling seemed more intense, but it may have just been because there was more to grow this time around. “Oh boy...here we go again...not too much this time, girls, you're already getting...ooh!” The growth came swift once again. The slopes of her breasts pushed upwards and downwards, cleavage starting to squeeze out of her tank top, fabric rising until her curves peeked out of the bottom hem as well. Nicole's breath caught in her throat as she upgraded a couple more cup sizes, then suddenly, a couple more, reaching then exceeding the size of her head in mere seconds. “Ahh! Ok, ok, ok, that's enough!” Nicole begged, relieved to feel the warmth ebbing away as her breasts settled on their new size once more.

“Wow...this is getting crazy...” She stood, wobbling in place to gain her balance, before walking over to her mirror. Her jaw dropped at the sight of them: two teardrops that squeezed together tightly from the strength of her top, which was tearing at the seams under her armpits now. “They...are...definitely bigger than Beth's now...wow...” She gawked at them; their forms descended to cover most of her ribcage. They completely covered her front now, and when she turned to the side, she lost her breath yet again, seeing how they projected outwards at least half a foot, even while being restrained by her top.

Without thinking much more about it, she pulled her phone up and snapped another picture.

“Well, if I'm gonna keep growing like this, I may as well document it...” She took the photo, once again cropping her face out, and posted it to the forum once again. The title saying “A few hours later...” and comparing her once G cups to the K cups that now mercilessly dominated her front. She checked on the last post again, seeing the votes and comments stagnate a bit. The feeling discouraged her a little, but she shrugged, knowing that it had only been a few hours, and sometimes it took a little while for things to hit the “main vein” of the forums.

Deciding it was time for a better distraction, Nicole booted up her TV and gaming console and flopped down on her couch, controller in hand. The impact was heavier than she predicted, the couch squeaking a bit on impact from the new weight.

“Woah! Shit, they're heavy...” She set the controller to the side for a moment and rested her hands on the tops of her bosom. It was warm, and the new feeling made Nicole blush in surprise. “...they feel really good too...” Shaking her head and breaking her reverie, Nicole focused back on the console, booting up the RPG she had been grinding in.

After about an hour of gaming, she decided to check her phone again, eyes lit up by the amount of notifications she was getting, not used to seeing “99+” for a notification number.

“Holy shit!” She scrolled through all the comments, her second post getting much more traction than the first. Nicole could feel herself going red at some of the messages:

“What happened?! Wowowow”

“Wish that would happen to me!”

“This is happening waaaaay more lately what's up? Why can't it happen near me more? Lol”

“Anyone got a name?”

Grinning broadly, Nicole continued to scroll through message after message, the vulgar ones about her body or wanting to do things to her not bothering her, for whatever reason. Sure, they were oversharing cringe nonsense, but it was aimed at *her*. Something Nicole had never really had before was people's attention; that always seemed to go to Beth instead, tits or no tits. The sudden flood of compliments, profanity and praise aimed at her body made her heart flutter, and that fluttering suddenly alerted her to yet another warmth surging through her chest.

“W-wait? Again?! Fuck...how much more is this gonna...” She grunted, tits vaulting out into her tank top, the cloth finally giving out around the arms and across the front, holes spiderwebbing across its surface until they gradually lolled out of their cloth prison, the two spheres trembling before letting out another visible *bwoomph* of growth, their bottoms resting mere inches above her lap as she sat there, dumbfounded. “W-woah...uh...shit, ok...” She attempted to stand from the couch, but the weight of her new chest caused her to slump back into the couch, her tiny frame not accustomed to the weight of her now watermelon sized breasts. “This might be bad...”

She settled for a moment, observing her tits as they laid out naked in front of her. Bringing her hands up to them, Nicole gently stroked their sides, grinning at the feeling of them. The spark under her touch was stimulating, unlike anything she had ever felt. It was...addicting, almost, and the bigger they got, the more and more she felt it light under her fingertips.

She jerked her hands away, her grin switching to a frown.

