

Sabine drummed her fingers on the table as she waited for Lyla. It had only been a week since they had met, but every minute of it had rankled her nerves—as she said to anyone who would listen. And yet, despite the vocal dislike, she was anticipating the other woman's arrival, her eyes flicking to the window each time someone walked past. While she outwardly wished to be as far away as she could be from the apparent apprentice of the magic arts, it was hard to ignore that she was effectively on another date with her.

Hopefully, today was the last time. Hopefully, today Lyla would say she had a way to undo the curse that had caused them to both grow a significant, and ever increasing, amount of boob. As if that was not enough, they were both lactating after the witch-in-training had used the incantation that was supposed to halt the spell's effects.

She still was not entirely certain why they were both growing. Lyla had rambled on about how the result was ostensibly from both casting in anger and using a blessing as a curse. So although Sabine had been the target of the spell, she was experiencing reciprocal growth. As much as Sabine grew, she would grow more.

The extent of that development was evident as she came into the cafe, her long coat open with a scarf tucked into it. Her upper body was dominated by the biggest set of tits Sabine had ever seen and that was saying something considering both her own significant endowments and the fact that they had been together for many hours of the last seven days.

The slim-waisted, raven-haired woman hung her long coat on the hook outside the booth. Her otherwise baggy shirt was struggling to fit around a pair of boobs nearly as big as her head. Bright caramel cleavage spilled out of the stretched out collar and flashed from under the shirt's hem. Suspended as it was, the shirt half way up her toned stomach, showing off even more skin as well as vibrant, intricate tattoos. It was not just her shirt that was strained either, the waistband of her jeans was very obviously digging into her hips.

“Thanks for meeting with me again,” she said as she pulled off her gloves and undid her scarf.

”How're you doing?”

Even with her off-putting, ice-blue eyes, her raised eyebrows and her purple-stained lips combined into an expression that read as both concern and pity. Sabine felt her heart flutter before she thought to brush off the feeling that Lyla cared. She then instantly regretted it, the young witch really was trying.

The thought that she genuinely regretted her actions and was trying her very best to atone for them was a relatively new development. At the outset, the college sophomore had been certain the only reason the voodoo priestess, or whatever Lyla happened to be, was trying to find a solution was because she, too, was growing. Sabine had fully believed that the witch-in-training only wanted to help to make sure her master did not find out and that she did not grow to immobility.

“Oh, I'm great. Never better, I always wanted to add six inches and who knows how many pounds to my bust. Did you know I'm a friggin' 36F now? Want to know how I know? I went out and bought clothes when you told me things should be winding down and yet, here we are.”

Lyla shushed her and leaned in to whisper, standing on her tip-toes to do so. Her hands were spread wide on the raised table for balance, which only accentuated her bustline. “It, uh, it looks like you haven't grown all that much since yesterday at least?”

Sabine smirked, the regard she was feeling swelling in spite of herself. “You know that's a lie. If anything, I'm growing faster than ever. In the three days since you said you undid the spell, I've gained three inches. I'm college student. I can't afford bras this big, especially if I'm gonna keep growing!”

“I was trying to be hopeful, everything seemed like it was part of the spell resolving, but you're right. I know I've added at least two inches since last night alone.”

“If you grew two, I'm probably up about one myself.” Sabine said as she let out a sigh and looked down. After just a week, her once barely-there boobs were each almost bigger than what she could cup with one hand. Even the generously over sized sweater dress she had bought a couple days ago was being pulled down to reveal pale skin. Though she had relived herself that morning, filling most of a moderately sized mason jar with breast milk, the shadows of veins were already starting to show.

“I had no idea the ending incantation would cause things to accelerate like this,” Lyla said as she slipped into the booth. Her considerable boobs jiggling with each hopping scoot. The witch reached out to put her hand on Sabine's arm. “I really am sorry.”

Sabine avoided the touch, raising her arm to tuck a loose lock of black hair back behind her ear. She looked out the window at the fall weather. “You're more sorry your frigging curse rebounded on you, I'm sure.”

