

All Eyes On Her

Content Warning: This story contains breast expansion, ass expansion, and weight gain.

Melanie tapped her foot, impatient. The bustle of the fashion show flowed around her like so many insects, but she stood still. Like a stone. No, more like a statue. Melanie found the comparison more apt; she was far too beautiful to be compared to a common rock.

Her body was tall, rail-thin, and toned. Her skin was pale and flawless, such that she could be mistaken for marble. Her hair, dark as night, curled in ringlets to the small of her back. Her face was perfect, but more than anything it served merely as staging for her eyes. They were awe-inspiring, mesmerizing pools of blue. More than once, the press had described them as “deep enough to drown in.” A description just as often followed by a damning description of her temperament.

In short, she was beautiful and terrifying. This was Melanie’s perception of herself, and one more or less reflected by the world. Why shouldn’t she be proud? Why shouldn’t she be impatient? She was the star of the show.

But Melanie had long since learned that impatience is only fine experienced internally. To get what she wanted, she’d need to exude a sense of calm. So she turned her attention outward, as she did occasionally, to the other people in the show. Her gaze drifted across the chaos, from producer to stagehand to make-up artist to model. It was something Melanie did for entertainment: she would observe and note the ugliest thing about each person she saw.

Oh, look, he’s finally started accepting that he’s balding, what a poor choice...I wonder who told her she could make that look work, and on the runway no less...Oh, well at least she can see two places at once...Poor girl, couldn’t lose the last pound? Perhaps it’d be better if you just stopped eating at all.

It was fun for her. At each thought, her face almost curled into a smile, but she held the chains on her expression taut, holding a passive, bored look. But she could not indulge for long. Eventually, someone with a unibrow and a clipboard walked up to Melanie and said some words that she didn’t care to catch. Melanie knew where to go, what to do, and how to do it better than anyone else.

Melanie gracefully glided toward the runway, her unnecessarily tall heels falling all but silently with every step. People swarmed around her, checking every inch of her for imperfections to smooth away. Melanie regarded the dress that she happened to be wearing. A shiny, monochromatic article, with metallic insets and deep blue highlights. She didn’t think much of it; Melanie knew that, for her, what she wore was immaterial.

She brushed away the bevy of assistants like ants. This was her moment. Her shining moment of triumph, of seizing her rightful place as the most beautiful thing in the room. She strode onto the runway.

Flashes of camera bulbs did nothing to slow Melanie down as she sashayed toward the end of the runway. She kept her bored expression, concealing her complete and overwhelming joy. Her azure eyes wandered to the crowd, as they had backstage. Melanie took her time, as was her right, and she again allowed her thoughts to travel.

She regarded the people behind the cameras. As with the vast majority of people, Melanie thought little of them. One man's toupee was slipping. A woman had rushed to apply make-up and it showed. Melanie amused herself with these observations, but her focus was on the cameras and the eyes in the crowd. Finally, she reached the end of the path and stopped. Melanie reveled in the attention of the crowd as she posed, but her attention caught on something.

Two people at the edge of the crowd weren't looking at her.

The two women were talking to themselves. One young and one very, very old. The young woman looked messy and harried and more than a little portly. She was just a little familiar to Melanie. *Isn't she the one that does my make-up?* She was smiling and laughing as she talked with the other woman. The other woman was similarly joyful, her incredibly wrinkled face contorting with each happy expression. It reminded Melanie of a leather handbag. *And her clothes. It looks like she's on her way to a funeral.* The hag's attire was all black, with feathers and fur.

Melanie lost her composure for a split second. To think that these two were so boring, so ugly, and they weren't paying attention. *Disgusting.*

The crone's neck snapped ninety degrees to stare directly back at Melanie. Her eyes were much like Melanie's: deep beyond imagining, like black holes. No, more like holes punched into the surface of the world. The old woman's face curled into an angered frown.

Melanie had never been more terrified.

She quickly averted her eyes and steeled her expression back to hardy indifference. But she walked with less confidence back down the runway, and reveled in the attention a little less. Melanie could feel the hag's gaze, a little prickling on the back of her neck, the entire way. She hurried backstage.

Her manager came up to her, saying something again, the same affirmations and comments as always. Melanie waved a hand, and the wild-haired man stopped immediately.

"Fire my make-up artist, get me a new one."

“Okay,” He agreed passively, jotting down a note. “Reason for termination?”

“‘Poor fit for the job’,” she responded, with a laugh at her little joke. “That’s reason enough.”

