

“Hey Ruby! I'm sorry about being so last second-”

“Oh my God, Marissa, don't even worry about it! You know I'm just happy to see you!” The two embraced, Marissa stepping into the cozy studio apartment Ruby inhabited. Her doorway was lined with photographs she had taken over the years, leading towards her living room/dining room/kitchen, beige and white furniture accenting the darker toned walls that surrounded them. Marissa smiled as she looked around.

“Love what you've done to the place...” Marissa teased, sticking her tongue out. Ruby scoffed, waving the comment away as she went into the kitchen to grab drinks for them. Marissa set her bag beside the tan couch in the nearby living room, before removing her jacket and hanging it up on the coat rack by the doorway. The two chatted as they settled in. Ruby returned with glasses of water as Marissa hung up her coat, sticking her backside out as she reached upwards. Ruby took quick notice of something, her eyes bulging from her head as her eyes honed in.

“So...so, uh...Marissa...how have you...well, you've uh...” Ruby cleared her throat as Marissa looked over her shoulder, blowing her bangs from her face, her hair dyed a bright red in color and chopped short – just above her shoulders. “...have you been um...what have you been up to?”

“You feeling ok, Ruby?” Marissa asked, turning to walk over to her old friend, noticing that her eyes were darting downwards every now and then. She smirked, but played it all off, playing dumb for the moment. Ruby shook her head, blinking a few times before laughing it off.

“Yeah, yup, just been...didn't sleep super good last night, that's all...”

“Aww, why's that? What, were you nervous about meeting up today or something?” Marissa asked, grabbing the extra drink in Ruby's hand before sitting on the couch, taking a sip as she sat there. Ruby slowly joined her on the loveseat nearby, setting her drink on one of the cork coasters that sat on the nearby wooden table.

“Well...um...I mean, maybe a bit. I dunno...its been so long since I've heard from you, I figured you...I dunno, were mad at me or something?” Ruby tugged on the sleeve of her shirt anxiously. Marissa merely smiled comfotingly.

“Nahh, I was just...I was dealing with a lot of shit...y'know, back at home. Me and Brad had that huge breakup and all...and uh...I couldn't really...talk to anyone while I was taking care of it...and I'd rather not talk about it-”

“No, no, its ok, I'm just...really glad you're doing ok, that's all.” Ruby said with a smile, reaching out and laying a reassuring hand on Marissa's thigh. Her fingers twitched a bit as she drew her hand back, almost too abruptly, causing Marissa's eyebrow to raise.

“What's up, Ruby?” Marissa asked, staring needles into her. “Something going on?”

“No, I swear, its just...uh...” Marissa sighed, deciding to come clean.

“Fine, fine...I figured you'd notice, even after not seeing me for over a month...but...” She stood, facing sideways to Ruby and putting a hand to one of her cheeks. “I...well, I put on a bit of weight recently.” She jiggled the pound of ass meat in her hands lightly, ripples subtly crossing the surface of her

backside, clear even through her skin tight leggings. It was massive. It looked like an ass Ruby had only ever seen on social media before: pushed out at least half a foot behind her, flesh bubbling up and folding to her back, with a prominent cheek that dimpled a bit inwards at the thigh.

“I...I'm sorry Marissa, I didn't mean-”

“Why? I love it!” Marissa exclaimed with an extra squeeze of her cheeks, shaking them and letting them bob back and forth in Ruby's face. The response made Ruby stop in her tracks, hesitating for a moment, a confused look upon her face as her eyes went back and forth, watching her friend's cheeks as they strained the white fabric with each swing in either direction.

“I...well, I mean...it looks...pretty nice, I suppose...” Ruby didn't get it; Marissa was always confident and self assured. She never seemed to have any qualms about her figure. And yet here she stood, an ass twice as wide as when she last saw her, and she seemed even happier with it!