“Not really,” Lyla laughed, setting off more jiggling. “I had been considering altering my figure for a while now. It's honestly why the spell was the first one that came to mind. I had been practicing it before I went to get groceries. I would never have do it ff I had known that casting it as a curse would mean I could not dispel it.”

She snapped her fingers. “Oh! That reminds me. Speaking of the results of trying to dispel, I filled half a mason jar this morning. How, um, how much are you making at this point?”

“About the same, maybe a little less.” She had not bothered to measure and had, instead, squeezed herself for relief while in the shower. “That fascinating fact aside, even if you could turn it off, you were willingly going to blow up your boobs to the size of watermelons? Are you insane?”

“Maybe? I do talk to spirits and think that burning candles can change the outcome of an event. Those are both pretty insane things, wouldn't you say?”

“That's...well...” Despite herself, Sabine blushed. Her ignorant words from their first meeting being thrown back at her.

“You know, maybe the reason I've been so shitty towards you is I hate that I made someone so positive act in such a negative way.” She blinked after she said it, realizing she had accidentally vocalized her thought.

Lyla flashed her a grin. “I'm glad we got that out of the way. I mean, that is to say, I appreciate that you've stopped feeling like I was out to get you.”

Sabine put her hands back on the table and Lyla placed hers over them.

“Do you want to come up to my place as see if this new spell does the trick?”

“You've been holding out on me to see if I'd apologize?” She jerked away. “I can't believe you! Can't believe I had finally let myself think you cared!”

“Nononono!” The apprentice waved her hands frantically. “That's not it! I figured it out last night. I was going to do the spell at your place so you'd be more comfortable and-”

“Oh!” Sabine sat back, crossing her arms under her bust. “Why didn't you say that then?”

“I thought it was obvious, I forget you don't intuit the way I do. Though I also suspect you don't think about safe set and setting the same way I have to either.”

“How so?”

“Casting spells correctly needs to happen in a place and at a time when both parties feel comfortable.”

“Then how do those street vendors tell fortunes?”

“They are comfortable communing with any and all city spirits nearby. For them, being outside is a safe place.”

“Okay...so why do it at my place if I was still hostile? Not saying I'm not-”

“Oh, I know. You'll likely never completely trust me, but I'm used to that. Anyway, um, right! Your place. That's mostly so that you didn't think I was taking you somewhere to experiment on you or something like that.”

“Ah.”

They sat quietly for a moment, sipping their drinks and watching students other students moving about on campus.

“So, Lyla, uh, is your place close?”

The witch's apartment was actually one of the spaces over the row of shops the cafe was in. The small flat was a couple rooms centered around an open kitchen. A couple bowls were in the sink with a pot. A rice cooker was on standby. The two bedrooms were walled with bookshelves jammed full. A

low, square table sat in the room to the left and a pillow was on the floor nearby. It was covered in open books, candles, and notes. On the right, an unmade bed was against the wall between two shelves. Folded clothes were in a pile on it.

“Sorry for the mess, I’ve not really had time to do anything with all the research I’ve been doing.”

“I can understand. So, how do we undo the spell?”

“I need a moment to prepare and then it’ll just be a quick couple of words.” She walked over to the table. “Can you help me with this?”

They picked up the table and moved it to the side, revealing a complex circle drawn in faded chalk. Lyla then grabbed a big piece of chalk and retouched the lines. “Can you grab those candles? The ones on the shelf.”

“These?” Sabine held up a pillar of green wax as thick as her arm. It had a complex series of runes inscribed on the surface underneath rivulets of melted wax from being used a couple times.

“Yeah. Put that green one over there, it represents the energy from the Earth, the grounding influence of dirt, the steady power of the roots of trees.”

“What about these other three?”

“Air, Water, and Fire, each of the principle elements correspond to a cardinal direction. Together, they form a universe inside the circle. A place where my will can be absolute.”

“If that’s the case, why do you need a spell to undo the the other one? Why not just say go back to normal?”

