

Back and forth she paced, gathering up all her belongings at the last minute, running her hand through her hair nervously as she made her way through the front door.

"I can't believe I forgot about meeting mom and sis...the worst timing too, because as soon as midnight comes all these are gonna go back to me..." Natasha muttered to herself, staring at the three vials of magic liquid that sat on her end table near the door. She debated bringing them with her to her mother's place; but the thought put her on edge, as her family tended to be just as innately curious as Natasha was. She let out a sigh.

"...I gotta just say I have a lot of work to get done...then come home early and just...figure something out..." Natasha was getting desperate; she was considering going to a nightclub and just letting the fluid spray all over people in the audience. But the thought of being caught mortified her, and kept her sitting on a ticking timebomb until the last possible second. And now she had to go to her mom's place and just pretend like everything is going a-ok at her new apartment!

"Whatever..." She stepped through the door, leaving the vials behind, and made her way to her car, starting the lengthy one hour drive to her mother's place.

The drive was tedious and boring, but she drove into her mother's garage and quickly got out of the car to stretch. Even though it hadn't been all that long yet, she had started to get a bit homesick, especially considering all the weird events happening to her. Making her way up the porch steps, Natasha rang the doorbell, eagerly awaiting for the answer from her mother and sister. As she looked through her beige purse to make sure she had her phone, her eyes went wide at the sight of twinkling glass inside. Somehow, the vials had ended up in her purse. She felt her heart sink as the door swung open, her sister there to greet her with a smile. Natasha quickly snapped her purse up and smiled back at her.

"Hey Nicky!" She opened her arms for a hug, Natasha accepting the embrace with an 'oof!'

"Hey Amy...how's everything been?" Natasha asked, making small talk as she took off her shoes and entered the apartment. Making her way through the foyer and into the dining room, her mother was in the kitchen nearby, preparing dinner.

"Hey sweetie! How was the drive?" She called out, taking a lid off a boiling pot and adding some spices before turning around and greeting her daughter.

"Fine. Couple idiots along the way, you know how that is."

"Oh yeah, especially around here." Her mother agreed, putting on an mitt and opening the oven, rotating the pork that was inside.

"That smells amazing..." Amy stated, nose lifted as she took in the aroma. Natasha nodded in agreement, silently gesturing at her sister to follow her. The two slinked away to the other room, their mother paid no mind, too wrapped up in her cooking to notice.

"So what's up?" Amy asked as Natasha shut the door behind her.

"So...I hate doing this, but I can't really stay the night like we were planning--"

"Oh come ON, Nicky! I thought we were finally gonna be able to spend time together again, you know

how long its been!” Amy chided, arms crossed and expression forlorn. Natasha shrugged her shoulders, the guilt of letting her sister down something that certainly didn't feel great.

“I'm sorry, its just...um...” As her shoulders leaned forward, her purse tipped open, a vial slipping out and clattering against the floor. “Ah, shit!” She went to reach for it, but Amy managed to swipe it first, the bottle rolling to the base of her feet.

“What's this?” She held it up to her face, observing the clear vial curiously.

“Careful!” Natasha's voice was panicked, which only made her sister raise her eyebrow. “I-its...a...new perfume I got and its just...uh...super strong?” The excuse seemed to work, but didn't deter Amy from popping the lid and tapping the open vial against her wrist.

“Well now you got me curious-”

“Amy, no!” Natasha dashed forward, reaching for Amy's arm so she could pull it away, only to cause the vial to splash its entire contents across both of their faces.

“ACK! Nicky, what the FUCK?!” Amy reached up to dry off her face, only to discover that it was already dry. “Wait, what? How...” Every surface that the liquid had touched seemed to absorb it within moments on both ladies in the room.

“...oh shit...Amy, I...” There was no time to explain, however. The effects were kicking in and were going to explain themselves. Amy gasped, pointing down at her sister's backside, contained in a pair of white shorts that were now beginning to pinch at the thighs and bubble out of the top hem.

“N-Natasha, your-EEP!”

\*SHRIIIP\*

The sound of shredding fabric resonated throughout the room, emanating from Amy's failing yoga pants, threads pulling apart at the seams as flesh made its way through. Both girls had started with mere twigs, Amy being just a touch plushier than her thinner sister. But not by much. Now, however, they both sported backsides that pushed out like tables, hips widening out a few centimeters as more and more flesh piled on by the second.