“It looks *incredible*, Ruby! And...I wanted to let you in on the secret...” She trailed off on her sentence, reaching over the arm of the couch to grab her bag. She opened it, removing a large leather-bound book from within. “So...here I am, downtown, checking out some of the new spots they opened up down there, and I come across this...weird antique store...” She set the book upon the coffee table, and Ruby was able to read the title:

“SIMPLE SPELLS FOR THE MODERN USER”

“...is that...a...spellbook, Marissa?” There was a silence for a moment, Marissa merely looking baldly at Ruby.

“...I mean...yeah?” The response made Ruby stand, walking away from the living room for a bit and exhaling loudly.

“Ok, ok, ok...alright, Marissa. Magic? Is that what you're trying to get me to buy right now?”

“I know, I know, look, just...check this out real quick...” She opened the book, flipped to a familiar page, and read the words out loud.

“You gotta be kidding Marissa, why did-” Ruby's words caught in her throat. Right as Marissa completed her incantation, her backside began to push out behind her. It swelled, stretching out inches from her back and out to her shoulders, before coming to an abrupt stop. Now she stood there, two cheeks as big as basketballs, practically bolted onto her lower torso.

“No. Way.” Ruby stated, in complete disbelief. “I mean, how...how does it...how is this happening right now?!” Ruby asked, looking at Marissa's ass from every possible angle. It was perfect. Round, smooth, without a single bit of cellulite. Cheeks perky, pronounced, with thighs that gradually narrowed, before the mass below quickly tapered off after her knees.

“Uhh, magic? I thought that was the obvious part.” Marissa stated dryly with a chuckle. “Best part? Its all temporary. By this time tomorrow morning, I'll have my old body back.” She rubbed one cheek slowly, its surface compressing slightly at her touch and shifting as her fingers traced upwards across it. Ruby was mesmerized. She had never seen anything like this before, except maybe in passing on the internet or at the gym. The magic spellbook...she looked over at it, a gleam in her eyes. Marissa took

notice and smirked. "Hey! Let's have a little fun, shall we?" Marissa picked up the tome, flipping through it and finding a spell to read.

"Ohh, uh...no, that's...that's ok Marissa, I'm fine with-"

"C'mooooon, it'll be fun! Don't you wanna know what it feels like to have something like this? Even just for a little while?" She gestured to her own bloated backside as she decided upon a spell for Ruby.

"Umm...n-not really, I'm fine just...the way I am..." Marissa waved her hand.

"Nahh, c'mon Ruby! Don't be a stick in the mud. Here, lemme just try this one here, its a simple one..."

"Really, Marissa, you don't have to do that-" Ruby's heart race was quickening. Marissa was muttering words under her breath that Ruby couldn't understand. And before Ruby could do much more, time seemed to slow down abruptly. The air got thinner. Her breathing became more labored. She clutched her chest as her body went cold, then suddenly very hot, and she could feel her skirt rising up across her body...without her even moving.

The sensations stopped. Time resumed its standard pace. Ruby stood there for a moment, before looking over her shoulder and down at her backside. Where there was once nothing of note, there now stood a perfectly round, perky backside. It stuck out a few inches from her back, and Ruby couldn't help but rub her cheeks in shock. It still paled in comparison to Marissa's, but the difference was certainly noticeable.

"Marissa?! What did you do?!" She rushed to her mirror in the bathroom, turning and pushing her backside up; not much had changed to her frame. Her hips were just as wide, her thighs seemed to be just the same as well. It was just as if fat had been pumped directly into her cheeks, plumping them up and rounding them out. The sight was shocking, however, not wholly unwelcome to Ruby. As she posed, she couldn't help but remember a few of the women she followed on InstaChat, and how good that they looked to her...how there were times where she had wished she could look like they did...

"I'm sorry, lemme reverse it real quick..." Marissa flipped through a few pages, but Ruby held up her hand quickly.

