

## Maxime Curva

“Here’s your order, boys,” Julie announced, setting two plates on the table. Steam rose off their contents to match the morning cups of coffee placed next to them, the two men looking hungrily at the food.

“Mmm, thank ya much,” one of them said, grabbing a fork for his eggs.

“Can I get you anything else?” Julie asked.

“I think we’re set for now,” the other told her.

“Just call if you need anything!”

Julie left them to their meal and made her way around the small diner, cleaning any dirty tables she encountered along her way. She stopped at a booth near the men to gather the dishes and trash left by one of her previous customers.

“Not much of a sight watching her leave, eh?”

Julie’s ears perked up suddenly when part of the men’s conversation reached her. It didn’t take much thought to realize that they were talking about her, probably too deep into their meals to notice that she was still so close to their proximity.

“Not too much going on when she walks towards ya, either. Not like that one girl at Denny’s. Remember her?”

Julie felt herself blush and her diner uniform heating up. Quickly she finished her work and carried a pile of dirty dishes to the kitchen before she caught anymore of their conversation. After setting the pile down with a clatter next to the dishwasher she took a moment to look down at her front and smooth the fabric of her uniform, a white single-piece of clothing that ended in a skirt around her lower-thigh.

When pulled taut she could make out the bumps of her A-cup breasts, but releasing the tension might as well have made them vanish. Of course, it wasn’t the first time she had received comments about her body. Granted they were usually compliments about how fit and lean she was and not about her lack of curves. Julie already knew she was lacking a bit in that department; she didn’t need two strangers telling her that behind her back.

“Doin’ all right there, Jules? You’re lookin’ redder than my tomatoes.”

Julie turned to see their chef addressing her from around the corner in the kitchen, a spatula working in his hand. She smiled, wondering how much he had seen her inspecting her uniform. “I’m fine, Alan, thanks. Just ready for my shift to end I think. I’ll grab this last check and call it a day.”

Hiding behind the counter, Julie busied herself until the men looked like they had eaten their fill. Taking a deep breath she prepared to talk to them while pretending she hadn’t heard their hurtful comments. *Confronting them about it is no way to get a good tip*, she told herself, *Gotta pay off those student loans somehow, and that degree in linguistics isn’t cutting it for some reason.*

“How was everything? Had your fill?” she asked with a fake smile, standing in front of them.

“Delicious…” they told her.

Julie slid a check across the table to them. “I can take you at the front when you’re ready.”

They followed her to the register and paid their bill, leaving a fairly generous tip of ten dollars, much to Julie’s surprise. It didn’t help her feel any better about what they had said, though.

“Alan, I’m heading out,” she called into the kitchen. Her lunch shift was over and the other waitress could handle the remainder.

“See you tomorrow!” he called over the sound of sizzling meat.

Outside, Julie passed by the two men smoking a cigarette before returning to their day, feeling their eyes lingering on her apparently curveless body. She did her best to put them out of her mind. The air felt refreshing as she walked to her car, her bare legs prickling in the Fall breeze. A neighboring antique shop caught her eye during her stroll, the parking lot full of tables piled high with items on clearance. Julie’s bookworm-mind was immediately drawn to the stacks of books almost overflowing one of the stands. With no particular rush, she shrugged and walked towards the volumes, a particular book catching her eye.

“Corpus Mutatio...” she read, turning the book over in her hands, “It’s Latin. Body Changing... Finally I can put that degree to use.” Julie smirked. The next page made her eyebrow arch. “One spell per person?”

Her heart was thumping in her chest and she shrunk away from the people nearest her as if keeping a secret. As crazy as it sounded, part of her wanted to believe what was in her hands. She began flipping through its pages. “Height modification...vision enhancer...male longevity extender...endless *milk* production?? What is this book?!” A certain page caught her eye then, an image of a woman sporting a generous hourglass figure depicted. Softly and without much thought, Julie whispered, “*Maxime Curva...*”

“*A-Ahh!*” she cried out, feeling an intense rush of energy flow through her body. She dropped the book to the table with a loud clatter, drawing the attention of everyone shopping in the clearance section. Those who looked saw a young waitress doubled over, hugging her arms around her chest as if she were afraid her bra might escape.

