

## Potion of Popularity

Beth looked at the vial, turning it side to side as the light caught in the pink liquid inside, the murky substance seemed to shimmer under the dull fluorescent lights.

"How much does this cost?" She asked, lifting it over her head and turning to face the shop owner. The old man looked up from his book, a faint glimmer of surprise flickered across his eyes, "Five dollars."

She looked back at it, *the potion of popularity*, Beth thought as she read the label. "I'll take it, it'll be a great gag gift for my friend's birthday."

The old man smirked as he set his book aside and began ringing up her total, looking over his glasses at her, "I promise none of my products are gag gifts, all of them work as intended."

Beth held her tongue but handed over the five bucks, highly doubting any of the items in this store would work 'as intended.' She had come in on a whim after leaving the card shop in the outlet a few doors down in the strip mall. Beth had never noticed this store before but the shop owner claimed he had been here for years, if not decades. Beth didn't doubt his claim based on the heavy layer of dust that covered most of the store.

"Here you go," The old man said as he handed her a small paper bag that contained her purchase, "and remember, all sales are final."

"No problem, thank you very much!" Beth said.

Later that night, Beth sat at her computer playing video games. After several bad rounds and innumerable loses, she gave up and shut her PC off, leaning back in her chair. Her eyes drifted to the brown bag sitting on her bed where she tossed it when she got home. The words of the old man rang in her head, remembering that he said all his products work as intended.

She rolled over in her chair and picked up the bag, tipping it over and dumping the vial onto her palm. The pink potion swirled inside the glass bottle, tempting her.

The text on the label read, *Do you ever wish you could be like those other girls? Are you jealous of the attention they get? Look no further! Just one swig of the potion of popularity will make your dreams come true!*

Beth couldn't deny that yes, she was jealous of other girls. She had always been a very skinny girl, her complete lack of confidence caused her to turn to the internet. Much of her youth was spent gaming and pretending to be someone she wasn't. The nerdy girl commuted to a local college and she was indeed envious of the girls she deemed as popular, wishing she could

make friends as easily as them. *Hell, even having a boyfriend would be nice*, She thought to herself.

Beth popped the cork out of the vial and raised it to her nose, sniffing the contents of the bottle. The vapors that escaped smelled sweet like cherry candy, causing her mouth to water. *It wouldn't hurt if I try just a sip right?*

The vial pressed to her lips as she poured just a few drops into her mouth. The liquid was thicker than she expected, coating her tongue and sticking to it slightly as she tried to swallow. The flavor was overwhelming, reminding her of pop with too much of the flavor syrup in it.

Corking the bottle and setting it on her desk, Beth sat back in her gaming chair and waited patiently, yet nothing happened. *Go figure*, she thought to herself as she turned back to her laptop and monitor but stopped in her tracks.

"That's weird..." Beth muttered out loud, puzzled to see a large vanity instead of her desk, complete with makeup, hair product and other girly things she had never bothered with. She turned back toward her room and saw the once dull blue walls were now bright pink, her bed had satin sheets and a purple comforter. "What's going on?"

Beth knew she should be concerned, terrified really but truth be told she felt... calm about the changes. In fact when she looked down at her once plain nails she was pleased to see they were painted a glorious shade of red and had grown significantly longer, no longer stubs from chewing on them.

With each blink a different aspect of Beth's room changed. The single light bulb hanging from the ceiling transformed into a dazzling chandelier, the worn shag rug became a fluffy throw on glinting hardwood, the open closet door which showed a row of bland clothes became an expansive walk in closet, containing more shoes than she had ever seen in her life and outfits she had no idea how to style.

The nerdy girl stood and walked toward the closet, feeling the soft throw rug beneath her feet. Each step seemed longer as she grew taller and her legs grew longer. She flipped the lightswitch and saw a nearly 30 foot long walk-in closet, one side lined with shoes, the other with dresses, pants and tops. At the far end of the closet she saw a full body mirror and saw herself in it, she saw herself but could tell something had changed. Besides her nails and added height, Beth saw that all of her acne had vanished and left not just clear skin, but also a heavy layer of makeup.