“WHAT'S HAPP-” Natasha rushed over and covered her sister's mouth, shushing her.

“We CANNOT let mom see us like this right now...” She whispered, wincing as her shorts began to ride up, both cheeks rivaling basketballs, before stopping. Running a hand across it, she stepped away from Amy, whose growth continued, bubbles of flesh seeping out of every square inch of the upper part of her pants.

“I think its gonna be kinda hard to HIDE THIS, Natasha!” Amy yelled through her teeth, trying her best to keep it down as her dump truck upgraded to pool equipment, two beach balls that absolutely destroyed her yoga pants and left her wobbling in place, hips pushing out beyond her shoulders. She blushed, looking behind herself and losing all the color she had gained. “...oh...my God...” She went limp, collapsing back onto her new posterior, which caused her body to wobble about as sat atop two prolific cheeks, completely unconscious.

“That...was WAY stronger than the first one...that bitch must have just had one for all the butt growth...evil witch...” She looked over at her sister and frowned, trying to lift her from the spot and into a more comfortable position, but failing, her new ass' weight too much for Natasha to carry. “...I hope I didn't spill the other ones out...” She looked in her purse, only to discover that only one remained in her bag. “Huh? Where...” She looked over, hearing a faint scratching sound come from the floor; the vial moved on its own under the door and out into the other room.

Natasha's eyes flew open, and she attempted to run, only to wobble and stumble backwards onto her new backside. While it hadn't gotten as big as her sister's, it was still a lot of new weight that she was not prepared for. “Shit, shit, shit. Mom!” She looked behind herself, finding her sister's bag, packed with a dress that she could borrow; she grabbed it before pulling it over her backside in a awkward speed walk, trying to stop the bottle at all costs.

Meanwhile, their mother cooked away in the kitchen, music playing as she did so, completely unawares of the happenings in the other room. As she went from oven to stove to fridge, a small object tapped against her foot. She looked down, seeing the offending object: a container of some sort.

“Huh...what's this?” She muttered, bending down and picking it up, dusting it off on her skinny jeans. Popping the cork off, she gave it a sniff, pulling it back away from her face with no reaction. “No smell at all. What is this stuff? Natasha? Amy? Did you two drop anything?” Natasha stepped into the room, trying her best to save face, a big skirt wrapped around her backside. Her mom raised an eyebrow at the sight. “Did you...come here in that?”

“I had a stain on my shorts so I changed...you found my perfume!” Her mother smiled at the statement, and chuckled.

“Perfume, huh? It doesn't smell like anything at all...”

“Y-yeah...its pretty subtle. I think it reacts with your sweat or something...” Her mother smiled.

“Ah, you got it dear. Well, here you are...” As she reached to pass it off to her daughter, the vial jerked back, as if tugged by an invisible string, backwards and downwards, directly down her shirt. The sight caused Natasha's heart to sink. Her eyes went wide and her face grew cold.

“You've gotta be kidding me...”

“What's wrong Nicky? You're so white all of a sudden...” She looked downwards, pulling the vial out from her collar, mystified as to why she wasn't drenched and smelly at that moment.

“Ok, so...um...you gotta promise me you won't panic, ok? I can explain everything...”

“Explain what? Natasha, what are you on abou-” It kicked in. Gasping out, the young mom buckled forward as her chest lunged out in one swift draw, her once average C-cup bust suddenly gaining handfuls of cup sizes, her tank top quickly crawling up her navel to expose her toned stomach.

“What...what the hell...?”

“Mom, trust me, its gonna be fine, just...”

“Natasha, what is going ON?!” Once again, her chest lunged forward, their size beginning to rival as big as her head as her tank top began to strain around the seams, cloth tightening and denting around the front as cleavage spilled out of the top. Natasha went a bright shade of red at the sight; seeing her own mother suddenly get massive tits wasn't something she'd, well, ever anticipate seeing in her life. Ever. And to think that she had a hand in it too! The guilt washed over her as she watched her mom's tank top finally rip to pieces, watermelon sized jugs flopping forwards, causing her mother to slump onto the floor with an “OOF!”

