

# THE WRONG HOUSE

By

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***Standard Disclaimer:** This story contains sexually oriented adult themes, specifically breast expansion and other TF themes. If you are not of legal age to be reading such material or if breast expansion is not your thing, then this story is not for you.*

*This story was originally written for the “Spookspanion 2025” contest on Swelltales.com.*

# Foreward:

When I originally concocted this story, it had been meant for the first Swelltales Halloween contest back in 2023. Due to some life circumstances that took up most of my time and energy, I ended up writing the much shorter *Filling the Vessel* instead. Fortunately, I kept the outline and notes written down with the intent of revisiting it one day. Lucky for me, this contest gave me an excuse to do just that, albeit with some revisions to fit with the criteria.

If you've read any of my *Dragon's Dream* stories, you'll probably notice a "few" similarities between its leading lady and one of the two in this tale. Back in Fall of 2023, I had many of the ideas for what I wanted to do with that series, but little plan to execute them. So, this was to be a sort of goofy, non-canon introduction to the Kalen Jasper character. Since this story has been written after the fact, I decided to ever so slightly change the name.

I can't *possibly* imagine anyone will notice...

Happy reading.

# Chapter 1

A lone pair of headlights bounced and jittered along a dark, dirt road nestled deep within an embrace of shadowy woods. Not even the moonlight could pierce the dense canopy. Beyond the white sedan's windows was nothing but blackness, an encroaching void pierced only by the vehicle's high-beams.

"Karen, this doesn't look right," said the scantily clad college girl in the passenger seat. Wrapped from head to toe in the skimpiest amount of 'mummy bandages' she could get away with, the girl may as well have just been in her underwear. A strapless black bra and matching panties were the only things preserving her modesty, if she had any to begin with. An immaculate bob of raven hair framed a round face that could best be described as 'cute.' She was dolled up with just enough ghoulish makeup to accentuate her features without detracting from them. Her blue eyes squinted out the side window into the darkness. "Are you sure we're going the right way?"

"This is where the map's telling us to go," replied the driver, a tall, stern looking hazel-brunette with slim features framed by long, straight bangs. The rest of her lengthy hair was tied back in a simple ponytail. She looked around the same age as her companion, but unlike her was actually wearing clothes...albeit an odd assortment of them. Her hands clutched the steering wheel in a pair of black, fingerless gloves that probably weren't fingerless when she bought them. A faded, pastel pink bathrobe was half-closed over what looked like standard office attire: A white blouse with black slacks.

With her light brown eyes glued to the road, she reached over and pointed to a lightly cracked, digital map screen centered in her car's middle console. It showed a tiny vehicle moving down a highlighted road with basic directions displayed in one corner. "See, we're still on the right road," Karen insisted. A sudden bump sent a heavy bounce through her ample chest.

"What road?" balked her passenger sarcastically. "We're in the middle of the fucking woods!"

"Look, Maggie, I'm just following the directions this thing is giving me," Karen said. Exasperation was the name of the game between these two.

“Then it’s broken,” Maggie said.

“It’s *still* better than your sense of direction,” countered Karen. “At least it hasn’t sent us to Kentucky, yet.”

“That was ONE time!” Maggie retorted, the points of her fake fangs showing.

“We were supposed to be in *Atlanta!*”

“Well, *you* should have asked me to double-check the map,” Maggie said, indignantly crossing her arms under her petite bust.

“I *trusted* you!”

“That’s your own fault,” Maggie said.

“It’s *your* fault you suck with direct— Oh, shit.” The woods around them suddenly opened up into a wide clearing. Looming dead center over the lot was their destination:

The most decrepit, ghoulish, rotten old mansion either of them had ever seen outside of a horror movie.

A lone lantern hung from a crooked post out front, casting a flickering glow over the neglected yard. Gravel crunched under the sedan’s tires as Karen brought the car to a stop near the lamp. As if on cue, a flock of bats scattered out from under the drooping eaves of the house and chattered off into the night.

“There is NO fucking way that’s the right house,” Maggie looked aghast at the sight of the place.

Karen gawked at the foreboding structure. It was as if someone plucked a haunted house straight off the silver screen and dropped it unceremoniously in the middle of the woods. There were even boards nailed over some of the windows.

She looked again at her car’s navigation display. “Yup, this is 1313 Mockingbird Lane alright. That’s the address you gave me.”

“That *can’t* be right,” Maggie leaned over to look for herself, tapping the cracked screen with pointed, glossy black nails. “You must have put it in wrong.”

“Look! See?” Karen pointed at the address on the screen. “That’s what you gave me.”

Maggie shook her head. “Nope. It had to have been a different one.”

“Like what?”

“Like...I dunno. Not THIS!” Maggie gestured at the mansion.

“Do you *want* me to pull up your text message?” Karen shot her a daring glare.

“Go ahead,” said Maggie, defiantly. “Prove me right.”

“Wanna bet?” Karen reached into her pants pocket, then frowned and tried the other one. Soon she was frantically patting herself down, practically turning her bathrobe inside out. “Shit! Where’s my phone?”

Maggie laughed. “Oh my god, did you *actually* forget your phone?”

“Shut up!” After a long pause, Karen gave up her search and conceded with a groan. “Yes. ”

Her friend laughed riotously. “I fucking *knew* it! You guessed the address and got it wrong!”

“Fuck you! Pull out your phone and prove it, bitch!”

“Left it in my purse at home,” Maggie said with misplaced smugness.

Karen gave her a blank stare. “Are you fucking kidding me?”

“Nope. It clashed with my costume.”

“Ugh!” Karen slumped over the steering wheel and let out an exasperated groan. “You fucking idiot.”

“Hey! You forgot yours, too!” Maggie shot back defensively. “And *I’m* not the one who drove to the wrong house...this time.”

“For the last fucking time, THIS IS THE ADDRESS YOU GAVE ME!” shouted Karen.

“Then where’s the party, Karen?” Maggie waved around the gloomy lot. “Do you SEE anyone else? It’s Halloween night, there are supposed to be dozens of people here. Hot, sexy chads that I’m not gonna get to blow because *you* drove us to a nasty old house in the middle of NOWHERE!”

“Fuck you, I’m going inside,” Karen kicked open the car door and swung her legs out. Gravel crunched under her calf-hugging, pleather boots.

“Wait, you’re not actually gonna go in there, right?” an edge of panic crept into Maggie’s voice. “Karen?”

The slam of the car door was her answer.

It wasn’t more than three steps before the mummified roommate came shuffling after Karen in her sandals. “Wait! Don’t leave me here!”

“Worried I won’t come back?” Karen smirked.

“No! I just don’t wanna be trapped in your car when the crazy dude with a chainsaw comes for us. Besides, you forgot these,” Maggie held out a prop headband topped with stubby cow horns with matching ears and a samurai sword that seemed even more out of place than the rest of Karen’s getup.

“Thanks,” Karen took the headband and put it on before slipping the sheathed sword under her robe’s fuzzy sash. “How do I look?”

“Like you raided my niece’s costume bin. What are you even supposed to be?” asked Maggie, crinkling her nose.

With one hand on her sword, Karen struck a fighting pose that she’d seen on a poster somewhere. “I’m Miyamoto MOO-sashi!” she said proudly, drawing out the ‘moo’ like a cow.

“Hunh?”

“Ugh, good puns are wasted on the dumb,” Karen drooped.

“If it was *good* pun, I’d have gotten it.”

“Look, it was the best I could do on such short notice. I mean, I didn’t even have a chance to get out of my work clothes,” explained Karen, tugging on her blouse. “Ooh! That reminds me!” she reached inside her bathrobe and pulled out a little hand pump connected to a thin tube under her shirt. With a half-dozen quick squeezes, the white cotton smoothed out until it was taught across her already ample chest. Each pump pushed her breasts up higher and tighter together, making them look several sizes larger. Satisfied, she undid the top button and gave her boobs a squeeze. Cleavage you could lose a pencil in greeted her eager eyes. “Can’t be a cow without some proper udders,” she said with a chuckle.

Maggie stared enviously into the inches of tight cleavage that had just been unleashed. “Fuck...Did you really have to bring out your dumb balloon bra?”

“What? The guys love it!” Karen grinned.

“The guys aren’t here!” Maggie said. “I swear, it’s like you think your boobs aren’t big enough or something.”

“Can’t a girl want a little more up top?”

“A little? You’ve already got E-cups for fuck’s sake! Give *me* some of that! My bee sting B-cups are nothing compared to yours, even with a push-up bra,” Maggie cupped her meager chest.

“You’re just mad that these get all the attention,” Karen said, hefting her shirt-stretchers with a smug smirk.

“Damn right! Why do you think I’m dressed like this?” Maggie gestured at herself.

“Because you have no shame?”

“No!” she said before pausing. “Okay, yes. But that’s not the point! How else am I supposed to compete if I don’t show some skin?”

A strong gust of icy wind howled through the clearing, rattling the mansion’s shutters and sending shivers through both of the girls. With next to nothing covering her, Maggie hugged herself to keep warm, though it didn’t help. Even Karen tugged her bathrobe closed over her chest to stave off the biting chill.

“F-Fuck! W-Where’d that wind come from?” Maggie’s teeth chattered.

“I told you you’d catch a cold going out in that,” Karen said, struggling to ignore it herself.

“S-Shut up! C-Can we please just go, now?”

“Ugh, fine,” Karen started walking towards the mansion.

“I didn’t mean in there!” Maggie cried out. “I meant go back home or to the party or something!”

Once Karen set foot on the sagging stoop, the front door creaked open and warm light poured out to greet them. They both froze.

“Oh, FUCK no!” blurted Maggie. “We are NOT going in that haunted-ass house!”

“Shut up. It was just the wind...*I hope,*” Karen muttered that last part to herself. She marched on towards the door, watching for any holes in the rotten porch.

As if expecting her, the door creaked open the rest of the way and she stepped inside with Maggie reluctantly close behind.

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## Chapter 2

It was as if they had stepped into a completely different building. There wasn't so much as a hint of the ancient rot that had claimed the exterior. Not even a cobweb dirtied the place. Inside was a true and proper mansion.

Candelabras, chandeliers, and wall sconces bathed the lavish interior with the warm glow of candlelight. Rich, wood paneled walls and polished floors were lined with ornately carved molding. Equally splendid rails and bannisters led up a wide, straight staircase. Burgundy rugs trailed through the halls like guiding lines that softened Karen's booted footsteps.

She let out a low whistle as she took it all in. "Goddamn, talk about false advertising. I figured this would be a dump. Glad I was wrong."

Maggie momentarily forgot all hesitation and excitedly pushed past Karen to take a closer look at everything. "Oh my god! How is this the same house?"

"I don't know," Karen shrugged. "Maybe they blew all their money on the inside and didn't fix the outside?" Something on her friend's head suddenly caught her eye. "What the hell are you wearing now?"

Two jagged horns jutted up from Maggie's round bob of hair. "Huh? Oh, you mean these!" She reached up and tugged on one to show that they were attached to a headband like Karen's.

"I thought you were supposed to be a stripper mummy or something," said Karen, appraising her friend's evolving costume.

"No, I'm a dragon mummy!" She bared her plastic fangs and raised her pointed manicure like claws. "Rawr!"

Karen blinked at her a few times. "Well, makes about as much sense as a cow samurai. Come on, let's have a look around—"

Then the front door slammed shut behind them.



Both girls nearly jumped out of their skin. The sound was deafeningly loud but seemed oddly flat, as if the acoustics of the room were wrong. There didn't seem to be any echo, either.

Maggie was the first to speak. "Don't you *dare* tell me that was the wind!"

"Relax," said Karen, trying and failing to sound reassuring. "I'm sure it was something...rational." She walked over and tried the door handle...then tried it again. The wide-eyed look she shot back over her shoulder did not bode well.

Karen opened her mouth to speak but Maggie cut her off. "Don't say it."

"Uh..."

"*Don't.*"

"The door won't open," Karen squeaked.

"GODDAMMIT!" Maggie punched her thighs.

"Look, I'm sure there's another way out. We can try one of the windows," said Karen, her voice wavering with uncertainty.

"Oh? You mean the ones that are BOARDED UP?" Maggie yelled.

"Don't you fucking yell at me!" Karen spoke up defensively. "I'm just trying to stay optimistic!"

"I'D RATHER BE STAYING OUTSIDE!!!"

A sudden cold draught cut through them from out of nowhere, bringing their fight to a frigid halt.

"*Jesus!* Who opened a window?" Karen said, hugging herself for warmth.

Maggie once again got the worst of it by nature of being half-naked. "I-It didn't f-feel like n-normal wind t-to me."

The air shifted and the mansion groaned. All the walls creaked like the house was resettling. Every candle seemed to dim, making the place seem far less inviting than it had a moment ago. In the lower lighting, another warm glow emanated from down the main hall. Sounds of crackling firewood and eerie pipe organ music beckoned to the girls.

"You have got to be kidding me," said Karen, unimpressed. "Toccata and Fugue? How cliché can you get?"

"Oh, fuck that! Let me outta here!" Maggie frantically twisted and yanked on the front door handle to no avail. The door didn't budge at all. Didn't even shift in its frame. It was as if it was pressure sealed. "Let me out! *Let me out! LET ME—*" With a loud *crack*, the handle broke off in her hand. "...Out?"

Karen groaned and face-palmed herself. “Nice one, Maggie.”

Desperate to escape, Maggie spastically tried to reattach the handle, though her hands were shaking so much that she was mostly just rattling it on the door.

“FuckFuckFuckFuckFuckFUCK! *Come on, work!*”

“Give it up, Mags,” Karen let out a tired sigh. “The thing’s busted.”

“*Shut up and help!*” Maggie snapped. “*You got any tape on you or somethi—EEEEK!!*” She jumped back, dropping the handle with a clatter.

“What? What happened?” Karen perked up.

“It...I-It got cold all of a sudden. Like, actually *freezing* cold,” Maggie said, her eyes wide and voice trembling. Karen stooped to pick it up but Maggie stopped her. “Wait, look!”

Karen followed her friend’s pointing finger and watched as a layer of frost formed on the metal handle. In seconds, it was completely encrusted. Wisps of frigid vapor wafted up from it.

The organ music changed tune behind them, shifting from eerie to melodic and mournful. All around them, the house groaned and seemed to relax. Lights regained their former brightness and the air itself seemed to change, becoming warm and inviting again. Though the handle remained frozen in stark contrast to everything else.

Karen loosened her bathrobe and looked apprehensively down the hall towards the source of the music. “I think...it wants us to follow the music.”

“It?” Maggie gulped anxiously. “What ‘It’?”