“O-Ooooh...” Julia moaned, her body tingling as if a thousand tiny fingers were massaging her skin. “M-My body...it feels...*different...*”

Something felt like it was pushing into her. Something soft and warm, pressing against the inside of her waitress uniform and pulling it tighter and tighter. “No way...” Julie whispered, almost not daring to look down at her own body, but an aching in her crotch almost commanded her. “No way no way no way...” She looked.

Two supple mounds stared back at her that were so large she was actually startled. She stumbled backward and leaned against the edge of a table, her hands gripping its edge behind her for support as she stared down at her chest. Her breasts heaved in her exasperated breaths, two heaps of flesh inching outward from inside her uniform. “DDs? Gs?!” Julie gasped, trying to guess the cup size of the wobbling jugs that were rapidly replacing her original B cup breasts.

The fabric pulled taut and an awkward outline became obvious from her bra hidden beneath, the cups lifting away from her chest and struggling to cover her nipples. “M-Mmmm...

M-M-Mmmmmmmmm...!!” Julie moaned quickly, very aware of the multitude of eyes watching her now.

*SNAP!!*

Her bra clasp broke apart, rocketing to her front where it lay limp against her body. Both mammaries fell unsupported against her, only continuing to swell larger. Eyes wide, Julie could only think of volleyballs as she stared at them. A bump on the front of them called to her and slowly a hand reached up to rub it.

“Ahhhhhhhhhooooooh my **GOD!!**” Julie screamed, squeezing her engorged nipple. Her pussy quaked in pleasure, her panties becoming drenched in fluid when she came instantly. Hair clinging to her face, she noticed that she was slowly being pushed away from the table.

“O-Oooohhhh...” she moaned, one hand flying to her rear. She could feel it plumping up, her hips widening to keep pace with her puffing bosom. “I-I’m getting...so...*cuuuuury*!! I can feel my entire body...growing!!”

Julie threw her head back, not caring who saw her marvel in her magical growth. The sides of her hips thickened and pumped from her navel down through her thighs. Likewise her butt grew in a very similar way to her breasts, each cheek filling out behind her and pushing her away from the table as her skin filled and stretched.

Her once comfortable waitress uniform was becoming the opposite, now only serving to accentuate her blessed body. It slowly rode higher and higher up her thighs, flaring out at her hips. The hem circled around her rear end, rising just high enough to give her audience a teasing view of the white panties she had chosen to wear that day, a large darkened wet spot in the middle.

“*AHHH!*” Julie screamed in pleased agony, feeling her thighs swell enough to push tightly together and swallow her crotch, massaging her aching pussy. “B-Bigger...” she pleaded, feeling stitching beginning to pop along the seams of her uniform. With no regard for who saw, a hand easily slipped into her underwear and entered inside herself with even more ease, the other hand working away at her engorging breasts.

Julie’s body grew along every curve at a maddening pace. Cleavage bubbled towards her chin and bulged out of her high neckline, exploding the buttons off her front as her basketball tits fought for release. Hefts of flesh flowed into the short sleeves and pressed into her arms as well, her uniform threatening to burst at the seams any second.

“Oh *God! YES!!*” Julie screamed, feeling every inch of her body jiggle with the tiniest movement. “MMMMM!! I-I’m gonna...O-O-OOOHHHHHHHHHHH!!”

***RRRRRIIIIPPPP***

Her uniform split up her sides, releasing her body to the speechless crowd around her. Two confined tits tumbled out like soft, bloated milk jugs, her bra fluttering to the ground to join the defeated dress. Julie’s mammaries had engorged to the baffling size of beach balls, each reaching down to her belly buttons with nipples as big as her fist. Hips as wide as her shoulders led into thighs so thick and soft that her panties were swallowed and lost between them, begging to be torn apart by the slightest movement. An ass stuck out behind her almost two feet, making the table creak with its weight and girth.

Julie stared at the endless slopes of her body, almost in disbelief. “Ha! *Who’s curveless now?!*” she asked with a roar, orgasms still rocking her mind with her fingers buried deep inside of her.

*RRRCCCHHTTT!!!*

The sound of a car slamming on its breaks broke the silence, followed by a crash when it struck a parked car. Julie looked to see the men from the diner, staring out their window with eyes as wide as her nipples, seemingly unaware that they had just wrecked.

She giggled, grabbing the book and hefting her bust before smirking at them. “That’s what I thought.”