“Mom! Are you ok?”

“Do I LOOK ok right now, Natasha?!” She replied with a panicked exhaustion, flailing a bit on her breasts before pulling herself back up on her feet. Needing to grab the counter for balance, Natasha offered her shoulder to her mother for support. The sight of them was impressive, if not a touch off-putting for Natasha personally. She could still feel the blood stinging in her cheeks as she tried to avoid looking at them directly. Shrugging, Natasha looked off to the side.

“I...I...well, at least its stopped now, right?” Her mother only scoffed.

“Yes, yay for me, Natasha. Truly. Now then, you wouldn't happen to know how to fix this, hm?” Her mother glared at her harshly, hands on her hips. Natasha rubbed the back of her head nervously.

“U-um...well...you see, I-” Before she could finish her sentence, her mother's face went blank as her tits let out a small rumble, pushing out another four inches instantly, slapping against the tops of her thighs. The feeling, mixed with the overwhelming quickness of the situation, made her mother's eyes roll up into her head as she fainted, flopping down onto her front cushions. Natasha tried to help break the fall, but it was too late.

“Fuck...great, I made my sister and I have massive asses, and now my mom...her poor boobs...” She frowned at the sight of her mom, unconscious on the floor, with tits slightly bigger than medicine balls. She rose and fell gently in time with her breath as she slept, and Natasha decided it was best to let her rest. Looking at the clock on the wall, her eyes flew open when she saw the time.

“11:30?! No way its that late already, I...I just got here, like, five minute ago...no way, no way!” She bit her lip, looking around the room in search of her purse. Making her way back to the bedroom, she grabbed her purse from the foot of the bed, her sister still passed out next to it. She dug around inside of it, desperate to find the final vial and make her way...somewhere. The thought was starting to dawn on her; her mother lived out in a deep suburb, far away from most businesses and bars.

She looked back up at the clock. 11:45 P.M.

“Fuck! What's going on?!” Natasha started to panic. She scurried around the room, looking around the floor, on the bed, in the couch, every possible surface she had passed that day, then to other rooms like the garage, the second bedroom, the closets. Nothing. Nowhere to be found. She looked back up at the clock. 11:57. She slumped onto the floor in the living room, defeated. “Its no use...I'm fucked.” Eyes scanning across the floor, her eyes caught a sparkle from underneath the end table near the couch. “You gotta be kidding me...” Crawling over to the object revealed the vial, sitting like it had been there the whole time, right by the couch. “Well...I guess I found it.” She picked it up and paced the rooms, making her way to the bedroom with her sister in it. She knew she didn't have much time. Looking at her sister, still passed out from her growth episode, Natasha removed the cork from the vial and stepped

close to her, holding the container over her.

“Sorry sis...I just...can't...” She flipped her wrist over, but was shocked when no fluid left the vial.

Natasha looked at the clock. It was 12:00 AM. Her time was up.

A rush of heat started to flood into her chest, taking her aback and causing her to stumble into the wall behind her, dropping the vial to the floor and hearing it 'clink' and roll away from her. “Nonono! No, please, no, just...gimme one more day, please, I'm begging you! AHHN!” She thrust her head back, feeling her breasts wriggle in the confines of her bra, fabric starting to tighten as flesh pushed its way out. Her cleavage poured over her top, space quickly dominated as her once nearly flat chest quickly grew to a DD in seconds flat. Natasha screamed out at the sight of it, sliding her plush ass down the wall as she lost balance, eyes wide and glued to the cleavage that continued to rise up towards her.

Her clothes shredded, the sound of cloth tearing to shreds once again echoing throughout the house. Natasha winced, tits flopping about as big as her head, still pulsing bigger and bigger by the second.

Her heart sank once more, however, as her hands flew to her backside. It, too, was heating up once again.

“No...no you have to be kidding me...the last one left did BOTH?!”

Like two cannon balls her ass cheeks shot out, ballooning instantly and doubling in size within seconds, the distinct *zip* of fabric heard as she quickly raised up, shirt still caught between her back and the wall behind her. Natasha's ass now rivaled her sister in size, her boost in size seemingly over in seconds, and marking the end of her overall growth, tits now as big as basketballs.

It was all too much. Natasha joined in the rest of the family and passed out as well, leaving the home quiet for the rest of the night.