“The...house? Maybe a ghost or something?” Karen shrugged. “I dunno. Guess we’re about to find out.” She tightened the fuzzy sash around her robe, adjusted her boobs (air-filled and otherwise), and mustered up whatever courage she had before marching towards ‘It.’

“Karen, don’t go down there,” warned Maggie, but Karen kept walking. “*Karen?!* ” The lights in the entry hall began to dim the further away her friend got and the air grew colder. Panic seeped through her wrappings, sending shivers through her bones. It wasn’t until the room was nearly dark that she scrambled to catch up. “*W-Wait for me!*”

Adorning the walls throughout the mansion were a myriad of paintings ranging from simple portraits to elaborate frescoes. Each piece depicted the same statuesque woman in a variety of scenes, many of which were gratuitously erotic. She was classically beautiful with high cheekbones and narrow features, though her voluptuous curves verged on being outlandish. However, they were definitely put to good use. Scandalously revealing dresses in styles that were hard to pin a date on accentuated every inch of her feminine figure in a way that drew envy from even the most conservative of eyes. Throughout many of the more explicit pieces, they were often leveraged in acts of domineering lechery.

Raging around her was a swirling tempest of pitch-black hair that seemed to have a life of its own. Its length was hard to gauge and seemed to vary with each depiction, but it was always luxuriously long. So long that it would have reached the ground if not for the almost supernatural vigor gifted to it by the painters.

Perhaps most striking of all were her eyes: Dark voids rimmed with pale green irises. Something about them drew one's gaze, pulling you in, demanding to be seen. *Daring you to look.* The longer one's eyes lingered, the more it seemed that hers were staring back, watching, aware.

If there was anything truly haunting that mansion, it surely lurked behind that stare.

"I think we know who the owner of the place is...or was," said Karen, trying not to become entrapped by the many bewitching gazes leering down at her as she passed. "Either that or she's whatever you'd call a horny OC back whenever these were painted."

"What I wouldn't give for curves like those," Maggie quietly thought aloud. She had little subtly in ogling the paintings' most appealing aspects.

Karen cocked an amused eyebrow at her friend.

"Oh, don't you start," Maggie rolled her eyes. "I'm not the one with balloons shoved down her shirt."

The hall opened up into a cozy study populated by a lone armchair, footrest, and small wooden side table. Shelves crammed with leatherbound tomes spanned almost every wall from the floor to the vaulted ceiling. The only exception was where the pipe organ wheezed its haunting tunes...*with no one at the keys.*

Burning logs crackled in a marble fireplace, casting that warm glow over the room. With no other sources of light, dancing shadows stretched out from the sparse furniture, giving the space an ominous gloom.

That ethereal chill nipped at the girls' backs, urging them forward. Behind them, the lights dimmed and a foggy darkness consumed the halls. Echoes ceased and an eerie silence filled its place. Sound itself seemed stifled by the wall of shadow. It was as if the mansion beyond that study had vanished, leaving the two of them alone and isolated from the outside world.

As soon as they set foot in the room, the organ's lid slammed shut over its keys and the music stopped.

"Uh...h-hello?" Karen asked the room, an air of uneasy silence settling over the lonely space. There didn't appear to be anyone else present. The chair was empty and there weren't many places where someone could be hiding. Yet she couldn't shake the feeling that she was being watched.

“K-Karen, I-I think we should g-go,” stammered Maggie, shivering up close against her taller friend.

Louder than before, groaning wood creaked all around them from the walls, floor, and ceiling. It sounded like a giant hand was crushing in on the room. The air grew stale and stagnant. Flames died down in the fireplace, smothered by an unseen force.

Something was coming.

Then, as if taking a breath, the room relaxed and ghostly green flames sparked to life in the hearth, casting a sickly glow over the place. Where there should have been heat, an unearthly cold radiated out from the blaze.

*“Heeelp...meee...”* whispered a voice like a dry wind through reeds.

That did NOT make either of the girls feel better. They both scrambled over each other amidst a flurry of curses to get away from whatever ‘It’ was.

*“Shit! Who said that?”* Karen swore, swiveling her head around the room frantically.

*“Pleeeeeeassse...”* the voice continued, seemingly coming from all around them. Maybe even the air itself.

*“W-Where a-are y-you?”* Karen stammered, shaking uncontrollably. Maggie couldn’t even form words, she was so scared.

*“Heeeere...”*

From out of the flames, two pinpoints of flickering green light floated towards them, raising to Karen’s eye-level. As they approached, a faint apparition of a skull manifested around them, the lights set deep within its eye sockets. Gradually, more of its ghostly body formed. Wispy scraps of ethereal tissue floated out from the fire like ash to join the rest. Disintegration in reverse.

When it was done, the faint spectre of what was once a human hovered in the center of the study like a mirage. It was barely more than a skeleton garbed in tattered, translucent flesh that glowed with the same unearthly hue as the fire. Whatever identifying features it may have had in life did not survive its passage.

Maggie’s hair stood up on end. *“Oh, FUCK that!”* She cowered behind her roommate, holding her in front like a shield.

*“Hey! Wait, let me go!”* Karen kicked out, trying to squirm free but only succeeded in knocking them both off balance. They toppled over backwards in a heap at the phantom’s floating feet.

*"Pleeease...Help...Meeee...."* Whispered the ghost once more, seemingly unfazed by two stooges falling over each other. It made no move towards them. In fact, it barely moved at all, not even its jaw when it spoke. All it seemed to be doing was stare at them.

*"OhmygodOhmygodOhmygod, what's it doing?"* babbled Maggie, clutching Karen for dear life.

"N-Nothing?" stammered Karen, gawking up at the ghost with wide eyes. "I...I-I think it's f-friendly."

"Really?" Maggie anxiously poked her head over the taller girl's shoulder and watched the ghost with frightened eyes. Sure enough, it held its distance. Didn't so much as lift a finger towards them. After much internal convincing, she seemed to calm down a little. "I...think you're right. Still creepy as fuck, though."

"Yeah, absolutely." Karen caught her breath and started to look at the ghost with more fascination than fear. There wasn't much left of its body to go off of and she was no expert, but something about it gave her the impression that it was once a woman. It also seemed to be waiting on them. Karen tried to get up but Maggie was still wrapped tighter around her than those bandages she called a costume. "Uh, Mags? I know you're jealous and all, but would you mind letting go of my boobs?"

"Huh? Oh, sorry!" Maggie had been so freaked out that she hadn't realized she'd been holding onto her friend's chest.

Karen rolled off her and got back to her feet, then helped Maggie do the same. "You know, I usually charge money for that kind of feel," she said with an uneasy smile as she twisted her inflated bra back into place and adjusted the sword in her sash.

"Oh, shut up. I know damn well you don't and it was mostly just those dumb balloons anyway," Maggie said bitterly, straightening up what little clothing she had.

*"Paaayyy..."* whispered the ghost. *"I...can...paaayyy...yooouuu..."*

The girls exchanged surprised looks before Karen answered. "With what? No offense, but I don't think most places take ghost money."

*"Deeesiirree..."* it answered. *"I'll...give...what...you...desire..."*

"And what might that be?" Karen asked, crossing her arms under her boosted bust.

Without uttering an answer, the spectre slowly turned in the air and pointed to the low side table next to the armchair. On it sat an ornate, glass dish that hadn't been there before. A moment later, there was a soft *plink* as something small and round dropped into it from out of thin air. Then another. Then a few more.

Curious, Karen walked over to examine them with Maggie staying close by her side, purposefully keeping the taller girl between her and the ghost. Settled in the bottom of the dish were half a dozen marble-sized candies. There seemed to be a couple different shapes, but they were all somewhat pinkish in color.

“What are those?” asked Maggie.

“*Down...payment...*” answered the ghost.

Karen plucked one out of the dish and took a closer look at it. “Huh, it’s a little gummy boob,” she said, squishing the soft candy gently.

“What? No way,” said Maggie, but her eyes widened in disbelief. “Oh my god, you’re right. And some of them even look like butts!”

Karen chuckled, shooting an amused look at the ghost. “Is this some kind of joke?”

“*No...*” was its only answer.

She turned back to Maggie and laughed. “I think we’re getting pranked by a ghost!” Then, without a second thought, she popped the boob-shaped candy into her mouth.

“Whoa, hey! Don’t eat those! You don’t know if they’re safe!” said Maggie.

“Nah, ‘ish good!” Karen said, chewing away. After a satisfied gulp, she plucked up another. “You should try one. Kinda taste like strawberry.”

Maggie shook her head. “I am NOT eating ghost candy!”

“Eh, suit yourself,” said Karen, popping a butt-shaped one in her mouth. Though after only a couple chews she paused, a puzzled expression coming over her face.

“Karen? Is something wrong?” asked Maggie, an edge of concern in her voice.

Karen’s brow furrowed and she started feeling her chest, her *actual* chest. Not the balloon bra pushing it up. She swallowed nervously, watching her bosom closely. “I...I don’t know. My breasts...they feel...weird. Kinda warm...tingly.” Just as Maggie opened her mouth to speak, Karen inhaled sharply and her eyes went wide as an owl’s. “*Oh shit!*”

“What? What is it?” Maggie was starting to get freaked out again.

“The candy!” Karen gasped, clutching her chest. “I think—”

“I fucking *knew* it!” Maggie interrupted. “I *told* you not to eat them!”

“*Shut up and listen!*” Karen tore her eyes away from her chest to shoot her friend a simmering glare that immediately softened to an almost elated glimmer. “I think...I think it’s making my *tits* grow!”

Like a rising curtain, she pulled her hands away to reveal noticeably more up top than before. Cleavage that could eat a pen now looked ready to swallow a whole ruler. Gaps between her uppermost buttons gave hints to its true depth. Where her blouse had been tight before was now straining. Creamy flesh bulged substantially higher towards her neckline, pushed up by the inflated bra crowding her shirt.

Incredulity was the new word of the night. Maggie blinked in disbelief at the absurd claim. “Okay...I mean, they *look* bigger,” she said reluctantly. “But there’s no way in hell that they *actually* grew.”

“Oh, come ON,” groaned Karen. Determined to prove her point, she tugged her blouse down to show her the ample mounds piled high on her chest. “LOOK at them! They’re BIGGER!”

“Karen, you must have just bumped that little pump for your bra a few times when you fell. Boobs don’t just grow out of the blue like that.”

“Oh, but *ghosts* are more plausible?” Karen pointed at the green spectre still hovering a few feet away. “After all the weird shit that’s already happened tonight, why can’t you—EEEEP!” Her hands shot to her rump and she straightened up so fast that the top button of her blouse popped open, presenting a couple more inches of tight cleavage to her roommate.

Yet, Maggie remained skeptical. “Okay, I’ll give you that. But there is no fucking way that...you...” her voice trailed off as her eyes became transfixed on her friend’s lower curves. Specifically, the way her slacks were *losing* their slack.

The black fabric smoothed out over thighs that were ordinarily toned and athletic, but were visibly softening before their eyes. Karen bit her lip and pulled her bathrobe back over her posterior and felt the same happening there. She might have had great tits, but her lower curves had always been lacking. Now that was no longer the case.

Within a matter of seconds, Karen’s butt, hips, and thighs blossomed into a pleasant thickness that would have paired nicely with her bust had it not already been boosted.

She looked back at Maggie with wide eyes and flushed cheeks. Together, they slowly turned their gaze down to the candy bowl. This time, both of them chewed their lips in anticipation.

Karen spoke first, her voice soft and nervous. “So...uh...do you—”

“YES,” blurted Maggie, perhaps louder than she’d intended. “I mean, sure. I’ll have...a couple.”

Neither of them were doing a good job of disguising the fact that this was the single hottest decision they’ve ever made.

“There’s...uh...four left. Two butts. Two boobs,” mumbled Karen, eying the candies like they were the gold in an old western standoff.

“I’ll take one...of each,” muttered Maggie, nervous sweat beading on her brow.

“Okay...so that leaves the other two for me,” Karen nodded, her cheeks practically glowing red.

An agonized whine squeaked out from Maggie in response.

“Yeah...you’re right. You should get one more because there were six at the start,” acknowledged Karen. “So...I’ll just take a boob one.”

“Another?” Maggie asked, though it sounded more like an accusation.

Karen raised an eyebrow at her. “Yeah, *another*. We should each get three. It’s only fair, right?”

“Well...” Maggie let out a pained sigh. “I kinda wanna catch up to you...but keep an even figure, you understand. Besides, you started off big up top. What if you get too top heavy?”

Karen’s eyes narrowed. “What are you saying?”

“I’m saying...*let me have all four!*” she blurted out the rest like peeling off a bandaid.

“*All four?*” Karen said incredulously. “What about me? I want more, too!”

“I think you’ve had enough,” Maggie said, sticking her fists on her hips. “It’s my turn to be the busty one! Your tits are too big anyways.”

“They are NOT!”

“*Ladiiiieesss...*”

Both of them snapped back to reality, or what passed for it now in light of everything. Slowly, they turned to face their intangible host. “Y-Yes?” they said in unison.

“*There...will...be...mooorrreee...*”

“Downpayment,” Karen muttered to herself. “That’s right, this was just a downpayment.” Eyes wide from the revelation, she grabbed Maggie by the shoulders and shook her excitedly. “*Mags! We can get even more!*”

“But we have to do something for the ghost, first,” Maggie pointed out.

“Oh, yeah,” Karen turned back to the spectre. “What do you need us to do?”

“*Lanternsss...*” hissed the ghost excitedly, if it could be called that. For the first time, it actually started speaking at an almost regular pace. “*In this house...there are two lanternsssss...Find them...Light them...You will be...rewarded...*”



“That’s it? Just light up two lanterns and we’re done?” Karen mused. “Damn, this’ll be a piece of—HEY!”

She turned around just in time to see Maggie cramming the last four candies into her mouth. The shout startled her at first, but the sneaky minx quickly chewed and forced them down with a satisfied smile.

“You little *shit!* I had my back turned for ONE second and you—”

A low moan cut her off. Not from the phantom, but from Maggie.

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## Chapter 3

*“Oh, fuck! You weren’t kidding!”* Maggie groaned, panting as the candies took effect. Pure, lustful greed flared in her wild eyes. Grinning like an idiot, she eagerly groped and felt up every inch of her tingling curves. *“It feels amazing!”*

It was only just beginning.

Subtly, at first, her black underwear tightened around her curves. Her modest B-cup bra hugged her chest, its strapless cups shifting as her meager mounds pushed back against them. Down below, her panties stretched across her hips, riding up slowly in the back.

