

Swelling Affection

Contains breast, butt, and giantess growth

“God, he’s so hot...” Marnie swooned from around a corner. Marcus, the target of the freshman’s infatuation, stood amongst his junior-year peers.

Her friend, Christy, nudged her with an elbow. “Are you still crushing on that older guy?”

“How can’t I? *Look at him!* That jet-black hair... Dark complexion... Mysterious eyes...”

“Constant emotionless expression and inability to hold a conversation...”

Marnie paid no mind to Christy’s addition, regardless of how true it might be. Letting her eyes glaze over, she stared at him in a trance. “I’ll bet he’s ripped under those robes. Have you seen how he handles his wand? Those fingers could probably work their magic on me in minutes...”

Christy snorted. “Ok, pervert. Careful about what you imagine or you’re going to leave a puddle on the floor.”

Marnie blushed and subconsciously clamped her thighs together. She didn’t dare admit how wet her underwear had grown under her skirt. “A-A girl can fantasize, can’t she?”

“This has gone way past fantasy. You’re completely drunk on lust with Marcus. Why don’t you ask him out already? Maybe he’s into rail-thin girls!”

Asking her wizarding classmate out had crossed her mind before. Such a task felt impossible given his demeanor. Always cold and stony, Marcus had shown he wasn’t one for conversation since they met at the start of the term. They shared several classes as well as study groups, but he remained distant.

“I’ve tried talking to him...” Marnie admitted. “But he always seems so uninterested. Is there something worse than the friendzone?”

“Maybe the I-don’t-know-you-exist zone?”

“S-Shut up.”

Marnie watched her crush with unblinking eyes. An upper-class girl in a low-cut blouse and open robe walked by, waving a tempting hand in Marcus’s direction. Watching him respond with a nod and slight smile, Marnie felt a pang of envy.

“He sure seemed to notice her!” Christy chided.

“What does she have that I don’t???”

“I don’t know... Big knockers? A shirt that’s several sizes too small?”

Marnie crossed her arms over her meager B-cups. “You *know* she plumps those things up a few cup sizes every morning. You can tell by looking at them that they’re full of magic.”

“Eh, maybe she does. Either way, it sure caught Marcus’s attention.”

“He’s got to be deeper than that! Flaunting a big pair of tits can’t be the *only* way to get a reaction out of him!!”

“But aren’t *you* only interested in him because you think he’s hot and he could use his fingers to make you--”

“*Shut up!!*”

Christy laughed at Marnie’s hypocrisy. “Just admit that you’re only horny for the guy because of his looks! There’s no shame in it! We’re in college; being horny is basically the only thing that leads to a relationship.”

Looking at her feet, Marnie whispered, “Well how do we know if we have feelings for each other if we can’t talk?”

“Have you tried walking around with your shirt half-open to get his attention?”

Marnie looked at Christy with pleading eyes.

“Ok, fine, here’s an actual idea: plan a study night with him and make him some tea, except you spike it with a low-grade love enhancement potion.”

“Love enhancement potion?”

Christy nodded. “We’re studying them in my potions class! They temporarily amplify the drinker’s affection. If he has any *real* feelings for you, that potion will help bring them out. Though you might want to take a dose yourself and see if you *actually* like him... You’re grinding your thighs together like a horny schoolgirl.”

“I *am* a horny schoolgirl!! B-But I also like to think there could be something between us. Even if he is a junior...”

“Then give the potion a try! If it works, it will show! If it doesn’t, he’ll never know.”

GONG

GONG

GONG

A large bell chimed over the wizarding campus. Class was about to start and the students began filing out of the hall.

Christy’s eyes brightened. “And look! Here’s your chance to ask him!”

Upon seeing Marcus walking toward her, Marnie’s face went red and she couldn’t look up from the ground.

“Marcus!” Christy caught his attention. “Marnie has something she wants to ask you!”

He paused and stared at the timid girl. “What?”

“W... Would you like to come to my dorm and study for our History of Magic exam?”

There was an uncomfortable silence as Marnie refused to look up.

Finally he replied, “Sure, whatever. I’ll be there at eight.”

Without another word he continued on his way, leaving Marnie flustered and swimming in heat.

“Look at that!” Christy slapped her on the butt. “He’s coming over and everything! I’ll give you the potion recipe. It’s *really* easy to make.”

Marnie was still in a stupor. Being so close to him, she feared there may actually be a puddle left in her wake. “S-S-Sure thing... Thanks, Christy.”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Marnie's heart raced with anxiety and pent-up arousal. In front of her sat a small bubbling cauldron churning with pink fluid.

"Alright, what's next...?"

She glanced at Christy's hastily scribbled notes.

"Three drops of rose oil...I guess?"

DROP DROP DROP

POOF!!

"And then... *An entire cup of essence of oyster?!?*"

She squinted at the recipe to be certain but couldn't read through the smudge. Marcus would arrive any minute; there wasn't time to waste.