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“I'm telling you, that's all I know about this!”

“But it doesn't make *sense*, dear-”

“Mom, I told you already! None of this makes sense! Look at us! Look at my ass right now-look at both Natasha's and my ass right now and tell me ANY of this makes fucking sense!”

“Ok, ok, let's just...let's calm down...” Natasha begged her family to return to reason.

The morning had come. With it were some incredible screams of terror, followed by hours of crying. Now came the argument afterwards, where blame was thrown and frustration was vented.

“I am clearly a victim in all this too! I didn't *pack* those vials, they appeared in my bag! They fucking...mysteriously rolled out into the kitchen, and then suddenly just...popped down your shirt. Clearly I am not in control of this whatsoever!”

“And you're telling me that the witch that lives in the new town you live in *is*?” Their mother asked,

monotonously. Natasha nodded. Their mother then stood, wordlessly moving to her room, breasts wobbling to and fro as she did so, her face wincing from the tug and pull she was still not used to.

“C'mon you two. There's room for all of us if we take two vehicles.” Natasha looked over at her sister with a worried expression.

“Oh God...she's not planning on-”

“Confrontation? To see if this is all true? When don't I plan on that, Natasha?” Her mother responded as she stepped back out into the living room, keys in hand, jacket pulled just barely around her torso-dominating knockers.

“I can't believe you want to go out like this at all...”

“They can't see us in the car. And I don't particularly care about how some strangers in a town I don't live in think about how weird I look. Now come on.” Natasha stopped in her tracks, Amy laughing at the scene that had unfolded.

“Daaamn...that's our Renae...momma gonna kick some ass!” Amy cheered, Natasha merely glaring back over at her, adjusting herself. She was lucky enough to have tits smaller than her mother, and by a decent amount. The ass the size of her sister's, however, she could do without...

“I...think this is a really bad idea...” Natasha couldn't help but remember just how scary that woman at the shop had been. And explaining that with words was nearly impossible.

But the only way for her mother to stop was to see for herself.

And so, the three of them crammed into two vehicles, Renae and Natasha in one, and Amy in the other. They drove for over an hour to get to the lone antique shop, not taking one pit stop before they had gotten there, parking over at Natasha's place and walking the rest of the way. Natasha knew, from the month she had lived there, that no one really walked around this early in the morning in this part of the neighborhood. A lucky break for them.

It took a minute or two to completely get out of the car. Renae had to go one tit at a time, and Amy found herself getting stuck in her car's smaller sized door. The frustration was palpable as they made their way into the business, once again having to finesse their curves through the door, stumbling a bit as they entered. Regaining her composure, Renae made her way up to the front desk, where a redhead sat, reading a large tome that covered her face. Renae cleared her throat.

“Excuse me. Ma'am.” Renae spoke loudly and clearly. The voice was familiar to Amy and Natasha and made them cringe. The classic “mom” voice used to scold them when they were in trouble. The redhead behind the book, however, didn't move an inch. “Alright, I know you can hear me, so let me just say...that whatever the *hell* you think you're doing here...to my daughters and I...its...weird, and...silly and fucked up and probably illegal. So...I'm gonna ask one time...nicely. Make us normal and we'll be on our way and you'll NEVER see any of us again...” Finished with her speech, Renae crossed her arms under her tits, confident in what she had said. After a moment, the book shut quickly in front of the redhead, her eyes shut. Setting the book aside, she slowly stood, eyes sharply opening and making eye contact with Renae; she felt her heart turn to ice as she froze to the spot. The readhead smirked, sitting back down in her chair as it slowly rose upwards, ever-so-slightly.

“Some nerve you lot have. Coming in and making such...lofty demands...” She sauntered around the counter, all three women frozen to the spot, unable to move anything, eyes wide with fear as they stared at the intimidating entity before them. “You think I hand this shit out like candy? Think I don't put thought into any of this? Your daughter over here...she's the reason you're all in this mess in the first place. Did you know that?”

“No, mom, that is not true...” Natasha defended herself, shaking her head.

“Oh, it is...” The redhead waved her hand in the air, a circle forming in dust before becoming a solid surface, a projected image showing Natasha in the shop, buying the linseed oil. Her mother and sister both gasped.