"Wait!" Marissa stopped, eyes wide as she looked up from the book and at Ruby. "I...it'll be gone by tomorrow?" Marissa nodded, a big smile creeping over her face.

"You like it?" Marissa asked, shutting the book and putting it back in her bag.

"I...yeah, I think I do!" Ruby swayed her hips one way, feeling the cheeks attached to them sway a few seconds behind, rebounding and wobbling as she stopped moving. A coy smile crossed her face.

"Wow...I didn't think I'd like it this much, actually..."

"Right?! Its soooo fun once you get to really feel it!" Marissa chirped, clapping her hands giddily.

"Now then...you got a drink for me or what?"

The two then sat on their plush rears and sipped on drinks that Ruby retrieved from her tiny kitchen. After the mundane chat of work and jobs and other friends in the circle, the night was beginning to get late. Marissa yawned, stretching her arms and scratching her shoulder. Ruby took notice and smiled.

“You getting tired? You wanna head out?” Ruby asked. Marissa nodded.

“Yeah...this has been nice, though. We'll have to do it again soon!” Ruby nodded emphatically.

“Of course!” The two stood, Ruby wobbling to the side as the new mass attached to her threatened to knock her off balance.

“Woah! Really not used to this thing...” Ruby muttered with a small laugh. Marissa giggled.

“Don't worry, it'll be gone by tomorrow morning, I promise!” She insisted, grabbing her bag and making her way for the front door. “You have a nice night, ok Ruby?” After a quick hug, she was out the door, leaving Ruby to wind down for the evening. She drank a little wine, messed around on her phone for a while, then got in her Pjs; her cotton, light-blue bottoms clung to her backside more than they normally did. The cuffs of her pants, which usually dragged across the ground, were pulled up, revealing a bit of her ankles. Grinning, Ruby looked at herself in the mirror for the third time since Marissa had left, shaking her backside and watching it sway back and forth in the tight cotton material.

“Damn...this is crazy...too bad I can't keep it...” Ruby bit her lip, then shook her head. “What am I thinking? No one in the office would be able to take me seriously with this...” She rubbed a hand up the side of her hip, feeling a curve where there was none just earlier that day. She sighed, letting the idea slide as she made her way to bed. Yawning, stretching out as she got beneath the covers, her eyes got heavy as she felt her body get warmer and warmer, sleep covering her like a soft blanket...

Ruby awoke the next morning, groggy and weak. Laying there a moment, she rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, before noticing something was...off. As she rolled onto her back, she could tell that she was still slightly lifted, her back arching and not resting flat on the mattress as it usually did. Her eyes flew open. Rushing to the bathroom in a stumbling haze, she flipped the light on and screamed.

“WHAT THE FUCK?!” Standing there, looking at her backside, it was still as big as it was last night.

But what was worse was that more had changed. Turning to face herself in the mirror, Ruby noticed that her usually mousy brown hair looked much lighter now, as if it had been toned up overnight. The even more shocking part was when her eyes drifted down to her chest.

“Uhh...what...uh...where did...these come from?!” Where there was once a set of modest B cups now sat a healthy pair of E cups; two overflowing handfuls of flesh sat on her thin frame, noticing her waist also seeming to be a bit more snatched inwards as well. She juggled the two balls of fat on her front, aghast and confused, before finally pushing out of her stunned reverie.

“I gotta call Marissa!” And so she did. Rushing to her cell phone, she called out of work; then, she called Marissa, frantically tapping on her phone and shaking wildly as her nerves shredded her to pieces. “Hey Marissa? Hey its me. Yeah, uh...can you...could you come over? I think whatever you did to me last night...” She looked back at her ass in the mirror once again, grabbing at one cheek and squeezing. “...didn't go away.” Marissa let out a loud shocked gasp on the other end of the phone, before assuring Ruby she was on her way and hanging up on the call.