"W-Well... Alright... A cup seems like a lot, though..."

POOF!!!

The potion roiled and changed color to a dull purple. Perspiration coated Marnie's hands.

"I-I sure hope that was right." Any experienced wizarding student knew the slightest deviation from a potion's recipe could lead to drastic differences in its intended effect.

Taking a small sample, she added the concoction to one of two cups of tea waiting on her table. It bubbled with sexual aromas before settling down.

"There! That should--"

KNOCK KNOCK

Her heart jumped when her door rattled. Stashing her cauldron in a cupboard, she rushed to meet her guest.

"Marcus! Thanks for coming! I *really* need help with this class."

"Same."

He waltzed in and threw several books on the table.

"H-History classes are so boring, right? Since we don't get to do any magic in them!"

Marcus nodded and picked at a strand on his robe. "Hmm. Should we start?"

"Sure!! Let me...uh..." Marnie approached the table. Nervousness and guilt clouded her vision. Feeling faint, she grabbed the first cup she saw. "T-Tea...?"

"Oh, thanks."

The junior accepted with hardly a word. Sweat ran down Marnie's back when he took several sips. Out of a need to hold something, she took her own cup and gulped half of its contents.

"Hrck!!"

She froze at the taste. Tea wasn't the only substance between her cheeks.

"Something wrong?" Marcus asked, hardly looking up from his book.

Marnie didn't dare spit it out. Shaking her head, she swallowed and felt her stomach grow hot. Panic gripped her chest at the possibility she'd just drank her own potion.

I don't remember which teacup I gave him!!

I thought Christy said it tasted like cherries!! Why did my tea taste like fish?! Was it the essence of oyster?!

GRRRWWWWLL

“Eep!”

Marcus glanced up when Marnie’s stomach rumbled.

“H-Haven’t eaten dinner yet!” she lied.

“Hmm.”

“Let’s start! I-I was having a lot of trouble with chapter twenty!”

Marnie’s mind flew.

I messed it up!!! There’s no way it was supposed to taste like that!!

GRRRWWWWLL

Marnie grabbed her stomach and sat down. Heat washed across her body and tingled her skin. Everything felt alive. As hot as she’d been for Marcus earlier, it now burned ten-fold within her breasts.

What’s going to happen to me?! If that potion isn’t going to amplify my feelings for Marcus, then what is it going to enha--

SSTRRRTCH

“Mmmgh!!!”

Marnie’s body tensed. Everything felt alive. Doubling over the table, she felt her breasts pushing against her uniform. She became keenly aware of her underwear tightening around her hips and crotch.

“You good?”

“I’m... I-I’m...just... *Mmnggh!!*”

SSTRRRTCH

“Ah!!!”

Pressure surged within her bra. Cleavage rammed together before flesh overflowed the meager cups. Overwhelmed by a storm of strange bodily sensations, Marnie allowed her hands to caress several curves under the table. She found her thighs to be far plumper than she remembered, as well as her blouse refusing to cover her stomach.

“*Nnnggh!!*”

Marnie leaned back in her chair and swooned. Dizziness circled her head like clouds.

“*What’s...What’s happening to me...?*”

She had Marcus’s attention. Looking over the top of his book, he stared at her chest as two mounds pushed against her shirt. They heaved larger than her head and splayed buttons apart to open windows to her tightening cleavage.

“Uhm, are you--”

Marnie snapped awake and looked at herself. Her legs extended out of her skirt to halve its length. Her blouse reached no lower than her ribs. The sight of her engorging tits brought her eyes to saucers. The chair was starting to look like a child’s as her body grew.

The potion isn't enhancing my feelings for him!! It's enhancing my BODY based on my feelings for him!!! I'm turning into a giant!!

SSTRRRRTCH!!

Aching fabric cried out as seams pulled taut. Marnie sprang to her feet and became keenly aware of how short her skirt had become.

“S-Sorry, Marcus! But I think we’re going to have to cut our study session short!” She started toward the door to help him leave before her modesty failed completely. “I-I seem to have come down with some kind of--”

GRRWWWLLLLL

“MMMNGH!!!”

She almost collapsed under monumental pleasure. Hunching over and grasping her chest, Marnie could feel her body surging with energy. Slowly her skirt rose up her thighs and her socks slid down her shins.

POP!!

PO POP!!

“My blouse!?”

“Well now this is interesting,” Marcus grinned, putting down his book.

“M-Marcus! Please, I--Ahh!?” Marnie struggled to maintain her composure. Tugging at her skirt as it flared around her widening hips and bloating ass, she found herself powerless in providing any modesty. White cotton panties peeked from between her supple thighs to greet her study partner. Plump pussy lips sat cradled against the fabric. At seven feet tall, Marnie’s skirt was little more than a stripper’s miniskirt around her fat hips.

POP!!

POP!!!