Mummy bandages, carefully wrapped in such a way as to accentuate her curves, began to gently coil tighter around her hips and thighs. Smooth, tanned flesh bulged ever so slightly against her trappings, a testament to their supple softness.

“Oh my god! *Look at me!*” Maggie squealed with delight, squeezing the pronounced hills now bulging slightly over and under her bra. *“I have TITS!!!”*

But the growth wasn’t stopping. Not yet. Not after she’d swallowed *double* the dose Karen had.

Speaking of which, the tall brunette looked on with jealous eyes as her friend and roommate reveled in her growth. *Her* growth. Not Maggie’s. Some of it, at least.

She had half a mind to pump up her inflatable bra even more just to be a bitch, but part of her knew that it would only make her crave the real growth even more. Karen never knew just how much she *needed* to be bustier until then. Stuffed bras and balloons were childish fun, but this was *real*.

“Oh my god...Oh my god! *I’m STILL growing!*” Maggie sounded ready to burst, unlike her bra, which still had plenty of give left in it.

Ample handfuls, *proper* handfuls, spilled out of her bra and into her hands. She could *feel* them growing, pumping up larger and larger like Karen’s bra. Except there was no air in these. These were 100% Natural, Grade A *TITS*.

But...they were still smaller than Karen's were *before* the candy.

White, hot, envy broiled deep in Maggie's chest. She needed *more*, and so did Karen. That ghost had just kicked off an explosive rivalry that would undoubtedly end with someone's costume biting the dust.

Maggie's was edging closer to that threshold by the second. Her ass had kept pace with her tits, rounding out into an enticingly plump cushion. The mummy wraps strained around her thighs as they thickened out wide enough to jiggle when she moved. Lastly, her hips inched out until they were noticeably wider than her shoulders. True motherly birthing hips.

When the growth finally ended, she was left panting and sweating over a set of curves that could compete with a stripper's. Breasts the size of grapefruits bulged like dough over and under her puny bra. A butt that could make anyone look twice padded her rear while her thighs could smother a man to death.

She was the epitome of 'Curvy.'

The wide-eyed, dragon-horned, mummy girl fawned over her new, sensual form, taking shallow, quivering breaths until her pulse calmed. She slid her fingers over every contour, teasing and pricking her sensitive skin with her pointed manicure. "Ooh, it all feels so...*natural*," she cooed.

"Okay, enough touching yourself," Karen cut in bitterly. Her cheeks were still burning red from jealousy and *need*. "Save that shit for the paying customers."

"Oh, fuck off," Maggie grumbled at the interruption. "You're just mad I beat you to the candy."

"Yeah, I am. You're gonna remember that next time when I take all the titty ones for myself," Karen sneered.

"Good! I hope your balloon tits get so big they fucking POP!" Maggie jabbed a pointed nail right into Karen's inflated bra.

"*I...I'll...Fuck!*" That mental image short-circuited Karen's brain. "Y-You don't think they would, do you?" Her fury sputtered at the thought of growing so big. *But how big?*

The dumb, whimsical smile that spread across Karen's face disarmed Maggie completely. Whatever they were arguing about had left the building. All that remained were two boob-hungry idiots.

"I...uh...Maybe we should get moving," Maggie cleared her throat, awkwardly defusing that conversation.

“Oh...Y-Yeah, that’s probably a good idea,” Karen straightened her horned headband and tugged her bathrobe closed over her larger chest. Due to the balloon bra, it didn’t jut out much further, but it did bulge up higher than before.

“So, we’re looking for two lanterns, right?” Maggie asked the ghost.

It’s unreadable face, or what little was left of it, turned its haunting gaze down to her. “Yeeessss...”

A chill ran down Maggie’s spine. This time, it was only her nerves. She tried to shake it off, but it lingered for as long as those twin pinpoints of light remained focused on her.

“Where should we start?” asked Karen.

The ghost’s gaze drifted back towards the taller girl. Silently and agonizingly slowly, it raised one arm and pointed down the shaded hall they had come in from. Candles flickered back to life in their wall sconces all the way back to the entry hall, warding away the foggy darkness.

“Theeerrreee...”

Maggie gulped anxiously and tried once more to ignore the unease growing in her stomach. “O-Okay, l-lets get s-started, K-Karen.”

Karen gave her friend a puzzled look. “You okay, Mags?”

The spooked mummy nodded vigorously.

“Alright, then. We’ll be back in a bit, Missus...uh...Ghost,” Karen waved at the spectre and started on her way.

The ghost merely stared back in reciprocation.

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Dressed for a party they’d never make it to, Karen and Maggie strolled through the halls of the haunted mansion. Both of them were enjoying the added bounce to their steps, though one of them was more obvious about it than the other.

Everything feels jiggly when you’re used to having bee stings for boobs and an ass that’s just ‘Nice.’ Plain was boring. Average was bland. Hourglass was where it was at, and Maggie was *rocking* hers.

Step. Jiggle. Step. Jiggle.

“He-hehe,” she giggled quietly to herself. Each sway of her hips sent a ripple through her cheeks. Every footfall shimmied her thighs. Best of all was the rhythmic bouncing of her breasts,

those glorious globes of supple flesh. She might not have been *huge*, but she felt every added ounce.

Karen felt it too, though she hid it better. Big boobs were her realm and hers *definitely* checked that box, with or without the balloon bra. The way it supported her breasts was a tad uncomfortable with how its inflated cups bulged inwards, but she didn't mind at all. In fact, she relished it. There was no surer sign she'd grown than ill-fitting clothes.

The hallway was sectioned out into chunks. Whenever they neared the next one, the lights would dim in the previous section and brighten in the next. Not too far ahead and behind was always that cloudy darkness, a grim reminder of where they really were.

As with the first hall, paintings and frescoes depicting the exceedingly voluptuous beauty spanned every wall. In each one, her eyes seemed to follow the two guests.

"You know, I'm starting to think the owner of this place was a weirdo," said Maggie, glancing at each and every picture as they passed them. "Who fills a mansion with all this porn?"

"It's not *all* porn," Karen pointed out. "A lot of these are just portraits."

"Portraits of a sexy lady with watermelon tits and hips that seat four," blurted Maggie. "Do you think we'll get that huge when this is over?"

"Maybe," said Karen, images of herself sporting a pair of breasts *twice* that size flitted through her mind and made her heart quicken.

"Do you think she's the ghost?" Maggie asked thoughtfully.

"Maybe," Karen repeated vacantly, her mind still occupied by giant tits.

"Why'd you call it a 'she,' then?"

That snapped Karen out of it. She stopped and gave Maggie a quizzical look. "Huh?"

Maggie stopped as well. "Back there, you called it 'Missus Ghost.' What makes you think it's a woman?"

"Oh, that," Karen retraced her thoughts. "I guess something about it made me think it was a woman," she shrugged. "I'm not really sure, to be honest."

Something behind her caught Maggie's eye. "Holy shit. Karen, look at *that* one!" She pointed up at an enormous fresco that spanned an entire section of wall between two pillars.

"What're you—OH," Karen's jaw dropped as soon as she turned around.

This piece was different from the rest they had seen. Much different.

That gorgeous woman was there alright, but she was laying atop a pair of breasts bigger than either of them had ever *imagined*, much less seen. The fact that she was *laying* on them was

a testament to their size. They spanned an entire room. Each one had to be fifteen feet wide, *at least*. Creamy rivers of what could only be mother's milk ran down the immense curves of her breasts from swollen teats as thick as one of Maggie's thighs.

"Ho-ly shit," Karen said slowly. From her vantage point, that milky vista filled her entire field of view. There was no end to it. "Those are some *seriously* huge fucking tits."

"No kidding. Can tits even *get* that big?" Maggie thought aloud.

Karen's heart stuttered. For just the briefest of moments, she thought she saw herself tethered to those monsters, but the illusion vanished after she blinked. Or did it?

"Hey, did that lady always have a cow tail?" she asked, squinting up at the comparatively tiny woman sprawled atop her own personal mountain range. "...and cow ears...and *horns*?" A pit formed in her stomach. Something definitely wasn't right.

"Uhh, Karen?" Maggie squeaked apprehensively behind her.

"What?" she said flatly. Her eyes were glued to the painting.

"Did you...add a tail to your costume when I wasn't looking?"

Karen's face dropped and she spun around. "WHAT?"

"L-Look," Maggie pointed a shaking finger at something trailing from her behind.

She felt something *swish* against her bathrobe...and she felt the robe rub against it. There was skin where there couldn't have been. "No. No-no-no." Slowly, she reached behind her. "I do *not* have a tail." Her fingers felt along her softer rear. "I do NOT."

She did.

"*FUCK!!!*" Karen frantically spun around in circles, yanking hard on a long, fuzzy appendage the same hazelnut color as her hair:

A cow's tail.

"Karen, calm down! I'm sure it's just glued on or something," Maggie tried to reassure her, but the sensation of *touch* all along the length of the thing solidified its reality.

"*WHY THE FUCK DO I HAVE A TAIL?*" Karen was coming apart, unlike the impossible appendage sticking out from her butt; or rather, just above it. The tail extended out from the base of her spine as though it had always been there.

"Here, stand still! Lemme try!" Maggie held her friend in place and gave the tail firm tug.

A jolt shot through Karen's body and a low, unexpected, unwanted, animalistic moan tried to force its way up from way down deep. She clapped her hands over her mouth to stop it, but try as she might, there was no resisting this unfamiliar urge.

“MMMMMPPPHH!!” Tears squeezed out from under Karen’s eyelids. They were screwed shut as hard as she could muster. Her thighs clenched together and quivered. A frightening heat built in her core and pushed out into her chest. Warm pressure blossomed within her bosom and made it ache in a way she’d never before experienced.

“K-Karen?” Hands still wrapped around the tail, Maggie watched her friend with growing concern. “Did I hurt you?”

Karen could only shake her head. She didn’t dare drop her hands lest another moan escape.

“Do you want me to try again?”

It probably wasn’t a good idea, but Karen nodded anyway.

“Okay, on the count of three. One. Two. *Three!*”

“MMMMMPPPHH!!!” Pressure bubbled in Karen’s breasts and this time, she swore she saw them grow. Her bra felt tighter, and not in the way it did when she’d pump it up.

“Karen, this isn’t working. I hate to say it, but—”

“*Again!*” Karen blurted before even realizing she wanted to.

“But—”

“*But nothing! Do it again!*” she demanded breathlessly. This time, she wanted to be absolutely sure of what she saw. What she *felt*.

Reluctantly, Maggie gave her friend’s tail another, less forceful tug.

“*Mmmph!*” It wasn’t as strong that time, but she got what she wanted: Confirmation.

Pressure mounted in Karen’s chest and, just as she thought, her breasts pulsed a little bigger. Her nipples hardened, poking into her inflated bra cups. Veins seemed more visible than usual, too.

“Mags, do it again. Just one more time,” she begged, panting like an animal in heat. There was a wild look in her eyes that made Maggie hesitate. “*Please!* Only one more time.”

“O-Okay,” stammered Maggie. “But this is getting *really* weird.”

With a little more force, she yanked on Karen’s tail, but this time, lust-crazed cowgirl leaned forward, adding her some of her weight to the pull. The poor girl was unprepared for what came next.

“*Mmm—MMM—MMMoooo!!!*” Unable to contain herself, Karen moaned low and loud like a true dairy cow. One button popped free from her blouse as her tits surged outward against her clothes, gaining inches in seconds. They bulged up and over her bra, making its

bulbous cups creak like the balloons they were. A liquid gurgle churned in her chest. The pressure building behind her nipples, it could only be one thing.

A warm dampness spread across her blouse, making it cling to her skin. She had a pretty good idea what it was. *“Mmm-Maggie! I think...I think I’m LACTATING!”*

“WHAT?” Shocked, Maggie dropped her tail and stepped back. What she saw when Karen turned to face her shocked her more. *“Oh, fuck! Your TITS!”*

“I...I know! They’re so...*Full*,” Karen panted, grinning from ear to ear and clutching her leaking milk tanks. Beads of creamy, white dairy seeped through her soaked blouse and dripped onto the burgundy rug.

“But...*how*? You’re not pregnant and you’re sure as fuck not a cow. What the *fuck* is this place doing to—” Maggie reached to rub her head and froze when her hand bumped her horned headband.

The horns didn’t budge.

“Oh, fuck. *Fuck-fuck-fuck!*” Maggie cursed. She frantically pulled and twisted at the horns, but the headband wouldn’t come off.

*It wasn’t there.*

Where the jagged horns met her hairline was a seamless connection to her head. *They were real.*

“NO!” she shrieked. “I can’t have horns! *I CAN’T!*”

“Horns?” Karen’s grin vanished as she too reached up and felt the short, stubby, and *very* real cow horns where her headband should be. Long, fuzzy ears flopped against her head and she pinched and pulled on those as well. Sure enough, they were also real. Worst of all, they had replaced her human ears.

Panic was the natural reaction to such an outlandish shock. It definitely had its hold on Maggie, who was on the verge of a mental breakdown. Karen, on the other hand, had already felt her share of it. Whether or not the changes were real or permanent no longer mattered. They were stuck with them.

“Well, at least I got tits outta this,” Karen muttered to herself, looking down into the valley of veiny cleavage that she had been bestowed. Her nipples were no longer leaking, so that was good...sort of. The temptation to go even further was strong, but the gravity of the situation outweighed the gravity of her knockers. She calmly walked over to Maggie and laid a hand on her shoulder. “Mags, snap out of it.”

Maggie was still a blabbering mess, however. *“Fuck me! Fuck my life! I can’t even wear HATS anymore like this! My life is RUINED!”*



“Mags!”

“*WHAT?*”

“There’s a bug on your face.” With a resounding *SMACK*, Karen slapped her friend across the face. “Got it.”

That seemed to do the trick. Maggie switched from ‘Freakout Mode’ to ‘Pissed Off.’ “*OW! No there fucking wasn’t, you liar!*”

“Welcome back, Mags.” Karen gave her a loving pat on the shoulder. “We’ve got some lanterns to find.”

“Fuck you,” she grumbled, rubbing her stinging cheek.

“Love ya too, bitch,” Karen chuckled. She reached into her bathrobe and pulled out her bra’s hand pump. With a quiet *hiss*, she opened a little valve and let the air out of her now overshadowed balloon boobs. Her blouse relaxed across her chest, but only a little as her breasts shifted down into the now empty cups. “Guess I won’t be needing this anymore. I think I’m actually bigger without it now.”

“It’s not fair,” whined Maggie. “Why did *you* have to get the titty cheats?”