All Ruby could do was pace. She tried her best to keep her breathing steady, her body shaking as she stared at her chest, new breasts bounding and wobbling about with each step she took. Her night shirt

was tight, pulled up to reveal her navel, cotton material all used up trying to cover up her breasts. As she paced, minutes dragging on like hours, Ruby started to feel an odd tingling in her lips, and a warmth spreading through her whole body. The feeling immediately concerned her and she rushed to the bathroom, flipping on the light. Watching in horror, Ruby saw her lips puffing up and out, her once relatively thin features plumping and rounding like they'd been filled with silicone.

“What...the...fuck...?” Ruby pondered aloud, watching as her hair seemed to gradually bleach itself before her eyes, darker strands slowly shifting lighter and lighter. Gasping, Ruby's hands flew down to her breasts, her nipples suddenly poking through the soft, silky material of her top. Watching silently, Ruby's jaw dropped as she watched her tiny nipples suddenly engorge to the size of nickles, her breasts suddenly pushing out in tow in one long movement. They went from handfuls to head-sized, Ruby gasping in shock as her pants split down the side, her cheeks spilling out on the right side as they joined in on the growing. “WHAT IS GOING ON?!”

There was a knock on the door. With her growth seemingly finished for now, Ruby swiftly turned on her heel, rushing to answer it. Beyond it was Marissa, who stood there, her eyes widening and her mouth resembling an “O”.

“Oh...my...God...” Marissa walked in, book in tow, completely flabbergasted. “Ruby...you...”

“Whatever that spell was, Marissa, you better know how to fix it! I just started, like, changing just before you got here!” There was an odd inflection to Ruby's voice that even she wasn't used to, but she pushed on. As Marissa stood there, staring at Ruby, looking her up and down, she started to bite down on her knuckle, a wide grin crossing her face. The giggles she tried to restrain were releasing slowly, before a full cackle came from her lips.

“Nahh, actually, I think this look really suits you, if I'm gonna be honest.” Marissa noted with a devious, evil grin. The statement made Ruby's heart sink into her stomach.

“Wh...what...” Ruby tried to come up with words to respond, but Marissa cut her off.

“Yeahhh, I mean, I think this...slutty sort of style is right up your alley. Don't you?” Marissa's smile turned evil, circling Ruby as she stood there, still frazzled, staring back at her in dead silence. “The big tits and blonde hair and...damn, did you get bigger lips too? I'll have to look for that one in here...”

“Marissa...what are you talking about-”

“You gonna keep the dumb act forever, huh? Guess that's just part of the bimbo thing you got going on, huh?” Marissa rolled her eyes, Ruby only giving a shocked grimace back. “I know about you and Brad, ok? There's a reason I couldn't face you for so long, Ruby. Its cuz, for the longest time, I hated your guts for going behind my back and *fucking* him.”

“What-no! No, Marissa, no, there's a mistake...Brad told me that you two were taking a break-”

“Fucking SPARE me that shit, Ruby.” Marissa waved away her friend's defense. “Even if that's what HE told you, why didn't you at least come to me before you went around and *FUCKED* him?”

“I didn't know! I'm sorry, I just...I...” Ruby sighed in distress, body still shaking, nerves frying. She couldn't defend herself at the moment; it was as if her brain was in a deep bog, unable to run the

distance to make coherent thoughts.

“Sorry won't cut it, Ruby. I wanted to make you into what you were trying to be: a bimbo. Cuz once a bimbo, always a bimbo, Ruby. You go around sleeping with guys who aren't available? Bimbo costume. Free of charge. You're welcome!” Marissa's unhinged tirade was delivered with a grin and a spiteful glare.

“Marissa...look, I'm sorry, ok? I didn't mean to hurt you, I just...” Ruby couldn't finish the sentence; the truth was, Ruby had always really cared about Brad since before Marissa and him had ever gotten together...so when he came to her, insisting that it was over between him and Marissa, she took him at his word. It was clear to Ruby now that this was a grave mistake. “Please, can we just...talk about this?”