Melanie continued toward her dressing room, content to be done for the night.

The next day. Melanie’s apartment in Big City was ostentatious, full of luxuries she had grown accustomed to in recent years. Her success in fashion had afforded her much, compared to where she came from. Her name rang out through the modeling community like bells: Melanie Braudlich. The doorbell rang out in the silence.

Melanie peeped to the other side of the door, seeing nothing. She opened it and looked down at a small, white envelope. Kneeling, Melanie picked it up, turning it around to see that it was indeed addressed to her. No return address.

She drifted back to her kitchen counter, pouring her breakfast into a glass. She regarded the letter with mute curiosity. The calligraphy on the exterior was strange, perhaps suggesting someone older. Taking a small knife, Melanie carefully tore it open, revealing a single piece of paper. She unfolded it, revealing a lone pair of sentences in that same loopy, ink-borne script.

‘All of that attention seems to go to your head.

Shall we send it somewhere that you care about instead?’

Melanie’s face curled into confusion. She flipped the paper, expecting more. It wasn’t the first time she’d received letters from strangers, but this was certainly the strangest letter she’d ever received. *What does that even mean?* With a small laugh, she crumpled the paper. It felt weird on her hands, almost chalky and decidedly frail, and she rolled it into a trash can. And she continued with her day.

Melanie’s manager had booked her a photo shoot, some ad for something or other. She didn’t care for the details. She left her apartment and descended the stairs, thinking a little about the letter. *It might have been that old crone from last night.* It would make sense, given the archaic method and the flowery script. She smiled a little, wondering if the hag had heard that she’d fired her make-up artist.

Melanie hardly saw a single soul before reaching the bottom of the stairwell, but she noticed the lanky maintenance man with a gap in his teeth. Melanie liked to flash a fake smile at him once and a while; when he wasn’t staring at Melanie’s chest too intently to notice her face, his flustered expression was priceless.

However, this time was different. As she turned the corner, as his face came into view, the hairs on the back of Melanie's neck stood on end. Just like they had last night, with the old woman. On impulse, she stopped and looked around, expecting to see her leathery face glowering. But she wasn't there. Just the maintenance man, passing at a snail's pace and focused on her body. The young man passed her and Melanie's unease evaporated. She tugged on her collar and continued breathing low and slowly. What was she, losing her mind? She tried to push the experience to the back of her mind.

But it quickly became apparent that simply ignoring it was not an option. It reappeared as Melanie passed through the crowded lobby, and it seemed to wax and wane at unusual intervals. During her ride to the studio, it flickered in sometimes; she'd even asked her chauffeur if he had seen an old woman in drab clothing, but he was oblivious. And for the brief moments she walked on the bustling street, the sensation felt dizzying.

Melanie burst into the studio, demanding her green room. A few confused and frightened light operators pointed the way and she slammed the door behind her. Melanie let out a sigh of relief. She breathed in, finding the action strangely more difficult than usual, then out. Then again, and again. Melanie heard hesitant footsteps and whispers outside her door. Time for the shoot, she supposed.

She turned to see the outfit for the ad; all black leather, all incredibly revealing, with spikes and boots to match. Melanie rolled her eyes and started changing. *Shitty fucking tailor*. The clothes were far too tight for an hour-long shoot. Melanie was absolutely certain that they had her measurements.

Stopping once more before make-up and staging ensued, Melanie looked at herself in the mirror. She could usually take comfort in her reflection, but something was different. Something that was, at this point, so imperceptible that even with all her vanity, Melanie couldn't see it. A knock came at the door.

The feeling returned as soon as she opened the door to greet the photographer, a short gremlin of a man, and it had persisted, fluctuating seemingly at random. As she exited and people scrambled to ready her for the shoot, Melanie calmed her nerves as best she could. She had asked every stage hand and operator; no one had seen the old witch. Melanie figured she must be having some anxiety. She'd visit her doctor tomorrow, or maybe even tonight after the fashion show. But she still had to make it through today.

The photo shoot was pretty simple: she just had to sit on a motorcycle. But as soon as the cameras started firing, the foreign sense of being watched skyrocketed. Melanie couldn't understand it; she had made a career out of being observed, out of being the center of attention. Why would she feel afraid of that now?

She was at the center of attention now. All twelve pairs of eyes in the crew focused on her. The tingling sensation Melanie had mistaken for fear of an unseen observer was, in fact, something

else. Each person focused on a different part of Melanie. All of that attention had to go somewhere.