“Because my lazy ass can’t pick out a costume and I like cows,” said Karen, flatly. “Next year, how about you be the samurai cow and I get to be a strip-tease mummy?”

“How about we actually go to the *right* house next year?”

“Yeah, whatever,” Karen nonchalantly brushed past her. “Where the fuck are we, anyways? Feels like we’ve been walking for ages and the house sure didn’t look this big on the outside.”

“This whole place is weird. It wouldn’t surprise me if it really was bigger on the inside or some crazy shit like that,” said Maggie, keeping pace with Karen as they continued down the hall.

Both of them stole parting glances at the obscene fresco that had commanded their attention. It may have been a trick of the light, but the woman on top of the mountainous mammaries looked different than she had before.

*She now bore an uncanny resemblance to Karen.*

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## Chapter 4

“Have you seen *any* other rooms since we started walking?” asked Maggie. By this point, they had probably walked a mile, most of it in a straight line. Occasionally, the hallway would turn right or left, but there was no logic to the layout of the house at all.

“Only *you* could get us lost walking down a hallway,” grumbled Karen. The adage, ‘These boots were made for walking’ did not cross the mind of whoever made hers. She was sure she’d end up with blisters from all of this. Even if she didn’t her feet were going to hurt like hell.

“We are *not* lost. Not even I’m dumb enough to get turned around in here,” said Maggie. Her sandals weren’t much better. “I just wish there were *something* down here.”

“There’s plenty of ‘fine art’ to admire,” Karen smirked.

“You know what I mean,” Maggie turned a leery eye towards yet another overly obscene fresco. More and more of them had been gracing their eyes with visages of sofa-sized tits and boulder-like knockers.

“You’d think she’d run out of paintings by now,” said Karen. “Never thought seeing giant boobs were get old.”

“And you’d think we’d have found literally *anything else* by now,” Maggie griped to the mansion, as if it could hear her. Though after everything they’ve seen, it wouldn’t come as much of a surprise if it could.

“There *has* to be something down here, otherwise that ghost wouldn’t have sent us this way.”

“Not calling her, Missus Ghost, anymore?” Maggie teased.

“Shut up. I’d like to hear to come up with a better name.”

“Okay, how about...” Maggie thoughtfully tapped her chin with a pointed, black nail. “How about, Whoopsi? After that lady from that one ghost movie.”

“We are *not* naming an actual, honest to god ghost after Whoopsi Silverstein,” Karen said firmly. “It’s already gonna be hard enough to tell people about this without sounding completely insane. Naming her *Whoopsi* isn’t gonna help.”

“And *Missus Ghost* is?”

“Fuck off, it was the best I could come up with at the time. Besides, we—” Karen’s nose wrinkled and she started sniffing the air. “Hey, do you smell that?”

“Yeah, it smells like dirty pond water,” Maggie said, covering her nose. “Where’s that coming from?”

They rounded a corner found themselves on the precipice of what initially looked like a gaping opening to the outside. However, the Great Outdoors don’t typically have four walls and a ceiling. That said, most houses don’t have an indoor swamp.

Stretched out before them was a foggy landscape of murky water, mud, and unusually shaped mangrove trees all contained within a room large enough to park a space shuttle in. It even came with the charming screeches of bugs whose names you’d only ever hear in a nature documentary and a wonderful fragrance reminiscent of dusty vomit.

“Okay, mark this off your ‘Weird Shit Bingo Card,’” said Karen after blinking a few times to make sure she wasn’t imagining things.

“What the *fuck*? Is that real?” Maggie asked incredulously.

“Sure looks like it,” said Karen. “Ugh, smells like it, too. Well, looks like this is where we gotta go.” She took one last breast of somewhat fresh air, tightened her sash, and took the first step. With a tangible *squish* beneath her boot, it was clear that this bog was no illusion.

“Wait! I can’t walk through that in these sandals. I’ll get swamp feet!” Maggie whined from the threshold.

“Then take them off!” Karen sarcastically called back over her shoulder as she marched into the murky fog.

Stuck between a rock and a disgustingly soggy place, Maggie angrily paced back and forth a few times before making up her mind. “Gah—Fuck it! FINE! But you’re paying for my next pedicure, got it?”

Moss and mud squished softly beneath their feet as they meandered through the fog. From out of the murk stood a quartet of lanky mangroves that jutted up out of the ground and bent sharply towards each other to form a remarkably square canopy; all at perfect ninety-degree angles. On top, a neat row of spindly branches sprouted straight up from along one edge and weaved together to form a sturdy looking arch.

“That is one weird looking tree,” said Karen as they got closer to it. The trunks were far enough apart that she could walk through them with a little space leftover. She reached up and ran her hand under the flat canopy, marveling at how densely woven all the little branches were. It looked completely solid.

The outlines of several other quad-trees lurked nearby in the fog. Overshadowing them were two much larger mangroves that formed a similarly shaped flat canopy roughly one story above that stretched off out of sight in one direction. It was likely there were other trunks holding it up further into the swamp.

“*Everything* in this place is weird, Karen,” sighed Maggie, focusing more on where she was stepping.

Karen ran a hand over one of the trunks. It was about as thick as her arm and had four distinct edges, like a rough square. Ordinarily, she’d assume someone had carved it that way, but it all looked like natural growth to her. Something about the overall shape the trees formed seemed familiar, though.

“Huh, it kinda looks like a big chair,” Karen thought aloud.

Maggie finally looked up and saw what she meant. “Yeah, it kinda does. I guess add that to the list of weird shit we’ve seen today.” Distracted, she took one careless step backwards and tripped over something solid, landing ass-first in a puddle of stagnant water. “*GAH—FUCK!*”

Brackish water splashed all around her, leaving dirty streaks up and down her formerly spotless body. There was no way Karen *couldn’t* laugh at that.

“*Oh, FUCK you!*” shouted Maggie. “*At least help me back up!*”

Being a decent friend on occasion, Karen grabbed one hand and pulled Maggie back to her feet. The flawless cast of her butt she left in the mud instigated another round of laughter at her expense.

“Shut up!” growled Maggie. “I hope you end up tits first in a latrine!”

Karen’s laughter subsided as she got a good look at what her friend had tripped on. The mansion’s bag of surprises had deposited yet another baffling sight at their feet. Laying partially stuck in the mud was undoubtedly a wooden spoon.

A three-foot long spoon fit for a giant.

“You’ve gotta be fucking kidding,” Karen said with more annoyance than shock.

“A giant spoon...for a giant chair,” Maggie looked up at the peculiar trees thoughtfully. A sudden realization bashed her right in the head and her eyes went wide as she excitedly looked at everything in sight through a new lens. “Oh my god. Oh my *GOD!* Karen! I think we’re in a

dining room! A GIANT dining room that..." her voice faltered and confusion replaced revelation, "that looks like a swamp?"

After closer examination of her surroundings, Karen could see that it was probably true. The smaller quartets of trees were the chairs and the larger ones were the table. Squinting, she could make out the shapes of countertops and shelves that loomed like sheer cliffs along the outer boundaries of the place. "Well I'll be damned. I think you're right!"

"So, that leaves only one question," said Maggie. "Is this a swamp shaped like a dining room or a dining room that got turned into a swamp?"

Deep in the fog, another recognizable shape was picked out by Karen's eyes. "Hey, I think I see someone out there."

Maggie prattled on to herself, trying to unravel the mysteries of the mansion. "And why is it so big? What possible purpose could any of this serve?"

The lone figure was coming closer, moving towards them with stiff, lurching motions. "Uh, Mags? It's getting closer."

"Or are we just small now? If those ghost candies can make our boobs and butts bigger, then it would make sense that this place could—"

"MAGS!"

"WHAT?"

Karen pointed a shaky finger straight ahead. "*Zombie!*"

From out of the murky mists came a lumbering, shriveled corpse of a man whose dried skin had turned a dark, spoiled brown from untold ages spent mummifying under the bog. Parts of his skeleton were visible where patches of flesh were missing.

There was no mistaking it. This was the *living dead*.

A low, chilling moan droned from his cracked lips. Stiff arms raised out in front of him just like in every cliché zombie movie they'd ever seen. Except this was no movie.

Both girls suddenly forgot how to breathe. Weak screams squeaked out thin and muted in the face of walking death. If the ghost had frightened them, then this had them downright *terrified*.

A splash nearby pulled Karen's eyes away from the zombie in time to see another stepping into the butt-shaped puddle Maggie had left. "*Maggie! Behind you!*"

Maggie spun around and found herself face to face with...something without a face. "*OH, FUCK ME!!!*" she shrieked into the skinless skull that was so close she could feel the dry,

dusty air blowing through its teeth as it let out wheezing howl at her. Without thinking, she swung her leg as hard as she could right between its knees.

Whether you have balls or not doesn't matter when you weigh next to nothing and get kicked into the stratosphere. The zombie left the ground, sailing straight up and over one of the chair trees. It landed skull-first on a relatively dry patch of ground with a *crunch*.

"Nice shot!" blurted Karen, momentarily distracted from her stark, raving terror.

Breathless and beyond frazzled, Maggie fumbled for words before her eyes went wider than before. "Oh, shit. There's MORE of them!"

Over a dozen animated corpses came from deeper in the fog. More rose up from the patches of murky water scattered throughout the swamp. Most walked. Some crawled. All moved in the same jerky manner, their stiff joints popping and cracking like dried twigs.

Panic returned, or perhaps it was just common sense to freak out in the midst of a zombie horde. If there was anyone on the entire planet who was trained to handle this sort of situation, the girls would have loved to meet them. Unfortunately, they were on their own.

"Oh fuck. *Oohhh fuck*," Karen groaned, sweating bullets. "I think we're in trouble."

Maggie's eyes darted around looking for anything they could use as a weapon, then the obvious occurred to her. "You can fight them! You've got a sword!"

"I've got a *prop*!" Karen said, shaking the katana at her side.

"It's hell of a lot more than I've got!" Maggie held out her empty hands.

"It's just for show! I bought it at a shopping mall for fuck's sake!"

A two more zombies rose up from the murk to lurch alongside the first of the bog creatures. The trio was almost upon Karen, arms out stretched and moaning.

*"JUST FUCKING HIT THEM!!!"*

Karen's hand flew to her sword and pulled...then pulled again. *"Shit! It's stuck!"*

The dead marched on. Bony fingers reached out for her. Just as they brushed her hair, she yanked the sword free and blindly slashed out in front of her.

The zombies stopped in their tracks. She held her breath. All three of their heads tumbled off their shoulders.

Karen blew out air in an awestruck sigh. What she held in her hand was not the prop sword she'd brought with her as a desperate, last minute costume choice. Instead of a dull piece of pressed metal, a gleaming edge ran down the length of a polished blade.

This was a real weapon.

“Huh, I guess the horns and ears weren’t the only parts of my costume that became real,” Karen said, eying her reflection in the steel.

In a lot of movies and video games, taking out a zombie’s head tends to put it back in the grave. Unfortunately, the girls were once again reminded that this was not either of those things.

All three of the beheaded zombies calmly bent down, picked up their heads, and popped them back into place. After rolling the kinks out of their necks, they then raised their arms again and moaned in unison.

“Oh, come on!” Karen complained. “I even used a real swo-oOH!” Her voice leapt up an octave as a crawling torso grabbed hold of her tail.

“Shit! MOVE!” Maggie yelled, but she could only watch as the three reassembled zombies lunged for her distracted friend. She searched again for anything she could use for a weapon. Maybe a branch or... “The spoon! Fuck, where’d it go?”

Solid wood and three feet long, it would make a decent club. It had been over by where she’d tripped. She scanned for her butt print and locked eyes on it instantly.

“There!” Maggie pointed out of habit and was confused when her arm wraps came undone, unraveling in the blink of an eye. The bandage whipped out like a snake and coiled around the spoon’s handle. With a startled gasp, she snatched her arm back and was equally as surprised when the spoon came with it.

Like a magician’s trick, the mummy wrap snapped back around her arm and delivered the oversized utensil straight to her hand. So, of course she immediately dropped it like a hot bagel. It took her mind a moment to process what had just happened, but time was in short supply.

“Fuck it. Let’s go,” Maggie picked the giant spoon back up and took a deep breath before throwing herself into the fray.

Meanwhile, milk stirred deep within Karen’s ducts as the legless zombie tugged on her tail. The bovine urge to moan low and loud was clawing its way up her chest. Warm pressure built behind her nipples, demanding attention, but this was neither the time nor the place to succumb to titty greed.

“*Let...GO!*” she swung around, trying to pull free, but it only drew her tail tighter in the zombie’s grasp. She’d just dumped a cup of gasoline into the smoldering embers stirring in her core. “*Oh no, no-no-NO—MM—MOOO!*”

Heat flashed across her skin and a surge of dairy audibly gurgled in her chest. She didn’t dare look down to see how badly they were swelling, but it felt like a lot. Horribly dry hands landed on her shoulders and she struggled to find the strength to push them back.

*“Get the FUCK away from her!”* Maggie screamed as she hurtled at them, her breasts bouncing wildly. Every iota of angst, anger, and horniness went into a swing that knocked all three of legged zombies off their feet and into the water.

Jello takes a few seconds to settle and so did Maggie’s curves. The momentum carried her forward and the resulting bounce from her top and bottom send her stumbling into another crowd of cadavers like a bowling ball. They all went down like pins and Maggie added a boob-print to her legacy of marks on the swamp.

Sensing a pivotal moment, Karen decided it was now or never and swung her sword behind her, hoping she wasn’t about to lop off her tail. Thankfully, her future of being endlessly mortified by accidental tail touches was secure. A now one-armed zombie reached for her. Like a bucking cow, she reared back one entickened leg and kicked the crawler back into the marshy pond from whence it came.

“Oh, thank God. I thought I was gonna—MOO!” Another small surge blindsided Karen. She whipped around and found out why:

The zombie was gone, but its hand was still clutching her tail!

*“OH GOD! Get it off! Get-it-off-get-it-off-get-it-OFF!”* she shrieked, swatting at the thing as if it were a spider crawling up her ass.

With an audible cracking of ancient knuckles, its rotten fingers clenched tighter around her sensitive tail. A jolt shot straight up to Karen’s tits, triggering another round of lactation. What had to have been whole pints of milk stirred inside her like brewing storm.

She bit down hard on her lip to stifle a carnal *moo*. There was no way she’d let herself get riled up by a dead guy. That hand was coming off, one way or another.

If there was ever a wonder in Karen’s mind as to why cats and dogs have such a hard time catching their tails, she understood now. Tails have minds of their own. Each time she grabbed for hers to pluck its passenger off, it swished through her fingers. This was worse than trying to scratch that one spot on her back that she just could not ever reach.