“I don't really want to, no.” Marissa's flat, dismissive tone cut through Ruby's heart with a knife; while they weren't childhood friends or anything, Ruby thought that the years of friendship she shared with Marissa would be worth more than what she was getting at this moment. But it seemed as if one mistake was all it took to sink it. “Now then...I think you could use a little more, don't you?” With a devilish grin, she pulled the tome from her bag once more, starting to flip through its pages.

“Marissa?! No! Please, don't, I...I don't-”

“I figured a couple added bonuses before you go into the third and final stage should really 'mix things up', don't you think?” Marissa let out a cackle, holding the book up and scanning through the various spells she could use. Deciding on one, she lifted her gaze over to Ruby...

But before a word could leave her lips, the air seemed to be sucked out her lungs. Letting out a raspy cough, Marissa stumbled backwards, falling into a chair behind her that had not been there before. Right as her ass hit the cushion, metal chains swooped in around her, binding her down across the torso, hands, and ankles.

“What the fuck?! What's happening?!” Marissa cried out, the book falling to the floor and shutting close. She sat there, struggling to get out, chains rattling, before a distant 'clack, clack, clack' started to get louder and louder as it approached from the nearby hallway.

“Hello dear. Remember me?” The voice was sultry, coated in toxic honey as the buxom, curvaceous figure that contained it stepped out of the shadows. Bright red hair framed her face and ended above her shoulders; her eyes were a brighter red than her hair, hiding behind her rimless glasses.

“Y...y...you're the lady from the shop who I bought that book from...” Marissa spat out, no longer struggling in the chair. She was shaking now, almost more than Ruby was. “T-Trisha, right...? Or...”

“Tiffany, dear.” The shopkeeper stated flatly.

“H-how did you get into my apartment?!” Ruby asked, still in shock from everything that was happening at lightning speed. The woman didn't respond, reaching down and grabbing the book from the floor, dusting it off and opening it.

“Magic, my dear.” The redheaded mystery woman stated simply. She flipped through the pages in the book without lifting a finger, then read something aloud. Suddenly, Ruby felt a cooling sensation go

through her body. In almost an instant, she felt her curves fade back to their normal self, her lips became less swollen. Mere seconds passed and she became her old self again; as she looked down at herself and grabbed her ass just to be sure, she let out an exasperated sigh of relief. “Now then...”

“Marissa...what's going on...?” Ruby was lost; too much was being heaped on her plate at once. She was thankful to this woman, but her sudden and smooth intrusion was definitely something that put her on edge. Not to mention that her aura was not exactly...compassionate, but rang more in the field of “impending doom”. Marissa didn't answer Ruby, still struggling with her restraints as Tiffany stepped over to her, book still in hand.

“I can answer for her, dear.” Tiffany cracked open the book, flipping to a certain page before reading a spell aloud. “This girl came to my shop a few days ago, *insisting* that she needed something to help her look the way that she wanted, in order to make herself feel better. From what she told me, she had gone through quite the break up!” Marissa's eyes went wide. Her body started to feel warm. The tingling within her started to focus on her breasts, and she gasped out, flesh starting to push out in her white tank top. A gurgling noise rang out in the room, and Marissa quickly started to panic.

“What're you...nonono, stop! Stop!!” Her chest domed outwards, its once flat surface quickly inflating out and flopping across her torso in mere seconds, starting to approach the chains on her abdomen.

“So she wanted something that would make her 'more desirable'. Something that would help her win her man back...but...” Tiffany continued, hearing Marissa cry out, her tits once again surging, fabric creaking and tearing as the hem of her shirt started to quickly rise upwards. The bottoms of her new tits began poking out from the bottom, abruptly approaching her lap as they swallowed up the chains that bound her by her stomach. “...it seems as if she had other plans that she didn't want to tell me about.”