Slowly, very slowly, Melanie's clothes tightened. Or rather, Melanie's body loosened. Not a lot. Her body lost a little tone, here or there, as the photographer captured a different angle. Her breasts filled in her bra a bit more. Her pants grew skin tight, her lower half thickening slightly.

After an hour, it was just obvious enough to be seen. The zipper on her jacket inched down slowly. Just beneath her shirt, fledgling love handles grazed a burdened belt. Her leather pants were completely smooth against her ass, straining to contain just a little more than they were intended to. And it was more obvious to Melanie than anyone else. Everything pinched; there was obviously something wrong.

After an hour, Melanie got up and slowly walked to her green room, ignoring the photographer's barking for more shots. She closed the door and unsteadily walked to the mirror. Melanie removed her top and blanched; she was swelling. She could no longer see her bones well-defined beneath her skin. Her bra had left imprints where it had dug into her back. Melanie ran a hand over her body and huffed at how soft her body had become in just one hour. Melanie kicked a chair and screamed.

She took a second to consider the possibilities. Nothing specific came to mind. Melanie hadn't eaten anything since last night and she was incredibly mindful of that. She texted her manager to schedule an appointment with her doctor as soon as possible; the idiot could only book it for tomorrow. Melanie tried to breathe, but only just managed to stop herself from hyperventilating. She would figure this out and move past it.

It's just one more show, right?

Melanie sat silently, off to the side backstage. Unusual behavior for her and people knew it. She took in one shaky gasp after another. More than ever before, she felt the eyes of the people around her. Each gaze tingled like a hidden observer, her brain firing in fear of what was once mundane. Melanie couldn't breathe; her dress, so intricate and small, choked her. Her chest heaved, threatening with every nervous movement to break from its confinement. Her tits already flooded slightly over the low-cut article. With every moment, her anxiety spiked.

Had that been like that before?

And yet, her stony facade remained still. Melanie wouldn't be cowed; the runway was still her place, her throne. She was Melanie fucking Braudlich and no one and nothing could take that away. At the signal, Melanie rose and pulled the hem of her skirt closer to her knees. She ascended the stairs into the flashbulb light.

It's just one more show...it's just one more show...

Immediately, Melanie was blinded by the light, but she could tell the crowd was there. She could feel them staring at her. Hundreds of eyes. What had been a tingling roared into an itch, and spread over her entire body. She took a cautious step forward and tried her best to deny the shuddering through her body—or rather, of her body. She took another, and Melanie had a sudden and terrifying realization: she was getting bigger, quickly.

Melanie's breast blossomed outward, overflowing her top with pale flesh. Her skirt tightened around her ass, thinning the skin-tight fabric and showcasing its growing roundness. Melanie's thighs, bared by the skirt's short cut, ballooned outward as she practically ran to the end of the runway. All around, her body grew softer, quickly losing tone and rushing to chub. Melanie could hear whispers of confusion and soft laughter from the audience. Melanie was getting fat and the cameras kept firing.

She wouldn't stop. Her body heaved to the end of the walk, one hand feebly covering a growing valley of cleavage and the other holding down the ever-rising hem of her skirt. She tried to quickly pivot, her body jiggling with the action. Then, she heard a small tear.

A rip in the finally over-thinned fabric of her skirt revealed the dimpled, white expanse of Melanie's ass. Gasps rang out across the crowd and even Melanie stopped to watch, over her shoulder, as her butt pressed through the hole. Her expanding derriere tore itself free, and the tattered cloth fell away to present Melanie's cheeks in their full glory. They demanded attention. Melanie felt the itching sensation concentrate on her rear, and in a panic, she started to sprint.

The crowd's whole and undivided attention focused immediately on Melanie's behind. Pounds of fat poured onto her lower frame by the second. Within seconds, each vast cheek was big enough to rival pumpkins. Her hips grew wider than her shoulders. Her thighs plumped to match, rubbing together down to her knees.

Still, Melanie tried to run to safety. Each footfall was heavier and heavier, her new mass quaking more with each step. Her thickening thighs forced her legs wide, slowing an already pitiful sprint to a waddle before she'd even reached halfway. Melanie breathed quickly and deeply in effort. She could feel herself gaining weight so fast and she could hear the laughter in the crowd. At that moment, Melanie steeled herself; she'd not be embarrassed by this anymore.

And then she tripped.

Melanie fell forward. Her hands shot out unnecessarily, as her breasts cushioned much of the fall. The entire catwalk shook violently as the rest of Melanie's body followed suit. So much exposed skin slapped into the hard floor painfully, and Melanie heard her asscheeks clap as they wobbled from the impact.

