

A No Nut November Miracle

Chapter 1

Erica slammed her front door behind her, gripping the little black bag with all her might. She rushed home from the witchy apothecary, utterly ecstatic about what she'd found. Darren, her boyfriend, would be home any moment and she needed to be ready. She rushed past their Halloween decorations, now out of season by one day, and grabbed two wine glasses.

Erica popped a bottle of the cheapest red wine they had on sale at *Mater Low's (I'm very clever)* and opened her precious cargo. A small vial, one you'd see as a decoration in a Haunted House, filled with an odd golden fluid. No bigger than her thumb, Erica rolled the vial in her hand. Was she really going to do this? She thought back to what she read online, and what the mysterious shopkeeper had warned her, but ... she needed this.

Darren and Erica were madly in love... once upon a time. Don't get it twisted, they still wanted to be with each other for the rest of their lives, but the spark is missing. They go on trips, they spend evenings together reading in bed, even finding new activities to do with each other out of the house, but in bed, nothing. They still find each other attractive, but the drive to mount each other and ride their partner until the sun comes up is a distant memory. They half-heartedly try to tease each other on their birthdays and Valentine's Day, but it feels like work.

No more.

Erica had always been more uncomfortable with being intimate, but loved it when she could open herself up to Darren. She missed it, and she was going to get it back. She had seen Darren quickly hide his phone when she'd come into the bedroom - she knew he still had a libido, but it wasn't aimed at her. Now, it would change.

Or at least, she hoped so. She had received a newsletter email earlier this week about pop-up shops coming to their newly empty mall for the holiday season, and she looked into an adorable new-age witchcraft store. It boasted about classes, crafts, and all sorts of tools to rediscover her reason for being. She had never found herself to be spiritual - going to church every Christmas and watching a witchy movie for Halloween was about as far as she had gone.

But again, she was desperate. She made her way to the store earlier this week to look around, particularly curious about the "personal massagers" and self-help books. While she flipped through the newest "sitcom star turned unaccredited mental health expert" novel, a kind but off-putting woman tapped her shoulder.

Erica tried not to gasp, but she couldn't help herself. This was the smallest woman she'd ever seen. Had to be no more than four and a half feet tall, slender as a skeleton, and wearing a pair of glasses so thick that they could have been bulletproof. All surrounded by the most unkempt white hair Erica had ever seen - as if birds had tried to build a nest on top of her head from loose threads but gave up.

She spoke to Erica, but it felt like a haze. She promised everything Erica wanted, even though our Erica hadn't shared a thing. How did she know all of this? Erica couldn't question; all she was told was to come back at the end of the week when her item would be prepared.

It was now November 1st, exactly a week after her first visit, and Erica was holding her purchase in her hand. Shimmering in the light of the setting sun through the kitchen window. The instructions were simple: pour it into Darren's drink, and be bonded however she wished. If she wanted unconditional love, she'd get it. If she wanted to have a subservient man servant, done. That's not what she wanted.

Erica popped the cork on the glass, and a sweet aroma wafted through the room. She focused, holding the bottle to her lips. She took the smallest sip, holding the golden liquid on her tongue. It coated her tongue like oil, but it felt like lightning in her mouth. Firing off and making her experience every one of her favorite flavors - gummy candies, red wine, a fresh apple, birthday cake, a SoCal burger from an unnamed Christian burger chain.

She needed to focus and not swallow it. Carefully, she spoke. "I want us to love each other as we did when we first met. To be intimate, like we first met. More than that," she hesitated. "I want to be the perfect woman for Darren. In every, single, way." The tingles on her tongue intensified, like she'd finally hit on the right wording. She carefully spit the liquid back in the vial and swirled it around - gross. She then poured two glasses of wine and added the contents of the vial into one of the glasses. To her surprise, the front door flew open as Darren returned home with groceries in hand. "Oof, it's getting cold out there! Can you give me a hand with these, sweetie?"

Erica quickly stashed the bottle in her pocket and gave his glass a few swirls to mix the gold with the red wine. Slowly, the color of the potion was gone and Erica ran to help her husband unload the car. Once they were back inside, she unloaded the groceries and asked Darren to get freshened up and comfy for their movie night.

Along with the groceries, he'd brought home her favorite pizza. It was hot and ready to eat, but not before a toast. Once Darren emerged from the bedroom, Erica couldn't help but smile. He was handsome, and she was going to show him just how much she wanted him. Carefully, she handed him his glass and held up her own for a toast. "To my strong, handsome husband," his smile lit up any room he was in.

"Well, that was sweet." He clinked her glass, "To my strong, handsome wife," he giggled, and so did she.

They began to sip, but she chugged her glass to deal with her nerves. "Whoa," he exclaimed.

"Come up, Darren! Chug it, ya wuss!" She teased, but he met her challenge. They loved to be competitive, and he necked his wine faster than she'd finished her own. Her heart steadied for a moment, now that the potion had been ingested. However, a new wave of anxiety overtook her as she waited for it to take effect.

It could have been a dud, and nothing would have happened, but what if it came true? She topped off his glass with more wine and he grabbed the pizza as they headed to the oversized couch. They had picked out a new romcom they had missed in theaters and snuggled up together.

This was intentional - they usually scrolled their phones while an old show from their teenage years played on repeat on the TV. Now, they were trying to be present. Their dog, Auggie, circled on top of a throw pillow in the corner of the couch, patiently waiting for a slice of pizza that would never come. Erica nuzzled Darren's neck and gave him a peck on the cheek before diving into the XL pizza.

Darren hit play on the movie, and they tucked into their dinner. Erica loved this pizza place - they always made larger pies, for cheaper prices, which meant leftovers for days. One slice down for Erica and she immediately went for another. The two of them laughed and cuddled closer as the movie progressed. Another slice, and then another - Erica was quite hungry.

Darren even commented on it, and Erica was more focused on the movie and teased Darren. At least, trying to tease him. She would grip his thigh with her hand, almost like gripping a safety rail in a car. She'd missed feeling his cock grow hard against her hand, and she could feel it stirring. She smiled, proud of herself.

Four slices, five slices, six slices. Erica couldn't get comfy, needing to readjust her leg position to face in front of her as her hand, almost on autopilot, undid her button on her jean shorts. She'd always been a slender woman, no more than 120 lbs and standing at barely 5'6' - she'd never had a bloated gut like this. What was strange was that it felt... good.

Not just good, it was pleasurable. Her fingers traced her tight belly as they continued watching, neither of the couple noticing what she was up to until it had made a noise. Erica was flummoxed, red in the face as she got up and ran to the bathroom.

"Honey! What's wrong?" Darren called out as he paused the movie.

She said nothing as she entered the bathroom, locking the door behind her. She looked at her belly in the mirror. A belly that should be on a woman who's three months pregnant, not a woman who was eating a larger-than-average meal. Another groan from her belly, and it bloated further, rounding out and feeling fuller. Erica groaned as she grabbed the edge of her sink and looked at herself in horror.

Horror, that slowly turned to intrigue. Why was she intrigued? Well, she noticed two bumps on her nearly flat chest start to form. A cups turned to B cups, then C cups, straining the T-shirt they were in. Nothing mind-blowing, but for Erica, this was huge.

She leaned back to see her belly and tits bulging from her body, rubbing them in shock. But... she enjoyed it. The sensation, the size, the jiggle of the extra fat on her body. It felt like she should be disgusted or worried, but her brain was rewiring itself to say this was good. Not just good, but she should be... bigger.

WHAT'S GOING ON WITH ERICA? Find out next time!