Another clench. Another surge.

*“NNGH! – Oh, come ON! Get off me you nasty little—MMGH!”* She spun around in circles, spastically waving her free hand after her uncooperative tail. Whenever someone walks through a cloud of gnats, no one else ever sees the bugs; they just see someone freaking out in a park. That’s pretty much how she looked.

Now covered front to back in mud, Maggie gave up trying to preserve her flawless appearance. Besides, she had much bigger problems at the moment. Fanned out around her stirred the corpses she’d tackled. Beyond them were more undead than she cared to count.



Even amidst Karen's frantic flailing, the cow girl could also see that their time was up and that if they didn't act fast, then they would probably be joining the legion of stiffies. She stole one last grab at the severed hand and cursed when she missed. "*Fuck!*" her eyes scanned the crowd. Maggie wasn't going to get up in time. She had a tough decision to make. "Ah, fuck it. I can stand this a little longer."

Giving up the chase, Karen leapt towards her friend. She hooked her free arm under the muddy mummy's shoulder, hauled her to her feet, and kept on running with Maggie in tow. The two of them made a mad dash through a gap in the throng of zombies.

"Where are we going?" Maggie panted, trying hard not to look back.

"I don't know," Karen answered while dodging and weaving through the horde. "Anywhere but here!"

Rigid fingers brushed against their skin and through their hair as the two sprinted past innumerable zombies. The gaps were closing and Karen had to shoulder emaciated corpses out of the way and beat back others with her sword, too untrained to properly cut one-handed. All the while, the hand repeatedly clutched her tail, sending rhythmic pulses through her engorging chest. Milk now leaked freely from her nipples. Their areolae domed outwards, feeling like pressure caps ready to blow.

Maggie realized too late that she had dropped the giant club of a spoon back where she'd tumbled. Lacking weapons, she had to do what she could by merely shoving the closest zombies away with her hand. She forced her mind not to linger on how their skin crunched like potato chips against her palm.

At last, the crowd was thinning, and not a moment too soon. Wave after wave of compounding sensations pounded inside Karen's chest. The pressure had become too much to bear. She wasn't just leaking anymore, she was *gushing*.

With a strangled moan, she finally submitted. The cow girl let Maggie's hand slip through her fingers as she stumbled forwards and fell to her knees, skidding through the mud from her momentum. Her free hand flew straight to her shirt-straining melons just as they blew two buttons off into the mists. The bra that had once mimicked larger busts now overflowed with bulging, taut flesh. Prominent veins snaked across dangerously tight skin that stretched tighter with each milky pulse.

"*Oh god! Ooh—MMNNGH!! Get it off me! I feel like I'm gonna EXPLODE!*" Karen groaned through clenched teeth. Thin jets of dairy sprayed out in forceful arcs from around her nipples, which were moments away from popping out over her bra cups.

"Pull what off? What are you talking about, Karen?" Maggie asked frantically.

"*HAND! TAIL!*" was all Karen could manage.

“Your tail? What do you—*OH!*” the more squeamish girl yelped at the sight of the severed hand still wrapped firmly around Karen’s tail.

“*HURRY!*”

“*Oh, fuck this! That is SO gross!*” Maggie complained as her dainty fingers tried to pry the stubborn thing off.

The cow girl rocked her head back and let out a long, low moan. All her pressure gauges were past the red now. She could almost *hear* her overfilled milk jugs creaking with tension. They were at max capacity.

“All...most...*Got it!*” With a triumphant cry, Maggie wrenched the zombie hand off and flung it out across the swamp.

“*MMMOOO!!!*” Karen yanked her bra down and erupted. Literal liters of milk sprayed out of her teats with enough force to arc out at least a dozen feet in front of her. Both of her hands pressed hard on either side of her breasts, squeezing them together like balloons.

Maggie looked on in stunned silence as her friend disgorged more dairy than she ever thought a human could produce. Even if she had said anything, it’s doubtful Karen would have heard her. The poor girl was positively enraptured.

After more than a minute of constant letdown, the milky arcs finally drooped and dwindled to mere sputters. The pressure was abated at last and Karen’s breasts sagged with their usual softness once again. They were still swollen but nowhere near as bad as they had been, having reduced down to mere cantaloupes in size.

*Mere cantaloupes.*

It was odd to think them small, but after what those tits had just endured, not even Maggie batted an eye at them.

“Ooh...Oh fuck...” Karen panted, her eyes fluttering. “That was...*intense.*”

“No kidding,” said Maggie, rubbing a gentle hand over her friend’s shoulder. Approaching moans from behind stole back her attention. They’d left most of the zombies safely behind, but a few stragglers still lumbered too close for comfort. “Think you can stand?” she asked, hastily.

Karen nodded and Maggie helped her to her feet. Her pants were now caked with mud. Both of them would need a good, long shower after this.

The two of them continued on their meandering course, eager to avoid any more close encounters of the undead kind. Along the way, the surreal landscape offered up more additions to its dining room collection:

Flattened, circular boulders jutting sideways out of the ground at odd angles were plates. Concave cisterns resembled cups and bowls. A few more giant, wooden utensils lay scattered about, but all were either out in the water or stuck too far in the mud for Maggie to pull free. So, she remained weaponless for the time being.

After a while, it began to dawn on them that for as massive as the room had originally seemed when they arrived, they should have reached the opposite walls by then. Just like the unending hall, the swamp room seemed to be toying with them. That is, until they found the refrigerator.

Monolithic, it towered over them like a skyscraper chiseled out of stone. The door, if something of such scale could even be called that, leaned wide open. Inside were shelves that were comparable to a multi-story parking garage. Cluttered among them were indistinct shapes of a similar scale that were obscured by dense fog, but they were insignificant compared to what sat on the bottom shelf:

A carved pumpkin the size of a garbage truck.

Karen let out a low whistle at the sight of the thing. “That is one, *big* jack-o-lantern.” They paused, the words hanging in the air.

Both girls shared the same look of realization and blurted the same thought synchronously. “LANTERN!”

A steep slope of land led up to the pumpkin like a hill. Vine-like roots as thick as tree trunks stretched out from its base, wriggling down the hillside and disappearing into the ground deeper into the swamp.

Renewed vigor pumped through the girls’ veins. They quickened their pace and clambered up the winding roots towards their goal. Once they got to the jack-o-lantern’s grinning mouth, they squinted into the dark and could see an oversized, black candle as thick as their torsos planted right in the center of the hollow gourd.

Crawling through the opening was a tighter squeeze for them than it ordinarily would have been. For the first time since eating the candies, they were mildly thankful they hadn’t grown bigger. Otherwise, they probably wouldn’t have fit, or worse: Gotten stuck.

The air inside was musty and smelled of mold and mildew. Fleshy, orange pulp squelched audibly under their feet. Hardly any light shone through the angular openings in the pumpkin’s face. So, they had to walk slow and careful, blindly feeling out the floor with each step.

“I really wish we’d brought our phones,” grumbled Karen. “At least we’d have *some* sort of light in here.”

“Yeah, I’m right there with you,” said Maggie, close behind. “I feel like I’m about to step in something that’ll give me a disease.” Suddenly, her nose twitched and her eyes squeezed shut. “*Ah-Ah—AH-CHOO!*” She sneezed out a plume of bright, orange flame.

Seeing a brief flash, Karen spun around, part of her ponytail smoldering. “The fuck was that?”

“Ugh. Sorry, this place is setting off my allergies,” Maggie muttered stuffily.

“No, I meant the light.” Karen sniffed the air. “And the...smoke? Is something burning?”

“I honestly can’t tell. My nose is too stopped up. Oh god. I feel another coming!” Like a sputtering flamethrower, the dragon-horned girl let loose with another plume of fire.

This time, Karen saw it clearly. Maybe a little too clearly. It felt like her eyebrows were singed, but that didn’t matter in the heat of the moment. “Holy shit, Maggie! *You can breathe fire!*”

“Hunh?” Maggie gave her a bewildered look.

“Your horns! You said they were supposed to be a dragon’s, right?”

“Uh-huh,” she nodded.

“Well, I’ve got cow horns and milky tits. I guess you’ve got dragon breath.” Karen shot an excited look towards the oversized candle. “That might actually be perfect!”

“It is?”

“Yeah, unless you’ve got a lighter tucked in your underwear somewhere, I don’t see any other way to light this thing,” said Karen.

“Good point,” Maggie nodded. “I’ll try to do it again.” She stepped up to the candle and took a deep breath...and then let out a wheezing cough from the filthy air.

“Okay, don’t hurt yourself,” Karen said, rolling her eyes. Then an idea came to her. “Hey, I think I see something on the candlewick,” she said, hiding a sly smile.

“Really? I don’t see anything.” Maggie leaned in for a closer look.

With a loud *smack*, Karen slapped her ass hard enough to leave a handprint on her muddy skin. The impact rippled through her plump cheek and sent a jolt through her core that burst out her mouth in a fiery blaze. When the fire cleared, a dull flame flickered to life atop the candle, illuminating the scarlet blush painting her face.

Maggie looked like she was about to explode from embarrassment; and she did, in a manner of speaking. “*What the FUCK was that for?*”

Karen shrugged. “I figured if tugging my tail triggers my, uh...cow traits, then doing something like that to you might bring out your fire.”

“You could have ASKED, you know?” Maggie fumed.

“Yeah, but you would have probably charged me for it first,” Karen grinned.

Before Maggie could open her mouth to speak, the candle flame suddenly flickered and turned a pale green. Something in the air shifted and a faint tremor rumbled the ground. A moment later, the floor opened up beneath them and swallowed them whole.

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## Chapter 5

Dropped like two sacks of garbage, Karen and Maggie landed on a hardwood floor in a heap. The fall itself wasn't too bad, but how they fell and where they were mysteries.

"Ughh, where the fuck are we?" groaned Maggie. Her fall was softened by the tall cow girl smooshed under her.

"I could tell you if you would kindly GET THE FUCK OFF OF ME," grunted Karen, whose face-first landing had been less generous to her.

"Oh, sorry." Maggie pushed off her friend and helped her to her feet.

"Goddamnit, that hurt," grumbled Karen, gingerly cradling her bosom. "My tits are still sore from almost exploding." She took a moment to look around and immediately recognized the book-lined walls of the study. "Oh shit! We're back here!"

"Yesss," hissed the familiar, wispy voice of the ghost. The incorporeal, green, glowing spectre drifted up through the floor to its position in the center of the room. Its body, if it could be called that, appeared noticeably more intact than before. 'Healthier' wasn't typically a word used to describe the dead, but its skin and musculature had regenerated significantly. Enough so that there were no longer any doubts that it was a 'she.' However, her visage was still unsettlingly decayed.

"Hey, you're looking better!" said Karen noting the changes.

"Yesss. *Lighting the lantern has healed my spirit somewhat,*" she said. Her expressionless face was still unmoving and unreadable.

"And you sound better, too! You're not talking like a bad dream anymore."

"Will lighting the other lantern heal you completely?" asked Maggie.

*"It will return the other pieces of my soul back to me. Just as I have returned you here for completing your first task."*

"So that was you!" said Maggie. "How did you do that?"

“And can you make the landing softer next time?” Karen added, rubbing under her breasts.

*“I willed it,”* was the only answer the ghost gave.

“So, where’s the next lantern and will it be another pumpkin?” asked Karen.

*“Upstairs. You will know it when you see it.”*

“Please tell us it won’t be in another gross place like that swamp,” Maggie said with pleading eyes. “I’m gonna be finding mud in places I never knew I had for months after that.”

*“You should find that you are as you were when you entered,”* said the ghost.

Both girls looked down at themselves and were pleasantly surprised to see that they were completely spotless. There wasn’t a speck of dirt on them. Even the milk stains on Karen’s half-open blouse were gone.

“Well shit, thanks!” Karen grinned. “You could give those clothes detergent guys on TV a run for their money!”

“Yeah, for real!” Maggie said.

*“I believe a more proper reward is warranted.”* The spectral host slowly turned to the empty candy dish that still sat on the side table. In seconds, more than a dozen of the soft sweets materialized, filling it most of the way to the rim.

The girls’ heartrate suddenly skyrocketed at the sight of such a bounty. Each of the little candies held the potential for inches of enhancement to their curve of choice. The whole lot of them could put someone in the record books.

Shooting a leery eye at Maggie, Karen was not about to let her hog them again. Without wasting a second, she strode forward and reached out for them. “Don’t mind if I do!”

*“Hey!”* Maggie’s arm shot out and the mummy bandage wrapped around it whipped across the room and around Karen’s outstretched wrist. Like a certain spider-themed superhero, she yanked back and snatched the swiper’s hand away from the dish.

Taken completely off guard, Karen stumbled back towards her attacker. She looked at her bound wrist and followed the binding back to its owner. A wide-eyed look of dumbfounded shock met Maggie’s less surprised gaze.

“Oh yeah, I can just do this now,” Maggie said with a shrug. “Forgot to tell you.”

“Huh, neat.” Karen gave her an approving nod before sliding her sword partway out of its sheathe and quickly slicing herself free on its razor edge. Scissors beat Paper yet again.

Before Maggie could react, Karen grabbed a greedy handful from the top of the candy pile and shoved it in her mouth. She didn't even wait to finish chewing before choking it all down.

*"Oh, you fucking BITCH!"* yelled Maggie.

The *victorious* bitch grinned from ear to ear and waited eagerly for her prize, bouncing lightly on her heels like a giddy child. Then, it began.

Bursts of heat burned in Karen's stomach like an atomic reactor coming to life before exploding outward into her hips and breasts. Her knees went weak and she had to brace herself on the armchair to stay upright as a deep, carnal groan like none other forced its way out. For every piece of candy she'd swallowed, her curves surged outwards in waves of growth. Overwhelming pleasure racked her body again and again *and again*, pushing her closer and closer to the brink of lust-fueled madness.

Most of what she'd grabbed must have been bust-boosters because her butt surged once for every two or three rounds that hit her tits. Without most of its buttons, her blouse did little to hold back the oncoming tide. One more popped and her breasts were free. The breached office top was opened too wide to close over them anymore. Only the last couple buttons held it fastened around her toned waist.

Hot flesh quickly overflowed and bulged around her deflated bra. It had already been stretched out during the incident in the swamp, now it was quickly being pushed again to the brink of bursting. Its straps dug into her shoulders and the band tightened around her ribs like an anaconda trying to squeeze the life out of her. Streams of leftover dairy sprayed out from her strangled tits as her ballooning bosom practically swallowed her bra.