Melanie struggled to her hands and knees, and she started to crawl. Her massive butt shifted its weight from side to side, making it a difficult task, but she persisted. Her top, now similarly overburdened, ripped in half, allowing Melanie's swelling tits to fall while also making Melanie's movement easier. And she kept expanding the entire time. She made it to the end of the runway and rolled herself down the small set of stairs.

Now backstage, Melanie sat up. People swarmed to help her, everyone was talking, but Melanie's ears were ringing. Half a dozen hands came down to help her up, but she swung her arms violently. She strained to her feet, using all of her strength, and looked for somewhere to go through teary eyes. Her manager started talking at her, but Melanie just screamed obscenities at him and everyone else. She waddled to an open closet and barricaded herself inside.

She was done.

Hours passed, in the dark. With her back against the wall, no one could push their way in. More than once, someone tried to talk her down, to get some explanation, but Melanie was numb to it. She preferred the dark and quiet, where she could try not to feel her body. And where no one could look at her. Eventually, people stopped coming to the door.

Melanie realized that this wasn't normal. It wasn't medical. Something unnatural was happening and she was absolutely positive that the witch was involved. She fumed in that closet for a long time, trying to find any solution, any recourse, when a knock came at the door. When Melanie didn't respond, a woman's voice came through.

"I've got clothes for you."

Melanie looked down at herself, finally ready to confront the reality. Her body had outgrown everything she was wearing, and she needed clothes to leave this broom closet. She shifted herself away from the door and opened it slightly.

"Pass them through."

"Sure, Melanie. You're welcome."

Melanie snatched a big shopping bag from some outlet store and sighed at how far she'd fallen in one day. But she still stood up and flicked on the light. It was little comfort, but whatever this was, it had left her midsection salvageable. Her boobs were still big enough to obscure her toes and her butt was still wider than most seats, but there was that.

She looked at what the stranger had brought. A pair of extra large panties that were still too tight, a pair of hot pink sweatpants designed for someone even fatter than Melanie, and a

massive hoodie. With that and a pair of cheap flip-flops, Melanie was clothed, in the loosest sense.

Melanie opened the door and saw a semi-familiar face. A young woman, short and stout, with dyed red hair and terrible piercings. She looked at Melanie with indifference for a single moment, then averted her eyes.

"Hey, didn't I fire you?" Melanie realized that this was her old make-up artist, with mounting anger.

"Yeah, you did," the woman responded. "That sucked, by the way."

"Why did you bring me clothes?" Melanie wanted answers from the old hag, and this lady seemed like the best way to get them, but she was momentarily curious.

"Um, I don't know. I saw what happened up there, out there, and I...I felt bad," she seemed almost disappointed in herself, admitting that. "Honestly, you were a bad boss and you treat people terribly, but no one deserves that. So, I brought clothes. Seemed like the least I could do." She was still looking away, which Melanie noticed.

"So, that fucking witch put a curse on me, right? Some bullshit about *this* happening when people look at me."

"Yup, that's my grandma. She was there when your manager let me know that I was out, and shit, she was mad as hell," she rubbed the back of her neck and shook her head. "She'd come all this way because I managed to get the gig, and then to watch me lose it? She's cursed better people for less."

"Your shitty grandma gets pissy and I end up as a parade balloon?!" Melanie screamed at the young woman, getting up close to her. "How are you going to fix this?" She was practically on top of her at this point.

Without turning her head, the woman pushed on Melanie's bust. She toppled to the ground like a doll, her substantial butt softening the fall. "I'm not going to fix it—it can't be fixed. This is just your life now."

"Then why the fuck are you still here?"

"You know, that's a good question," she looked Melanie directly in the eyes. Melanie noticed her clothes tightening, more quickly than before. And then she started walking away.

"I'd be really careful if I were you. The bigger you get, the more noticeable you are and the easier you are to see. My name is Caitlyn, if you ever need another make-up artist."

A day later, Melanie, for lack of a better word, regretted how the situation with Caitlyn had ended. She might have had better luck getting the curse removed if she had a connection with the witch.

Melanie arrived home safely—a perk to having a personal driver in the Big City. She'd skipped her doctor's appointment and actively ignored her manager's messages, emails, and calls. Instead, she stood naked in her giant bathroom, in front of a full-length mirror.