She smiled at her reflection as she teased her hair, her slim fingers running through her blonde hair. A top hanging in the closet caught her attention and she plucked off the shelf, "Well geez I don't know how I would wear this," Beth said as she looked at the low cut shirt, clearly meant for a girl significantly more well endowed than her, "I just don't have the assets for that."

Beth inhaled sharply as if on queue, she felt her chest, or rather her shirt tighten. Having never been one to wear a bra given her insignificant bust, her breasts grew freely in her shirt. The tiny buds on her chest quickly grew into generous melons, the pleasant swell making her moan as they raced through the alphabet of bra sizes. Going from an A cup to a C cup in less than ten seconds, she cupped herself and felt the eager energy in her chest. Beth arched her back as she approached DD cups and still felt no sign of the growth stopping.

Beth tried to focus through the pleasure and grabbed a top, a simple long sleeve turtleneck but put it back, instead picking a crop top that looked oversized, as if it were designed for an obese girl but based on the rate of her growth, it would fit soon. She walked to her bed, feeling the foreign sensation of her boobs bouncing as she walked.

She dropped her new outfit on the bed and took her sweater off, already feeling the fabric growing so tight that she feared it would break if she didn't get it off this instant. Her nipples, each the size of a ripe strawberry dragged against the soft fabric as she slide it over her head, moaning once more from the stimulation.

Her tits flopped free, and yes, they were tits, not boobs or breasts, tits. They would be massive on anyone but on her petite frame they were to obscene to be anything but tits. They rested heavily on her chest, the weight was new to her and she could feel the strain on the muscles in her back.

Having been an A cup all her life, Beth didn't know how big her growing tits were. Some nagging sensation in her head was whispering to her and telling her the size as it grew. As of right now she thought they must be a G cup... no GG for sure.

"Wow girls," Beth said as she hefted them in her hand, feeling the soft skin and squishy flesh, "Where have you two been all my life?"

As if in response, they swelled even faster, visibly pulsing further out with each breath. Despite their incredible size she couldn't believe how perky they were, not perfectly round as if pumped full of silicone, no they were rather tear drop shaped. Perfectly shaped with her pink nipples facing forward if not upward.

Beth couldn't help but play with her tits and watch in the mirror of her new vanity, but that wasn't right, it wasn't new, it had been in her room since she was a child. In fact, none of this was new to her. She could remember begging her dad to let her have the master bedroom when they moved, he was divorced and eager to make his daughter happy so he obliged. Beth had begged him to buy her new clothes and when he got fed up with the constant shopping trips once her breasts started to develop, he just gave her her own credit card.

She had always used her above average bust to her advantage, all the way through highschool she kept boys groveling after every need and they were eager to do it. Beth had

developed an intense ego based on her tits and in college it became borderline an issue when she didn't stop growing, in fact Beth grew faster than ever until she reached her current size.

*Z cup... I'm a Z cup*, She thought to herself as she finally stopped growing. Each of her tits were the size of a basketball if not larger. Confident that she was done growing, she grabbed her favorite top and slid it on. The fit was tight and her tits threatened to burst out but she knew it would hold, despite the stress upon the fabric. Adjusting herself in the top, she cursed the fact that she didn't have a bra that fit but she gave up on finding one for good reason. It was hard to find and far too expensive to get fitted for a bra that she would outgrow in a matter of months if not weeks. Besides, she got even more attention if she went braless, oftentimes tweaking her own nipples to make sure they stood stiff and proud against her shirt.

A car honked in the driveway and Beth perked up. First confused, and then her memories came to her and she remembered that she had plans. One of her guy friends named Brad was picking her up and taking her to dinner. Just like every other guy she hung around with they hoped to hook up with her, currently Brad was taking her to one of the most expensive steakhouses in town in the hopes he would score with her tonight. Little did Brad know that he didn't have to try so hard, in fact, if he had just waltzed inside with carry out she would have greeted him on her knees with her eager mouth open and ready, but she didn't mind the pampering.