Cleavage pushed up against her chin and blocked her lower field of vision. It was fucking *magnificent*. She HAD to touch them. Rub them. *Squeeze them*. She leaned against the back of the armchair and caved to every temptation the little devil on her shoulder whispered in her ear.

Down below, her slacks had become like a second skin around her lower curves. Tension lines creased the smooth, black fabric. Seams popped whenever she so much as shifted. She was surpassing Maggie's measurements in every category.

And Maggie had had *enough*.

It was never too late to catch up and never too early to start. The scantily clad firebrand stormed over to the candy dish, scooped it up, and dumped its remaining contents into her mouth. Somewhere beneath the mind-cracking bliss, Karen saw this happen and wanted to stop it, but her mind and body were on two completely different planes of existence.

Anticipation became agony. Maggie grabbed her comparatively tiny tits impatiently. "Come on! GROW!"



They seemed to listen.

The chain reaction that sent Karen's cans rocketing through the alphabet kicked off inside Maggie, too. Unlike Karen, she didn't have anything to hang onto. White hot explosions of pleasure knocked the girl to the floor. She fell on her hands and knees, gasping for air, sweat pouring from her body. She felt her ass blow up behind her and watched her tits wobble between her elbows with each burst of growth, battling her bra over every inch. In her case, she evidently got a higher percentage of butts to boobs with her overdose.

It was too much all at once. She couldn't handle it. Yet she wanted *more*.

Maggie flipped onto her back, her breasts bouncing up towards her chin, but not quite reaching it, before settling atop her heaving chest. Her body arched with every surge and high-pitched moans came in sync. She made no effort to suppress them. She offered no resistance, giving herself wholly over to bliss.

Ballooning like a blowup-doll, Maggie shoved her hand down the front of her panties and pleased herself vigorously to her expansion. "*Oh, FUCK yes! More! MORE!*"

They both got what they craved.

Maggie's bra was the first to break. Being just a strapless B-cup, it was already well on its way out. Her fattening tits flopped free and she wasted no time in aggressively groping them.

Karen heard it before she saw it and realized that her friend had hit that milestone before she did. *That should have been her*. Determined not to be outdone, maybe even desperate, she thrust her chest out in an effort to break her bra.

One of her straps snapped, leaving a fading red imprint on her breast where it had nearly cut into it. She tried again and a chorus of ripping stitches cried out, but that damned balloon bra held on. Pausing for breath, Karen moaned out again from the continuing waves of expansion crashing into her chest. Without even trying this time, her other strap cracked like a whip as it went out like the first.

Now she effectively had a band bra squeezing her massive breasts in half like masses of dough. Creaks and pops followed each surge as it sank deeper and deeper into her pillowy flesh. Once it had almost disappeared, the torturous garment exploded. Bits of ruined fabric and destroyed balloons scattered like shrapnel in front of her.

Released at last, her breasts sloshed out to their fully rounded shapes and slapped down hard on her waist, teats spraying like milk fountains. When they finally settled, they reached down past her navel, their lower curves level with her hips. Karen's former E-cups had ballooned into massive orbs as big as pumpkins.

Karen definitely won the titty arms race.

Meanwhile, over on the floor, Maggie's butt had blown up to similar proportions, lifting her double-wide hips so far off the floor that she had to arch her back just to lay down. Thighs as thick as her torso mashed together and kept clapping loudly whether she intended them to or not. Panties that she had picked because they were 'modest' were stretched to their breaking point. A few surges later and they went out with a *snap*. She was completely naked save for her sandals and the thin strips of mummy cloth wrapped like snakes around her contours.

For as lurid and exposed as her lower curves were, she still obsessed over her growing breasts. As soon as they got big enough, she shoved her nipples in her mouth and started sucking on them greedily, swapping regularly between one and the other. Feeling them swell in her hand and push against her face was pure heaven.

When they finally stopped growing, they more or less buried her upper torso. She might not have outgrown Karen, but hers were still huge.

Where Karen fell short was her hips and butt. Even though her cheeks bulged over the back of her pants and were trying to turn her panties into a thong, she at least still somewhat fit in them. Maggie's atomic bomb of an ass would have blown those slacks to kingdom come.

After several minutes of fevered moaning and shameless groping, the two of them slowly started coming down from that insane high. Karen was the first to speak. "I think...I need a moment..." she panted.

"Me...too..." Maggie replied, also out of breath. Her fingers and inner thighs were slick with spent arousal. She wiped them weakly on a bandage.

"I'm fucking...*huge*..."

"Same..." Maggie shifted and tried to turn, but the unfamiliar weight had her pinned. "Ugh! Karen...I can't...*move*..." she grunted.

"Fuck...I'll come get you," Karen pushed off the armchair and wobbled on her feet. With so much more weight up top, finding her balance was a challenge. When she finally thought she had it, she took one step and heard her pants give up. Tears split over her thighs and a gaping hole ripped open across her rear. "Well...that figures."

This was going to take some getting used to.

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## Chapter 6

Walking was an experience.

The human body was not built to support over a hundred pounds of tits and ass. Not when the woman they're attached to would weigh almost half that without them.

Pendulous orbs of solid, fatty, flesh pulled hard at Karen's shoulders. Her back was even less pleased. Just standing was a workout. Taking in more than shallow breaths took effort. Carrying them in her arms would only work for so long before her biceps burned and letting them swing free was out of the question. So, she took her ten-sizes too small blouse and tied it under her chest for support. The resulting display of cleavage was breathtaking.

Most girls had valleys, *she* had the Grand Fucking Canyon.

Too bad lugging it around was a literal pain.

Karen braced herself on the hallway wall while she walked. Her pants-shredding ass added some nice counterbalance to her top-heaviness, but the ratio still skewed far enough to the chest department that staying upright was a challenge.

Maggie, on the other hand, had it easier. With her center of gravity being lower, walking wasn't as much of a balancing act.

"Having some trouble back there?" Maggie called back over her shoulder with a teasing smirk. Ass cheeks bigger than basketballs jiggled like mountains of gelatin with every step. In the absence of underwear, she'd fashioned her mummy bandages into makeshift loin wraps. Somehow, the way they hugged her curves made them look even juicier.

"Oh, shut up," grumbled Karen. "I regret nothing!" On top of the bulk, she was also getting used to having to alter the sway of her hips. Hers had always been fairly narrow before, so this tremendous girth was more alien to her than the dumbbells hanging from her chest.

Maggie laughed. "Me neither! For the first time in my life, I feel like a fucking *bombshell*." She gave her ass a slap that rippled like water across her cheek. "I'm totally going back for more. How about you?"

“Yeah! I...well...” Karen faltered. After what happened back there, she knew damned well that she’d grow her tits to the *floor* if given the option. However, some part of her still held an ounce of reason. “What if...What if this is permanent? What would we even do with...all *this*?” she gestured to her comical assets. “Did we get too carried away?”

“Well, if *these* are permanent,” Maggie tapped her horns, “then I’m gonna have a long chat with the lady of the house.” She pointed up at the plethora of paintings covering the walls, then her brow furrowed. “Wait a minute, I *know* she wasn’t that big the last time we came through here!”

Karen followed her gaze. Sure enough, the mysterious woman’s obscene curves now surpassed their own. If it hadn’t been such a leap in size, it might not have been as noticeable. That icy stare seemed to have gained a hint of smugness, too.

“Huh, maybe she’s jealous, too,” Karen smirked and kept on walking. Maggie huffed indignantly and followed.

When they got back to the main entry hall, a solid wall stood where they had previously passed to go find the first lantern. Neither of them batted an eye. By this point, they weren’t sure anything could surprise them anymore. Besides, their next objective awaited them upstairs.

Karen stopped at the foot of the staircase and looked apprehensively up, *way up*, to the top. “Was it that tall when we got here?”

“Why ask questions you already know the answer to?” Maggie let out a tired sigh. “Alright, let’s get this over with. Time for Leg Day.”

“Oh joy,” Karen groaned, taking the lead.

Neither of them were out of shape. Quite the opposite, in fact. However, even a body builder would get winded hauling those overgrown assets up a flight of stairs that never seemed to end.

“Karen,” Maggie panted, sweat pouring off her glistening body. “You’re gonna have to—*Gah*—go on without me. These stairs are gonna fucking kill me.”

“Over—*Haah*—my dead body,” grunted Karen, who wasn’t faring much better despite having spent more time in the gym than her. Her arms were shaking as she pulled herself along the railing.

“I take it back. I shouldn’t—*Huff*—have gotten so big,” Maggie moaned pathetically.

“Nah,” Karen countered. “When you’re—*Oof*—rich and famous because of those curves, just buy an elevator.”

They both chuckled weakly.

“Am I—*Guh*—seeing things, or is there sand on the stairs?” asked Maggie, wiping sweat from her brow.

“You’re not. There is,” Karen confirmed. The higher up they got, the more sand there was gathered in every nook and cranny of the steps. Once they finally reached the top, they understood why.

Some home decorators try to capture the look and feel of distant cultures for the sake of novelty, exoticism, or just plain vibes. Most don’t go so far as to construct an entire level of their house out of solid blocks of limestone, including the *furniture*.

Clay oil lamps illuminated the stone chambers, their light flickering over hieroglyphs that were chiseled into every surface. For all intents and purposes, this *was* an ancient Egyptian tomb...or living room, in this case. Two statues were sat on a stone facsimile of a sofa, one pointing a yellow brick of a remote at an equally fake television. Painted on the screen was a similarly styled ‘program.’

“Yup, I figured it would be something weird,” Karen thought aloud. She turned and hollered down the stairs with an amused smirk. “Hurry up, Maggie! I think we’ve found your zone!”

“Ughh...Coming!” Having fallen behind, it took Maggie a little longer to catch up, panting and gasping the whole way. Sweat soaked her wrappings and she looked ready to throw in the towel. “I swear, if I see another staircase again, I’m gonna—Oh wow!” she instantly brightened up at the sight of the archaic architecture.

“Yeah, you’ll feel right at home up here Miss Mummy,” cracked Karen.

“I’m just glad it’s not another nasty swamp.”

“Same. I don’t think I could ever feel clean again if we had to do that again,” said Karen.

Feeling a bit like classic adventurers exploring a pyramid, the two of them excitedly looked the place up and down...only to quickly discover that there didn’t seem to be anywhere else to go from there. No doors as far as they could tell. Just a fairly plain TV room.

“Okay, there has *got* to be something we’re missing here,” said Karen. “Can you read any of these hieroglyphs? Maybe there’s a hint with them.”

“Sure!” Maggie chirped glibly. She leaned over and carefully traced her finger over a row of the symbols. “Hmm, lemme see...Ah, this one says, ‘Cleopatra pads her chest.’”

“It does NOT,” Karen rolled her eyes. “Come on, can you read them or not?”

“Nope. I’ve got nothing,” Maggie shrugged. “What did you expect? That I’d suddenly learn a dead language just because I’m wearing a mummy costume?”

“Hey, you never know. Weirder shit has happened to us already.”

“Yeah, true,” Maggie conceded. She glanced around some more. There *had* to be something they weren’t seeing. Eventually, something did catch her eye. “I wonder if that remote does anything.”

Karen’s cow ears perked up. “Maybe! Let’s find out!” She strode over to the statue that had it. Both of the stone couch potatoes had mask-like faces. The remote wielder’s resembled a falcon’s head and the other was a crocodile’s. The craftsmanship looked incredibly authentic. She almost felt bad that she was taking something from it. Unfortunately, the remote was not willing to simply slide out of the statue’s grip. “Ah, shit. It’s not coming out.”

Worried that she would break something, she continued to shimmy the blocky thing free. Surprisingly, she was actually making headway...that is, until the statue grabbed her.

A dusty, bandaged hand burst out of the chiseled arm and clenched Karen’s wrist with remarkable strength. The stone body cracked and crumbled apart like a shell as something encased inside it broke free. Karen stumbled back in shock, but the hand held its grip. What she dragged out with her was a real, reanimated Egyptian mummy. Not some costumed party goer.

“*OH, FUCK!*” she cried out. Her appraisal of the situation did not improve once the other statue began cracking apart too.

“Karen! I’ve got you!” Maggie charged forward and tackled the mummy to the floor, wrenching its hand off her friend. Weighing substantially more than she was used to, she landed atop the creature with much greater impact than expected and felt its dried, brittle body crunch beneath her. It got flattened like a cartoon character under a falling piano.

Karen rushed to help pick Maggie back up, but the second mummy was already breaking free. It leapt to its feet and shoved her back *hard*. Balance was still an issue for her and she fell over backwards. Pumpkin-sized tits knocked the wind out of her and hit her in the face as she landed.

Then the stone sofa’s seat swung open like a coffin and a third mummy crawled out to join the fray. Things were looking grim.

Mummy number two lurched after Karen to finish her off. Thinking fast, she drew her sword and brought it up just in time for the monster to impale itself on it. As with the bog zombies, the weapon had no effect; but also like the zombies, the mummy was remarkably lightweight.

With her attacker skewered like a leaf on a stick, Karen flung the mummy away. It flew off the end of her sword and soared over the railing to plummet to the entry hall floor below.

Meanwhile, the third mummy had grabbed Maggie by her arms and was dragging her back to the stairs. She hooked her foot on the blocky TV stand, stalling her captor long enough to

get her legs back under her. Gritting her teeth, she pushed herself to her feet and tapped into whatever command she had over her wrappings. Bandages coiled down her arms and around the mummy's, binding it to her and turning the tables on it.

Furious heat roiled in her chest. Smoke plumed from her nostrils. Feeling a draconic urge come over her, Maggie let instinct take the wheel. She opened her mouth so wide that her jaw popped, filled her lungs to capacity, and then exhaled a roaring pillar of flame right into the mummy's bandaged face.

At one point in the past, discarded mummies were used in place of firewood in the desert. They are notoriously flammable. So, when the last sparks flickered from Maggie's maw, everything North of the toasted creature's hips was gone, burnt to ash. All that remained were its legs and the hands that were still tethered to the dragon girl's wrists.

It took Maggie a moment to process what just happened. When she did, she blinked like she'd just been slapped. "Holy FUCK. How did I do that?"

"Dayum, girl! That was a fuckin' *metal* finisher!" laughed Karen. She re-sheathed her katana and tried to sit up. Her pumpkin tits wouldn't have it and she slumped back on the floor. "Hey, uh...would you mind giving me a hand?"

Maggie held a scorched mummy hand out to her with a goofy grin.

Karen let out an exasperated sigh. "Okay, you get a pass for that one. Now would you please help me up before these things crush the life outta me?" she said, nudging her huge boobs.