The mirror was almost too narrow to fully contain her. Her tits swayed like a pair of basketballs attached to her chest, heavy and rotund. Melanie's back hurt tremendously; she'd need a custom bra. They mostly concealed her torso, which was more or less smooth. Her stomach had remained all but untouched by this curse, with the exception of softness.

And her ass. It looked and felt like Melanie was smuggling two medicine balls full of gelatin. Her butt arced out almost a foot behind her, visible from all angles in the mirror. Her cheeks sagged over her pillowy thighs, which themselves bulged over meaty calves. Her hips pressed out three and a half feet wide, forcing Melanie to approach doorways sideways.

Melanie looked like a caricature of an hourglass figure. *Nightmarish.*

Caitlyn's clothes were bunched in a heap on the floor, along with a separate pile of every article of clothing in her closet that might have fit. Nothing. If she wanted to proceed with anything, she'd need something good to wear. Back in her ugly clothes, she considered possibilities. She could call in a tailor, someone with the know-how to custom-make clothes for her unusual body. But that would involve a lot of observation; unless she blindfolded them, her sizes would constantly change. Maybe that was a solution after she had something reasonable to wear. Alternatively, she could buy online, but Melanie would have to guess at sizes.

Unfortunately, that left the final solution: going to a store and buying off the rack. With a quick search, she found exactly one high-end store downtown that sold in plus sizes. If she went there around three in the afternoon, she could avoid traffic and be seen by the fewest people. Melanie didn't enjoy the thought of going out in public, especially not dressed in bargain-bin fashion, but she needed clothes.

The drive downtown was successful. Her driver, silently following his direct order not to look at Melanie, dropped her off at a plaza with businesses on both sides. Now in public, she pulled her hood up to obscure her face, but the walkway was abandoned. As she walked as quickly as possible, she still occasionally felt someone's presence. Each time, she sped up and it faded away. Melanie felt winded by the time she found the store, but she was elated to find it mostly empty.

She ignored the greeting of the man behind the counter and rushed directly to the women's section. Trying to cut this as short as possible, Melanie grabbed anything that looked both well-made and big enough, then ran to the dressing room. After thirty minutes of trying one article after another, she had enough for a few outfits that looked reasonable. Melanie huffed at a sign hanging up on the dressing room door: "Store Policy: All clothes must be carried out and cannot be worn out." She considered complaining, but that would draw a lot of attention. So she regrettably donned the sweatpants and sweatshirt, for the last time. Leaving a heap of clothes too small for her, Melanie approached the counter. The attendant gave her a gentle smile.

"Afternoon, ma'am. Did you find everything alright?"

"Yeah." The man kept trying to make eye contact with her. Melanie tried to feign interest in a newspaper off to the side, but he kept making conversation as he scanned her items.

"Hey, you look familiar. Have you been here before?"

"Nope." Melanie tried her best not to scream at him, to tell him to stop looking at her. She could feel her body getting heavier. Her pants, loose last night, approached skintight, and she could see her sweatshirt lifting higher with every breath.

"Huh, that's strange. I could've sworn I'd seen you somewhere."

Melanie picked up the newspaper. Even with all her practice in expression control, she struggled to contain her rage at seeing a picture of herself bursting out of her clothes on the front page. Her hands shaking, she set it face down as he finished with her items. She practically threw her card at the man, and with two bags in each hand, Melanie left the store.

The sky had darkened in the short time she'd been inside, the wind indicating a storm was on the way. She looked left, then right, and saw no one. Emboldened, Melanie set off toward where she'd meet her driver. She even felt a little hopeful, like this was a first step back to something normal.

A flash of lightning in the distance caught her attention for a moment. When her eyes flickered back, she saw that a dark figure had appeared from nowhere a few feet ahead. An old woman with a dark, feathery cloak and eyes like pitch. Melanie almost jumped back, and she dropped one of her bags. Her eyes wide, she looked the witch directly in the eyes.

"You!" Melanie managed a stammer, then averted her eyes.

"Yes, dear, me." The old woman smiled wickedly, and her eyes darted from storefront to storefront. "A little bird told me that you were enjoying my gift. I thought I'd come and see you for myself."

"I wouldn't call her *little*," Melanie quipped, leaning over and trying to grab the bag just out of reach. "You leathery bitch, take your goddamned curse off of me!"

"Oh, dearie, you're one to talk," the old woman growled, and her eyes returned to Melanie. Scared, Melanie tried to bend down and pick up her bag. She heard a deafening popping sound from behind her. "And I'm certain that you'd love to talk on and on, but I won't take your time. After all, you have an audience to entertain."