“What's wrong with me? Why am I so...horny nonstop now?” Nicole wondered aloud, unable to take her gaze from the blimps in front of her. Managing to get a hold of her phone, she shrugged and snapped another photo, opening up the forums and submitting the new upgrade with “still not stopping! ☐ ☐” and posting it, checking again to read the continuing flood of comments on the post, which seemed to be dwindling a bit more now. She merely sat there now, for nearly an hour, reading through message after message, smile plastered on her face, free hand lightly tugging on her nipple.

The newest post blew up almost immediately. The coming slew of people trying to figure out who she was, why she was growing, and stunned at how big she was getting, all popped up into her feed. She sat there on the couch, eyelids getting heavy, slowly but surely running out of steam as her head fell down and her eyes gradually shut. Her phone fell from her hand and to the floor. She had passed out.

And just as she did, her body began to rev up for another phase of growth. And, much to Nicole's future surprise, it wouldn't be the only one she would have that night.

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The sun rose on a new day. Nicole slept peacefully in the morning dawn, light starting to peek its way into her window and across her face. Her eyes fluttered open, then closed again. Then they flew open, and a scream left her lips.

“WHAT THE FUCK?! NOOOOO!!”

Nicole's hands flew up to her head as her eyes bugged out from her skull. Her tits had grown to fill not just her lap, but the entirety of the couch. Their surfaces spilled over her thighs and covered the cushions, their fronts taking at least twelve feet of space in front of her. Her view was completely blocked, two pale mountains of flesh filling her line of sight. She tried to find her phone, but it had long been crushed under the weight of her twin whales.

“What do I do?! What do I do?! I...I can't move! I can't find my phone! Fuck, fuck, fuck! Shawn what the fuck?! You fucker, I'm so gonna fucking *kill* you for this...” She smacked the surfaces of her tits in frustration, groaning out in ecstasy and confusion as the pleasure rocketed through her from the impact. “Dear fucking *lord* these are fucking time bombs!” She was only an inch away from cumming from that one impact, and she feared to know what would happen if her nipples were so much as touched. Looking around, she managed to see her wall clock behind her, showing that it was 10:00 AM.

“No! The time is up...I'm...I'm stuck with these now...” She pouted, trying everything to move but merely sat there, pinned by their weight. “...but at least they stopped growing too. I guess that's a plus...”

And just then, her tits flooded with warmth, pushing out greedily into the available space in front of her, coming into contact with her television and knocking it back into the wall behind it. “NO WAY! HOW?! AHHHH!” Nicole screamed out as her tits bloated up rapidly once more, her curse seemingly unending as half of her bedroom was swallowed up by titflesh.

That was when the door, as well as most of the front of her wall, was knocked down by a large truck, men in suits charging through the new opening to find the growing Nicole in a state of shock.

“We got another one! Quick, create a perimeter and begin evacuation proceedings!” One of them shouted to the others, all nodding in agreement as they scattered to their positions.

“Wait, what's...how did you-”

“We traced your IP. The posts you had online gave us enough suspicion to at least monitor your situation. We're gonna get you to safety, ma'am.”

“Wait...where are you taking me? Wait!” She was surrounded by two dozen or so people, all donned in black suits and sunglasses. They collectively crouched and lifted her up, her growth spurt sputtering to a stop as her tits reached two sedans in size.

With that, Nicole was hauled off to pasture, curse coursing through her all the while.

“Nicole?” Shawn muttered to himself as he stood there across the street, watching as breasts the size of two weather balloons attached to Nicole were escorted away. The sight confused him, and he

desperately wanted to go over and ask what was happening. But before his brain could even tell him to run, she was set inside a large truck and hauled away, taking off like nothing had ever happened.

“...oh fuck, what did I do?” Shawn asked himself, staring down at the odd paper. He was going to bring it with him and tell her that he had figured out a way to reverse it all, and that the 48 hour time limit was all BS made up by an unreliable source. Shawn had felt horrible when he found out, and returned so he could tell Nicole the good news. Seemed he was too late, however.

As the truck drove away, he managed to see the name on the back: “OVERGROWTH CORP.”, as it drove away into the distance. The phrase burned in his brain. He turned, making his way home while pulling out his phone and opening up his search browser...

TO BE CONTINUED...