“Natasha! What the hell! You didn't mention that you bought and used that stuff.” Natasha went red at the reveal.

“I...didn't think that part mattered...” She shook her head, trying to get the fog out from it. “I was tricked! I bought it thinking it might just make them look a little better, I didn't think it'd make me fill my couch!”

“And you came back, and I gave you a chance to dole it out amongst whoever you felt like. And for whatever strange reason...you decided to visit family on the last day.” Tiffany explained, rolling her eyes. “Dear, I don't understand why you could have possibly thought that was a good idea. You can't blame my vials for getting a little...antsy either. So...” She shrugged.

“You...you...you tricked me!” Natasha accused, tears in her eyes. Tiffany merely scoffed.

“And you are such an honest person yourself, dear? Let's take a look, shall we...?” The image changed and warped, showing Natasha back at her mom's place, vial in hand next to her sister, right before she tried to pour what she thought was a full vial. Natasha's face went pale.

“No!”

“What the fuck...? Natasha! You...you were gonna...” Amy looked over at her sister, hurt and shocked by the sight of it. Natasha brought her hands to her face, feeling coming back to them all as the screen disappeared.

“I'm sorry, I just...I couldn't-”

“The lengths you mortals go to.” Tiffany spoke again, gaining all of their attention once more. They gasped; she had suspended herself in the air by a few feet, book back in hand, moving towards the center of the three women. Growing bored and slightly irritated, she took the time for them to hash out their feelings before interrupting. “So...virtuous and good and simple...until put into a situation like that, you find yourselves able to accomplish all the good in the world.” She snorted. “So typical. Hundreds of years I've lived and yet, this never changes.”

“So...what, you just...you just spend all your time fucking with other women? Messing with their bodies? What's the matter with you, anyways? What are you?” Renae shouted at the redhead, furious but still unable to fully move. Tiffany stared at her for a moment, then looked to the ground. The chair

slowly drifted downwards until it touched the floor with a soft “thud”. She stood, slowly stepping over to Renae, wordlessly, heels clacking on the hardwood floor with each step.

“Its a long story, really.” She replied with a smile. “And I've told it one too many times for it to be as interesting to tell for me. So I'll just spell it out for you:” She touched the surface of Renae's tits, a little zap of electricity flashing over her cleavage as she gasped. They suddenly rumbled forwards, spilling out across her knees and down onto the floor, form smooshing out across the surface as they became as big as tractor tires, Renae's eyes unable to look away from them. “At some point, I had a purpose for what I did. I did it to uplift women. To make them sexier and more confident. I also did it to ruin other women. To make it so they couldn't be respected or listened to. The body is a powerful thing to sculpt. And I molded it to whatever I chose for a very long time...” She stepped over to Amy, her fingers grazing her average chest. Amy tried to reach her hands up to stop it, but still found herself too weak. Her chest erupted with flesh, flat chest turning full as two melons the size of honeydews struggled to be contained in her top. She screamed out, and was promptly ignored by Tiffany, who began to move towards Natasha, a terrified look on her face.

“So...now that enough time has passed, and things have changed to the point where body standards no longer hold as strong a grip on modern society...” Tiffany continued to explain, standing before Natasha, who shivered at the sight of her, looking up at the tall redhead as she brought a hand down towards her. “I just got...” she touched an acrylic nail to the pale flesh sticking out from Natasha's tight top. “...bored.” She scraped her nail across as she said it, Natasha crying out as her tits burst through her shirt, basketballs suddenly shooting up to be as big as medicine balls, then beach balls, then finally yoga balls, all the way down to her knees, before they decided to stop. Natasha's eyes nearly popped out of her head at the sight of them. Her scream caught in her throat.

“So I'll give you all a bit of advice: when you buy products from a store, ask a salesperson to help. Ok? We do get commission from it so its very, very helpful for us. And if you could fill out the survey on the back of the receipt, it'll help us out in figuring out exactly what we need to improve around here. So...ok, bye!” She snapped her fingers, the three buxom women disappearing from the shop without another sound. Tiffany let out a sigh, loosening her corset and flopping down on the chair. She looked up to the ceiling, eyes narrowed and face frustrated.

“So how long are you gonna keep me doing this, anyways?”

THE END.