The witch snapped her fingers. Doors on all sides of Melanie opened and people streamed out. She heard a man's voice say, "Look at her! Isn't that the model from last night?" Melanie was surrounded. Her entire body itched as people turned their heads one by one.

Her butt grew first, and rapidly. A dozen pointing teenagers cheered and laughed, many of them holding phones. The hole in the seat of her sweatpants widened, her fatty ass pressing through it like playdough. Her hips spread wide and Melanie leaned forward to remain standing, shifting from foot to foot as her legs fattened. Her breasts were next. Eager to catch up, they ballooned beneath her sweatshirt, reaching medicine-ball size within moments. Her nipples were visible through the coarse fabric, growing to match her tits in scale. Melanie heard ripping sounds in front of her, far beyond here she could see. Her sweatshirt lifted high, her colossal boobs filling the available space. The crowd seemed to grow too—more people exiting businesses to watch the spectacle.

Melanie turned around and around, looking for an exit. People had given her space, seemingly in apprehension of the swelling woman, but they packed in on all sides. She took a shaky step and only just managed to keep her balance. Then she heard a terrifying series of words: "Look, her belly's growing too!"

Melanie's hands dropped the bags to her feet, lurching to her stomach. Her sweatshirt finally pulled up high enough to reveal her increasingly soft midsection. She screamed at the pulsing mass in her hands, round and increasingly corpulent. The crowd's attention drew to the novelty. Her gut fattened more rapidly than Melanie had ever before, surging out on all sides. Her arms could no longer contain its girth. Fledgling love handles became abundant rolls of fat and Melanie could no longer bear the weight. She was simply too heavy.

Her knees buckled and she fell a short distance onto her enormous stomach. Her sweatshirt finally burst into ribbons and Melanie fell face-first into her personal Grand Canyon. Her sweatpants followed, giving up the ghost and exploding into hot pink strips of fabric. Her body spread across the pavement. Melanie felt a few raindrops fall onto her vast expanse.

The crowd remained, but people were stepping back. Melanie expanded faster and faster. Her stomach forced her torso high above the pavement, while her ass filled the space behind her, defaulting her into a sitting position. Quickly, each titanic cheek was taller than the tallest in the audience. Were it not for the presence of her flailing feet, Melanie's legs could have easily been mistaken for rolls on her gigantic gut. Her breasts blew past sizes ever possible on human

beings, from beach ball to boulder to Sedan. Even her arms grew flabbier and flabbier. Melanie's body was no longer anything more than a series of pale white shapes, each growing beyond recognizably human.

Now obscured by the rest of her body, Melanie's face flooded with tears. She was screaming, all the same obscenities and pleas to stop looking at her, but Melanie's audience could no longer hear her. Melanie shrieked and screeched until her voice died. She couldn't see them anymore anyway—she could only see herself and the cloudy sky above. But she could feel everything: the bricks in the street, her bags crushed far beneath her, the hands of strangers poking into her. She felt a pair of sharp shoes on top of her stomach, then footsteps over her body toward her face. Melanie looked up to see the witch, perched comfortably on top of her left breast. She cackled down at Melanie.

"Oh, dear, you should see your face! It's just as pretty and tiny as ever—an absolutely hilarious sight. You should be glad, you know; I thought that your face was too beautiful to change."

"Please, stop this!" Melanie sobbed through a ragged throat. "What did I do to deserve this!?"

The witch stopped laughing. She climbed a little closer to Melanie's face, just out of reach.

"You made my granddaughter sad. In fact, I've since learned that you made a lot of people sad and scared. You had power because you were pretty, you knew how to use that power, and you did so poorly." She was so close to Melanie now, seeming to hover over her. "So, how does it feel to be powerless, Melanie Broadlich?"

Melanie just whimpered. Far beyond where she could see, she felt herself contact the storefront to her left, and then the other to her right. Her belly covered dozens of feet in all directions, burgeoning down the street toward fleeing bystanders. Her breasts grew to dwarf pick-up trucks and her ass towered over the buildings surrounding her. The rain picked up, each cold drop falling onto Melanie like a little pinprick.

She wouldn't ever stop, would she? She'd keep growing until people stopped looking at her. And people had never stopped looking at Melanie Broadlich. A helicopter whirled overhead, and a bright light shined down on her unchanged face. The old woman disappeared in a puff of black feathers, leaving her final words hovering in the air:

"I'm so glad you enjoy the spotlight, Melanie. I believe it'll be yours for a long, long time."