Panic ensued when Marnie’s shirt held on by a single button against her watermelon breasts. “Wait!! N-No!! I think my chest is about to--”

BOOM!!

Buttons sprang in all directions. Blown open like window curtains, her blouse hung limp at her side to reveal her massive chest. Teacup nipples filled her struggling bra like fists. Fabric and straps sank deep into their depths, deforming her mammaries into fleshy raspberry shapes.

“I’m growing!!! I-I’m outgrowing my uniform!!” Marnie shrieked in horror.

SNAP!!!!

“MMNGH!!!”

Her bra exploded in a delight of spandex and snaps. Despite her looming stature, her mammaries reached to her belly button as heaving fleshy teardrops.

SSTRRRRTCH

Something pulled firm around her abdomen. By the time she knew what it was, it was too late. Marnie’s hands flew at her skirt clasps while still trying to cover her exposed nudity.

Removing her skirt was impossible as the waistband dug into her stomach. It sank deep and tight like a shrinking belt, driving the air from her diaphragm.

“Hah! Haahhh!! Oooohhh I can’t breathe!!” Marnie panted and clawed at the skirt. *“I-It’s gonna--”*

SHRIIP!!!

Her uniform fell in tatters around her. The potion was ruthless in its assault on her body. Taking full effect, Marnie grew at an accelerated rate with only a thinning pair of panties to cover her nakedness. The floor and table fell away from her rising point of view. As her body transformed and plumped, she was given a frame far from what she was accustomed to. Balance fled all too easily when she reached a dizzying height of ten feet.

“M-Marcus...! I can’t...!” She wobbled back and forth, trying to stay upright against her heavy chest and combatting thighs. *“I don’t think I can stay--Whoa!!”*

THUD!!!

The dorm shuddered when Marnie landed butt-first on the floor. Legs and arms sprawled across the room looking for any anchor. Cleavage rushed to engulf Marnie’s face, smothering her until she managed to sit up against a wall.

SSTRRRRRRTCH!!!

“Mmnggh!! I-I’m still...growing!! When is it going to stop?!”

Much of her view was her chest. Creeping in every direction like a slow avalanche of skin, it crushed all in its path. Tables broke beneath their weight and furniture was tossed aside. Whether or not Marcus was watching or still present was a mystery as she felt their study table collide with her butt.

STRRTCH!

“AUGH!!” Marnie tried to grab between her legs when cable-tight fabric flossed its way between her pussy. Glistening pink fold bulged around the underwear like a dam ready to burst.

“I-It’s gonna snap!!! I’m too big for my panti--”

SNAP!!!

“My panties!!!” Marnie cried out upon feeling the tortured garment snap across her. *“M-Marcus, if you’re still here, please don’t look!!! I-I feel like it must be ENORMOUS!! It feels so WET!!”*

Her feet pressed against the opposite wall, forcing her knees to bend toward the ceiling. Space was running out and Marnie’s giant hourglass figure couldn’t have cared less.

“Nngh!!! I’m getting...too big for this room!!”

Heat swelled and pumped within her. Her hips couldn’t stay steady upon such an enlarged, wobbling rear end. Panting against waves of ecstasy and orgasm, Marnie tried to control herself.

CREEAAAANK

Her head brushed against the ceiling. Breasts twice the size of her bed buried her giant torso. Feet rivaling a doorway sat scrunched against the far wall.

“Mmnggh!! MMMMGH!!! Ahhhh I don’t think I’m going to fit in here much longeeeerrr!!”

As Marnie came to feel like a girl packed into a piece of luggage, her body’s growth ceased. Little room was left within the dorm. What furniture she owned sat crushed beneath her girth. Unable to move, she gasped for air from within her cleavage and dismayed at her situation.

“I’m such an idiot!! Marcus is probably long gone!! Not to mention he most likely thinks I’m the biggest pervert in the world!! Look at me!! I--”

“Don’t be so sure.”

Marnie clamped her mouth shut. Marcus’s voice came from between her legs, but she could feel small hands grabbing at her body. He was climbing atop her chest.

“W-What are you doing?!?! I--Mmmnggh!!!! Ahh!!! THEY’RE SENSITIVE!!!”

Marcus appeared at the top of her cleavage, finding Marnie buried below against a wall.

“M...Marcus...” she whimpered. *“Please, they feel so hot...! I didn’t mean for this to--”*

“You tried to spike my tea, didn’t you?”

“I... I-I...” Marnie couldn’t find any words in her head. Everything was overpowered by a desire for more pleasure from her overgrown body.

Marcus chuckled and tested the resistance of her breast beneath him. “You’re more daring than I thought... Was this supposed to happen to me? You trying to make me blow out of my pants or something?”

She could only shake her head pleadingly. “I-I messed up the potion. It was only meant to--”

“Hmm.” Marcus looked her over and took note of the massive pussy residing between her thighs. Such a work of art would require a monumental amount of effort to please. He grinned. “Do you have any more?”