"Oh alright," said Maggie. She dropped the stumps and was about to bend down to grab her friend when she had a better idea. "Hey, hold out your arms like this." She raised hers out in front of her like a zombie.

Puzzled, Karen obliged. Ribbons of wrappings shot forth from Maggie's arms and coiled tightly around Karen's. They retracted and, with a loud grunt of exertion, Maggie pulled her to her feet.

"Oh, fuck. You *are* heavy!" blurted Maggie. Her bandages released Karen and snapped back to her.

"You're not much lighter, fat ass!" Karen retorted, wobbling on her feet. It took some awkward balancing, but she was slowly getting used to her off-kilter center of gravity.

They went over to where Maggie had flattened the first mummy. Most of it had been crushed into dust and loose bandages. The stone remote lay on the floor nearby. Karen started reaching down for it, then stopped when she nearly tipped over because of her breasts. She exchanged an embarrassed look with an amused Maggie, who simply shook her head and snatched it up with a quick snap of a ribbon.

Engraved on the remote were Egyptian symbols that seemed like buttons. Unable to read any of them, Maggie shrugged and started pressing whichever ones looked interesting.

Oil lamps flicked on and off. The television actually worked, its painted hieroglyphs animating to life but lacking sound. It was the third random button that triggered the secret door. Blended seamlessly into the wall, a cleverly hidden panel swung open to reveal a narrow passageway deeper into the tomb.

“Hey! Nice work!” Karen playfully slapped her friend on the shoulder. “Let’s see where this goes. Hopefully it’s not too much further, I’m getting kinda tired.”

“Yeah, me too,” Maggie yawned. “What time is it, anyway?”

“Beats the hell outta me, but it’s probably pretty damned late. I feel like we’ve been in here all night.”

Karen resumed the lead. They both quickly realized that the passage was not designed with their body types in mind. Maggie’s hips kept bumping the walls and Karen had to hug her chest to keep it from doing the same.

After a mercifully short ways, it led them to a larger room with an impressively high ceiling. The height was necessary to accommodate the two-story tall statues standing on either side of what was clearly a wide, sealed door. The giant, Egyptian goddesses guarding the way forward were gratuitously vain depictions of the woman in all the paintings, except these bore similar bovine traits to Karen.

Centered on the floor was a wide, bowl-like basin of stone balanced on a short pedestal. Against a nearby wall was another pedestal with an ornate jug and a cup next to it. All along the walls and the door were hieroglyphs depicting myriads of insanely busty women with rivers of milk flowing from their teats.

“Well, whaddya know, looks like we’ve found *your* zone,” joked Maggie, jabbing her friend in the ribs.

Karen rolled her eyes and sighed. “Yeah, I get the feeling I’m gonna have to do something embarrassing in here.” She walked over to the door and examined its markings. It appeared to depict some sort of ritual where a lineup of lactating women emptied their breasts into a basin like the one behind her. “Yup, I figured as much. Looks like I’m gonna have to fill that entire thing with milk.”

Maggie’s eyes went wide. “The *whole* thing? That’s like, a fucking bathtub’s worth of milk!”

Karen nodded grimly. The amount of dairy she’d have to produce would ordinarily take a herd of cows, or in the case of the ritual, an army of mothers. Even with udders as enormous as hers, she wasn’t sure they could take that kind of abuse.



The jug by the wall caught her eye. Since it came with a cup, maybe it held something that could help. She walked over and found that it was marked with the same ritualistic symbols as the door. Carved in the wall was a line of women leading from the pedestal all the way to the door. Each one appeared to have stopped to drink from the container. By the time they got to the basin, their breasts had all doubled or tripled in size.

“Hmm, I think whatever this stuff is causes lactation,” said Karen, tapping the ceramic jug.

“Really?” Maggie perked up. “Can I have a try?”

Karen raised an eyebrow. “Are you sure? Speaking as the cow in the room, it can get pretty intense.”

“Yeah!” Maggie was practically drooling.

“Okay, don’t say I didn’t warn you.” Karen tilted the jug and poured what looked and smelled like a very sweet, red wine into the cup. She took a tentative sniff before handing it off. “Hm, smells pretty good.”

Maggie did the same. “Hey, you’re right! Well, bottom’s up!” She tossed back the wine in one long gulp, grimaced, then gagged and coughed out a mouthful of sand. “*Oh, FUCK me!*”

“Holy shit! What happened?” Karen patted her on the back to help her dust out her gullet.

“I don’t know! It just all turned to sand in my mouth,” Maggie said, choking.

Karen lent a leery eye up at the looming statue. The ‘goddess’ of the mansion stared smugly down at them with lidless eyes. “Something tells me I’ll have to be the one to do this.”

“Good luck,” Maggie coughed. “I’ll be over here dying if you need me.”

Destiny sloshed inside the jug as Karen poured herself a cup with reluctant resolve. She held it up to her lips and cautiously tasted it before committing to a full swig. Thankfully, it tasted just as good as it smelled. Convinced that it wouldn’t turn to dust in her mouth, she took a larger gulp and waited for whatever might happen next.

Warmth blossomed in her stomach, but not the volatile kind that accompanied the growth candy. It was like a hot drink on a cold winter’s night, comforting in a way that made her feel a little sleepy. The pleasant sensation spread up and through her chest, settling deep within her voluminous breasts. A gentle pressure welled up within them and she knew her milk was coming in.

Karen gulped down the rest of her cup and set it down to untie her knotted blouse. Doughy flesh dropped into her waiting arms. To think that she had actual *armfuls* of breast sent a familiar thrill through her core. The pressure slowly continued to build, but she knew it would

take much more than that to fill the basin. One cup may have been enough to engorge an average bust to aching fullness, but it was barely a drop in the bucket for her massive milk tanks.

She quickly refilled her cup and downed it. When the resulting effects still weren't enough, she drank another. With enough of this potion for three women fueling her lactation, she finally felt confident enough to kneel down at the basin's rim and wait for her breasts to fill up.

They were pleasantly warm and big enough to rest in her lap. Karen hugged them to her chest like pillows and rested her face on them. She thought she could hear the ocean within their depths.

Relishing the feeling of her bosom swelling against her, she could feel her lactation ramping up. Soon the sound of churning milk was audible even to Maggie, who was watching from across the room. Back in the swamp, when the zombie hand had a hold of her tail, the force of her production felt too intense to handle. Now, she was filling faster than she had then, but it somehow seemed manageable. *Pleasurable.*

Soft moans and hums escaped her lips as she felt hot in more ways than one. Eager fingers gently pinched and teased her thumb-sized nipples. They hardened and flushed a deep pink. Her areolae bulged slightly outwards as gallons of dairy welled up behind them. Like inflating balloons, Karen's pumpkins swelled into beach balls. Yet, despite the impossible bounty filling them up, they still retained most of their softness. It seemed her capacity had increased by orders of *magnitude*.

"Hanging in there?" asked Maggie, trying very hard not to stare as her friend played with herself.

"Mmh...Yeah..." Karen moaned quietly. Her eyes opened and she realized that she still had a *long* way to go before she'd even come close to filling the basin. This was going far too slow. "Actually, would you please bring me the jug?"

"*Please?*" Maggie raised her eyebrows in bemusement. "You must be feeling good if you're using that word."

"Oh, shut up and bring me more," Karen chuckled. She chewed her lip and stared longingly down at her giant tits. "*Mmmhh...More...*" she muttered to herself.

Maggie obliged and returned with the potion jug. Karen took it and hesitated for just a moment before tilting it into her mouth. Like a thirsty cow in a desert, she chugged away eagerly. A low gurgling rumbled from her chest, growing louder as she drank. Beads of sweat glistened on her skin as her body went into overdrive.

The swelling accelerated from a gentle push to a rapid engorgement. Her tits looked like they'd been hooked up to a water hose with how fast they were filling. They spilled over her thick thighs and pooled onto the cool, stone floor, spreading out bigger and rounder in front of

her. Streams of milk began to dribble from her turgid teats, flowing down the growing curve of her breasts.

Still, she drank, determined to get every last drop. Muffled moans slipped out from around the jug's neck with each desperate gulp. Karen's face had turned bright red and hair clung to her damp cheeks. She had started unconsciously rubbing her thighs together under her lap-smothering chest.

"O-Okay, Karen. I think that's enough," Maggie stammered, watching with growing concern as her friend kept on dumping fuel on her fire. "K-Karen! You're drinking too much!"

"*Mmmnngh!*" Karen moaned through the jug. She didn't listen. She was too enthralled to stop. Too enraptured to care.

Maggie looked helplessly up at the wall-spanning mural around them. There were hundreds of women depicted contributing to the ritual. If that were true, then they couldn't have each had a full cup of the potion or there wouldn't have been enough go around. To make that one jug last, they would have had to have taken mere sips.

That meant Karen was downing enough potion to bust every bra in a *whole city*.

Skin was starting stretch. Karen's breasts firmed up, rounding like balloons as they surpassed yoga balls in size. Pressurized streams of cream sprayed from her doming teats. She was already nearing capacity. There was no way she'd be able to handle the storm of milk drinking that much bring.

"Karen! Stop!" Maggie grabbed the jug and tried to wrench it from her friend's hands. "You're going to fucking EXPLODE if you keep drinking!"

"*MMMGGHH—NO!*" Karen cried out as it was pulled from her lips. "*Give it back! I need MORE!*"

"*Fuck no!*" Maggie yanked the jug away and held it out of her reach. "Look at yourself! Your tits are blowing up out of control!"

"*I...I...Oh god,*" Karen's eyes clenched tight as a tidal wave of milk surged inside her breasts with a loud gurgle, pushing them beyond the scale of overstuffed beanbag chairs. "*MMMOOO!!!*" she couldn't contain herself even if she tried. She was outproducing a whole dairy farm and mooed like the prize-winning cow she was.

Veins bulged angrily across her drum-tight skin. It offered almost no give under her groping fingers. She reached desperately for her aching nipples but couldn't even wrap her arms halfway around her engorging globes. Torrents of milk sprayed like firehoses from her teats. Most of it overshot the basin by a wide margin, splattering against the opposite wall.

*“MMHH—MM—Maggie! I think I overdid it!”* Karen cried. Her overblown breasts bulged over the basin’s rim and pushed back against her as they blew up like weather balloons.

*“No shit, Sherlock!”* shouted Maggie. *“What the FUCK are we gonna do?”*

*“MMM—Milk me!”* Karen moaned.

*“HOW?”*

*“I don’t care! Just DO SOMETHING!”*

Once, when Maggie was a kid, she went on a school field trip to a farm where she got to touch a cow. Big animals scared her. So, she only touched it once and ran away. Somehow, she would have rather faced that cow again than the one before her now. At least that one wasn’t liable to explode if she poked it too hard.

After an anxious gulp, Maggie reached out and pressed her hands against the rising flank of one of Karen’s breasts. The poor cow lowed pitifully at her touch. Just breathing on her overstretched skin was enough to send her moaning. At least a hundred gallons of milk churned and bubbled against Maggie’s palms just beneath the surface. It was starting to creak like a balloon on the verge of popping. She really would have to be careful with her pointed nails after all.

*“O-Okay! I’m gonna try squeezing one!”* Maggie announced nervously.

*“MMOOO!”* was the only response Karen could muster.

Gently, at first, Maggie applied her weight to the breast. As expected, Karen moaned louder. When it seemed it could take more, she leaned into it, pushing harder. The milk spray became a pressurized jet powerful enough to strip the paint off the walls. It was still missing the basin, though. So, she reached around and tried to angle the angry nipple into the bowl below.

Her hand stung from the intense spray, but she held firm and kept rhythmically pushing against Karen’s gargantuan breast. Each one was nearly as big around as she was tall. Their expansion seemed to be slowing, but that was only because they could stretch no further. Karen was beyond max capacity.

The cow girl was delirious with strain and overwhelming pleasure. At some point, she had shoved one hand down her ruined pants and started aggressively masturbating. When her skin stopped stretching, her thighs began quivering and her moans reached a fever pitch. Stars burst behind her eyelids and she let out an orgasmic scream like none she’d ever let out before.

Karen *exploded*...in a manner of speaking.

Her breasts tightened and forced a letdown so powerful, it threatened to blow out her nipples. Maggie struggled to hold on and direct the flow as best she could, but her grip kept slipping.

Gradually, Karen's breasts shrank as she pumped out milk faster than it was produced, which was no small feat. After several minutes of perpetual climax, they finally dwindled back down to the pumpkins she'd started with.

Karen lay collapsed over the basin rim, gasping for breath and struggling to stay conscious. Milk overflowed the ritual bowl. The floor was hidden under two inches of swirling dairy. Streams of it still spurted from her abused nipples and she could feel her lactation continuing to stir, but it was a far cry from the veritable *typhoon* that had pushed her to the brink of bursting.

Dripping from head to toe in her friend's milk, Maggie stooped down next to Karen and gently rubbed her back. "Hey there. You didn't explode. Good job, you fucking idiot," she said with a loving smile.

Karen groaned weakly. "Fuck you too, bitch," she smirked and flipped the bird at her. They both shared a laugh.

Suddenly, the stone basin shifted under Karen. Its pedestal sank into an unseen slot in the floor. With a hard *chunk*, the door unlocked and slowly rose like a portcullis. The sound of stone against stone echoed through the chamber. The milk pool swiftly drained into the next room.

Maggie helped Karen to her feet, struggling to support her limp friend's impressive weight. Her leaking cow tits sloshed heavily, but they made effort to re-tie the ruined blouse hanging loose over her shoulders.

When the way was clear, Maggie half-walked, half-carried Karen into the adjoining chamber. It was similarly sized with high vaulted ceilings that accommodated another pair of smug cow goddesses. Sitting between the statues' feet was an altar.

A limestone jack-o-lantern grinned at them from atop it.

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## Chapter 7

“Fucking finally,” groaned Karen, struggling to keep her eyes open. “I don’t think I could take another room like that last one.”

“You and me both,” said Maggie, still propping her friend up. “Well, you ready?”

Karen nodded. “Let’s finish this.”

Maggie took in as deep a breath as she could and held it. Karen mustered what little strength she had left and smacked her on the ass. Heat flashed through the half-dragon’s loins and rushed up through her core to erupt from her mouth in a fiery burst straight into the jack-o-lantern’s stone smile.

When the smoke cleared, a small, orange flame glowed within the lantern’s heart. Moments later, the light flickered and turned a pale green. The tomb trembled and the girls braced themselves for what came next.

The floor dropped out from under their feet and they felt themselves plummet back into the haunted study. This time, the ghost was generous enough to slow their decent. Still, Maggie stumbled from the combined weight of her and Karen and took both of them to their knees.