“You...bitch!” Tiffany's eyes narrowed her glare at Marissa, snapping her fingers at her. Marissa tried getting her breath back, tits hovering only an inch above her thighs. But then, a bubbling warmth began their surfaces. A sudden surge of warmth began to build within her as her already boosted breasts began to have their fat cells multiplied at an inhuman rate. Marissa could only watch helplessly as her tits suddenly jumped up in size, swelling out to fill the rest of the space between her torso and her legs. She felt her legs get devoured by soft, warm, pillowy flesh in a matter of moments. “AHHHHH!!” Marissa couldn't help it. She came on the spot, even through all of her anxiety. The pleasure was far too great. Tiffany merely grinned at the sight.

“You'd do well to remember two things, dear: don't abuse magic, and don't lie to a spellcrafter.” She turned on her heel and made her way to the front door. Before leaving, she paused and turned her head to Ruby. “Oh, and...that spell should be all cleared up, dear. If there's any hiccups, however...don't be afraid to visit me. Ok?” Before Ruby could reply at all, the redhead suddenly vanished into thin air with the snap of her fingers.

Ruby stood there, aghast, unsure how to feel, as the chains that bound Marissa disappeared. The bloated ex-bestie merely sat there, breathing deeply, arms resting atop breasts that resembled overinflated beach balls, completely dominating the space in front of her. She couldn't even wrap her arms around the tops of them! The sight made her tremble, worried that this was her new body forever.

Meanwhile, Ruby walked away from Marissa in silence, angry about the whole ordeal. The worst part, however, was that when she saw herself in the mirror, she noticed one streak of her chestnut hair was still blonde, and her nipples seemed to want to almost tear through her shirt with how hard they were.

She clenched her fists, turning and stomping over to Marissa in anger.

“What the fuck is your problem?! I didn't even know about you and Brad! I really didn't! That piece of shit never mentioned you *once* and it *always* bothered me but I could never talk to you about it...” Ruby's voice gradually built up into blubbery tears. Marissa, her anger drained and body defeated, just let out a big sigh.

“Look, Ruby...you're right. I'm really sorry. I don't know...I just...I loved Brad so much and when he left me, I...I just...” Tears rolled down her cheeks and dropped into the valley below her chin. “I dunno, I wanted to feel pretty in comparison again, I guess. I don't know...I'm so sorry, Ruby...” Ruby saw her friend in this state, her heart aching as she saw someone she had cared about for so long at such a low point. Her heart led her hand to Marissa's shoulder, a comforting grip assuring her.

“I forgive you, Marissa. Now...let's fix this, shall we? I think we'll have to make a visit to...y'know...her...”

**\*\* MEANWHILE \*\***

“Another one down, Whit.” She tossed the book to the “return” shelf and decided to wait until later before she put them all away. Her antique store always had the most optimal organization; books in alphabetical order based on author, knickknacks sorted by material and type. Everything was dusted and straightened every morning by her. A smirk on her face, she stretched out, pulling her arms up as her bust threatened to break out through the top of her corset. Smiling, she made her way for her favorite chair and sat for a bit. Whit, her tiny little orange stuffed humanoid come to life, slowly drifted his way through the air and onto her shoulder. She grinned.

“Was there any collateral this time around, Red?” Whit asked, taking glances down Tiffany's top.

“Oh just a few girls, you know how it goes dear. I don't see them being any trouble.” She closed her eyes and leaned back, trying to get a little nap in before she finished up her day. “I left one girl with lap fillers, and those should go back to normal by tomorrow. But I left them with enough fear to never try touching magic again.” Whit scratched his head in thought.

“...and if they do come back? For like, revenge? Like that one couple that one time?” Tiffany merely breathed sharply through her nose at the comment.

“Then we do what we always do dear: we banish them. And they can spend time on a farm like the rest of them.” Whit didn't respond to this. He merely drifted away, back to his little spot on a top shelf, and watched as she sat there, digging through documents and hunting for something. Something he didn't know anything about.

TO BE CONTINUED...