*“You’ve done it!”* hissed the spectre. *“I can feel my power returning!”*

The tiny lights in the backs of her eye sockets flared brighter. The air around the apparition hummed electrically and shimmered. Her skeletal form spasmed and lurched as bones cracked into place. Rot regenerated into flesh and skin. In seconds, she went from looking dead to emaciated, but the transformation didn’t stop there.

Dark hair sprouted from her bare scalp and grew into long, thick locks that curled and twisted in the air like tendrils. Muscle mass and fat returned, filling out her body lusciously. Her face regained its vivacity and striking beauty. There was no mistaking it. She was none other than the woman whose visage was carved and painted into almost every part of the mansion.

She moaned low and lustfully as her curves continued to develop. Eager fingers caressed and groped every sensual contour as she became increasingly voluptuous. Breasts like ripening fruit swelled out weightlessly from her chest. They grew and grew, quickly surpassing all bra metrics for size until they settled just slightly bigger than Karen's pumpkins.

Hips that could bear triplets widened and thickened in step with her bosom. It exceeded her shoulder width and kept on going. Thighs that could crush melons fattened beyond even Maggie's impressive measurements.

By the time her body had finished growing, her curves put all others to shame. The final touch was the appearance of a loose dress that did more to expose her body than cover it.

"Oooh, yes! *I have missed this!*" she moaned, her luminous, green eyes gleefully drinking in every inch of her regenerated flesh. She still levitated and glowed with that faint, eerie light, but her body looked solid. Corporeal.

"Wow..." was all either of the girls could say after such a display.

"You flatter me," said the mistress of the mansion with a haughty giggle. "You no doubt guessed that it was me you were assisting. I left no shortage of clues and not even you lot seem daft enough to miss them."

"Yeah, we did kinda figure it out," said Karen, finding her voice. "But we still don't know your name."

"Please, call me *Lavicious*," she said with a devilish smile.

"Well, uh...Miss Lavicious," Maggie said awkwardly. "What happens now?"

"Now," she said, levitating down onto her feet. The woman towered at least a full head over them. She began to slowly circle them. "For lighting my spirit lanterns and restoring me to my gorgeous self, I believe a *proper* reward is in order." She ever so lightly brushed a finger over Maggie's breasts.

Immediately, the tingling sensation of growth blossomed through her chest. Maggie suppressed a pleasantly surprised moan as her tits strained against her makeshift bandage bra. There were no surges like there had been with the candies. This was long, continuous growth that sent an aching through her loins and a quivering through her thighs.

"It was hard not to notice a friendly rivalry between you two over a certain area of interest," Lavicious said with a teasing wink. Her glowing gaze glanced from one pair of breasts to the other. The Rack Race now had a new frontrunner. "You seem to be balancing out quite nicely, my lovely. Perhaps I should give your rump a helping hand as well."

Before Maggie could protest, not that she would, the magic touch graced her gargantuan ass. Both sets of curves now swelled outward with potent vigor. Her waist vanished beneath the

obscuring mass of boobflesh that dominated her torso. She was far beyond an hourglass shape. She was becoming a wobbling pile of tits and ass.

Karen slumped from her friend's shoulder and braced herself against a nearby bookshelf. The witch locked sights on her and cornered her like a cat with a mouse.

"My, you certainly seem winded," said Lavicious with a worrisome smile. "Have you tried having a drink? I think you'll find that it will put a pep in your step." She reached down and hefted a leaking nipple up to her lips. A tongue that seemed longer than it should have been daintily lapped a single milk droplet from Karen's teat.

Lactation churned within Karen's chest again. She groaned and clenched her thighs together as lustful need demanded she act. Taking her other breast with both hands, she hoisted it up and latched hungrily onto her nipple. Deliciously sweet, rich, cream flooded her mouth and made her eyes dilate. A new bliss had been discovered.

She sucked greedily on her own teat as Lavicious watched with a deeply amused grin. Warmth filled her belly and Karen began to feel her vigor returning anew. Coffee be damned, this stuff was *strong*.

"See? You're already looking much better, my dear," said Lavicious.

Behind the towering lady, Maggie began to eclipse her corner of the room. Her breasts and butt piled around her, trapping her in the middle. Bandages snapped left and right over her burgeoning curves only to be replaced as she summoned more. The bigger she got, the better it felt to be squeezed and teased. She craved every inch of tension as her wrappings tightened. Every rush of release when they burst.

Maggie was gone. Only her lust remained.

The witch didn't bother to look. "Your friend seems to be enjoying herself immensely. I'd hate to let you feel left out," she said with a faux pout and reached into her cleavage. Out came the last thing Karen expected to see:

The little hand pump for her bra.

"I just *know* how much you love these luscious fruits of yours," Lavicious said, giving Karen's breast a hard squeeze. She seemed to relish the agonized, lustful moan that she elicited. "How often had you pumped that adorable brassiere as far as it would go only to keep pumping in the vain hope that it would get just a teensy bit bigger? How many tops have you stretched beyond use, wishing that your balloons had been real?"

Karen's heart stuttered and her eyes widened from sheer mortification. She'd never told anyone about her childish fantasies. Not a living soul.



Lavicious took Karen's shaking hand and placed the pump in her palm. "Now they can be as real as your heart desires."

For so many years, Karen had kept such desires hidden. To have them laid bare like that shook her to the core. Sure, they had slipped out a few times throughout the night, but even Maggie was getting carried away.

No, this was crushing. Who the fuck *was* this woman?

As if reading her mind, an evil glimmer flickered in those glowing eyes. Lavicious leaned close and whispered into her ear. "*If you don't play along, I'll take you instead.*"

"W-What?"

"*You heard me. I need one of you.*" Her voice took on a more sinister tone. "*If I am ever to leave this accursed house, then I need a living body to inhabit,*" she hissed, venom dripping from every word. "*For the first time in centuries, not one, but TWO viable hosts have dropped into my lap. But which should I choose?*" she smirked deviously, posing the question as a threat.

Karen shoved at the witch, but her hands passed right through her weightless chest.

"That's no way to treat your host," Lavicious tsked. She flew back, leaving the floor, and long locks of her hair whipped out like black tentacles around Karen's arms and legs. The binds tightened and she hoisted her captive upright. "Perhaps you are of the sort who needs a more *commanding* playmate. One who will give you what you *truly* desire."

Karen's hand opened of its own accord, dropping the little pump into a waiting coil of Lavicious' hair. The serpentine lock brought it back to its master's grasp. The witch held it up like a toy and smirked at Karen before squeezing it once...twice...thrice.

"*UUngh!*" Intense growth pulsed through her chest with each pump. Her skin stretched across her massive mounds as they lurched outward, gaining inches at a time. Milk bubbled and churned with each surge, her lactation intensifying exponentially along with the expansion.

"*Karen!*" Maggie cried out from behind her rising walls of flesh. Her eyes could barely peek over them anymore. "*LET HER GO!*"

Lavicious didn't bother to acknowledge her. Even to Karen, it was obvious that there was nothing her friend could do. She was literally buried up to her eyeballs in boob. It was comical to think that she could somehow fight back.

The pump pulsed once on its own. Karen grunted as her tits grew again, sloshing from the movement. Then, without the witch's hand even twitching, it kept on pumping.

"*MMMGGHH!!!*" Karen ground her teeth. Wave after wave of expansion and lactation wracked her body. There was so much weight pulling at her shoulders that she silently begged

she would fall, but the rope-like curls held her aloft with unnatural strength. Before long, her tits reached the floor and relief blessed her spine.

“My hand gets awful tired, you see,” Lavicious said with a faux pout. “So, I decided to have this little toy of yours beat with your heart. The faster it pitter-putters, the faster you grow. That’s how I can tell you’re really enjoying this. Why else would your heart race so?” Her devilish grin widened.

Karen tried to calm herself and slow heartrate somehow, but panic and lust betrayed her to the pump. Visions of herself in that obscene painting earlier flashed before her eyes as her breasts spread out wider and rounder in front of her. Their tops rose past her collar bones, rapidly approaching her dangerously immense size record. However, the relentless waves of growth ensured that her max capacity remained far out of reach. Enough milk to fill a hot tub swirled within each breast, yet there was barely enough pressure to make them leak.

In one last act of desperate defiance, Maggie whipped a bandage out to snatch the pump from Lavicious’ hand, but the witch effortlessly dodged it. “*God FUCKING damn—mmph!*” Her face disappeared behind her rising tides of flesh. Muffled moans and cursing were all she could contribute now as her curves completely engulfed her in a pillowy prison. She was dominating the room, her body pressing against nearby walls and encroaching into Karen’s side.

Time was running out and it seemed the witch had their number.

Karen watched helplessly as they both grew out of control. When she saw one of Maggie’s boobs bulge near the fireplace, the sudden worry that she’d get burned popped into her head. It was a relatively minor concern compared to everything else and probably not even a valid one considering that the green flames had radiated a chill rather than heat.

A realization hit her like a freight train:

*Green flames!*

How had she not thought of it before? If the green lantern candles were somehow connected to the witch’s spirit, then maybe, just maybe, the fireplace was her main connection to this world. Of the three, it was the only one that was already burning when they got there.

By some cosmic fluke, Karen’s milk cannons were already pointed straight at the hearth. More importantly, Lavicious didn’t seem to notice yet. All she had to do was somehow build up enough pressure for her milk spray to reach it.

Perhaps she ought to ‘play along’ after all.

“*Mmmooo!*” Karen purposefully lowed. She looked up at her captor with a pleading, lust-fueled gaze. “*Please! I need more! Make me full!*”

Lavicious responded with an amused chuckle. “So, my little cow wants to partake after all?”

“*MOOO!*” Karen played up the cow angle, which wasn’t hard to do since she was almost that far gone anyway.

Another tendril of hair reached around behind her and wrapped around her tail. Immediately, she felt the jolt of pleasure shoot through her. It took noticeably longer to hit her nipples than before due to the increased distance it had to travel. She didn’t even have to try to *moo* when her lactation ramped up.

Devious eyes took note of the stronger streams of milk now spurting from her fist-sized nipples. “Hmm, if my little cow wishes to be full, then we can’t have this, now can we?” Ropes of Lavicious’ hair tied around the turgid teats, sealing them off.

Milk backed up behind Karen’s nipples, doming her manhole-wide areolae out with building pressure. It still wasn’t nearly enough to sufficiently outpace her growth, though. “*MM-MORE!*”

The witch yanked on her tail harder. That did the trick.

Karen’s lactation went into overdrive. More dairy than she could fathom rumbled angrily within her milk silos. Tension groaned across her chest as her skin stretched to contain it all. She was officially bigger than she’d been in the tomb. Like Maggie, the rising curve of her tits was filling her field of view. Their sheer enormity blocked the fireplace from sight. She had to hope she could still hit it when the time came.

“*FUCK! KEEP GOING! MM-MAKE ME—MMMoooo!*” Karen wasn’t trying anymore. She was going full cow. It didn’t matter if she succeeded or failed. Either way, she was going to have a cataclysmic climax or explode. Both would bring her the release she needed.

“Oh my! You *are* an eager one, aren’t you?” teased Lavicious. She ran a nail across Karen’s drum-tight skin, prodding it just enough to threaten or thrill. “If you keep this up, you might just outgrow my humble home!”

Skin met skin as Maggie’s and Karen’s tremendous breasts pressed against each other in a battle for space. There wasn’t much left in that room. The walls closed in on both of them and, in Maggie’s case, so did the ceiling.

Release was close, Karen could feel it. Her thighs were quivering. Her skin was tensing. Every pressure gauge was in the red. She was ready to blow.

“It’s getting a bit cramped in here,” mused Lavicious. “This had been fun and I am truly grateful, but I’m afraid it’s time we wrapped this up.” With a snap of her fingers, everything stopped. All the sounds and sensations of growth and lactation ceased.

All Karen was left with was an unbearable pressure aching for an escape.

And it got one.

Blind to the danger she had been tricked into, Lavicious unsealed Karen's nipples. The floodgates didn't just open, the whole dam blew out. The room went white with dairy. Torrents of it sprayed out with such force that it misted the air.

It wasn't until the first drops sizzled on the burning logs that Lavicious realized her mistake. But it was far too late. "*Oh, you clever shit—AAIIIGH!!!*" She let out a bloodcurdling shriek that wailed louder as the green fire was extinguished.

The witch's dress sagged and slipped down her shoulders as her curves rapidly receded. All her body weight evaporated and her hair fell out. Her skin dried and tightened before flaking away like ash, exposing her pale bones.

When Lavicious was reduced to little more than a floating skeleton, her wraith-like screams grew muted and distant. Cracks spiderwebbed throughout her bones. They rattled and splintered. In one final act of spite, she lunged for Karen.

Then, with her skeletal fingers mere inches from the cow girl's face, she exploded into dust and was no more.

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## Chapter 8

Beams of morning sunlight roused Karen from a slumber she couldn't recall falling into. Gone were her monumental breasts and outrageous hips. So too was the lavish mansion. In its place was the rotted husk she and Maggie had expected to find inside when they first arrived.

Stirring next to her was that fiery, dragon-horned, mummy girl she'd driven there. Like her, Maggie was back to normal. She looked around, bleary-eyed and exhausted. "Where are we?"

"The mansion," said Karen. "The *real* mansion."

"So, it wasn't a dream?" asked Maggie.

Karen shook her head. She felt her headband wiggle. Gingerly, she reached up and touched it. No more cow horns or ears. Just a costume. Much to her relief, her tail was gone too.

Both of their costumes and clothes had been restored; that is, if they had ever been destroyed in the first place. Their shared experience had seemed real enough, but it could have just as likely been some sort of illusion anyway.

The two of them walked through the abandoned house, finding little trace of the mind-bending halls and rooms they had explored earlier. They soon found the front door and stepped out together onto the sagging porch.

Karen's car was still where they had left it. Something they hadn't noticed before were the other, rusted cars hidden in the overgrown edges of the woods. Judging from the varying makes and models of the vehicles, they had been there a long, long time.

"I guess we weren't the first people to get trapped here," said Maggie.

"But, I think we were the first to escape," Karen said grimly. Whatever may have happened to the previous visitors, they could only imagine. What mattered was that it was over.

Still, Karen still felt a twinge of disappointment at having lost such magnificent mammaries. At least she still had her blow-up bra, for as silly as it was. She reached into her bathrobe and found the hand pump. It would have to do.

She gave it one solid squeeze for the sake of it...

And gasped from the surge of tingling warmth that rushed through her chest.

**THE END**