“Because I altered reality with the first spell, your normal is growing. Also, it’s not just like your tits are filling up with milk like water balloons. You’ve grown new glands, you’re producing new hormones, your musculature is adjusting to the new weights on your chest. Your entire physiology, and mine as well, has been changed drastically. I need a formula to account for all of those changes, else something won’t get undone and who knows what that could do to either of us.”

“Ah, I had no idea.”

“It's why I was really hoping the other half of the spell would work because now I've had to cobble something together from other stuff and there's no guarantee it will even work. Now just give me a second, I need to center myself.”

Unsure of what to do while Lyla hummed, Sabine browsed the bookshelves. Many were old leather-bound tomes, their titles written in all manner of languages. Among them however, were books and names recognized. Classic fantasy novels, works of philosophy, even some rule books for DnD.

“All right, I just need you to grab the jar of my milk from this morning out of the fridge.”

“You saved it?”

“Yeah, it's a crucial component to undoing this. We are going to need to produce the end product in order to satisfy the spell's intent. As I think I've told you, this was a spell in a fertility ritual. That's why the growth centers around endlessly increasing volume and lactation.”

Sabine snapped to attention, the milk in her hand.

Lyla continued. “We'll make an offering to the circle--”

“What do you mean by 'endlessly increasing'?”

“Um, well, you're supposed to let the spell go until you're happy with the size and then use the other half of the spell to remain at that level for a couple days while trying to get pregnant. That's why I wasn't sure the dispelling incantation hadn't worked until I grew another whole inch.”

“Okay, I can get behind that. Is that why you also didn't try to use the incantation until a few days ago? You weren't sure if this,” she squished her hand to her chest, “was even the full spell.”

“No, I knew right away and could've done that the very next day.” Lyla crossed her arms.

“However, with this being a curse, I knew it would not work until we had reconciled. Until you actually showed some amount of remorse for all the time spent making fun of me.”

“Remorse?!” Sabine crossed the room to stand in the circle with Lyla. The lines on the floor flickered. “The only remorse I feel is believing that you actually cared beyond stabilizing your own transformation. You know what I think about my remorse?” She smashed the jar on the floor and turned

to walked away only to be transfixed as the bits of the circle splashed by the milk flared to life and the creamy fluid faded away.

Lyla stared at the floor as the glow spread towards her then her gaze snapped up. Her eyes were incandescent. The tattoos tracing her collarbone flared to life and crawled up her cheeks like vines. Her raven hair ignited, there was no other word for it, as her foremost locks began to burn with a turquoise light.

“Nine fucking hells, Sabine. Why did you do that?!”

“I...I don't know. I just-” Sabine dropped to her knees, her arms hugging her body as best they could. The lines from the circle etched themselves into her legs and began to pulse.

“Do you have any idea what you've done?” More of her hair caught fire and the vine-like tattoos blossomed into red daisies.

Sabine wanted to run, to hide, but she could not tear her gaze away from the witch, much less free herself from the spell circle. “No, I-”

“Intention is what gives a spell shape. That was why I waiting for us to reconcile, not whatever grudge you seem to think I have. If we had been anything but friends, no spell would work and now...”

The circle was glowing fully now, bathing the room in pink light. At once Sabine was gripped by warmth spreading from her knees and calves. She was struck by the particular feeling of liquid sloshing around inside, as if her entire body was a bottle. There was a pop and she was overcome with the sensation of that fluid beginning to flow out of her. Slow and first and then as a trickle, she felt the spell's effect lessen. Already her boobs were shrinking, the soft flesh withdrawing as the heat ran down her legs and drenched her shirt. She felt the spell drain out of her feet and shins, seeming to fill the lines of the circle with even brighter pink light as if they were hoses pumping the spell out of her.

At the same time, she could see the lines tracing their way up Lyla's legs. A tear opened up in her shirt collar as her bustline surged suddenly, turning the t-shirt into a v-neck. With each figurative ounce Sabine felt leave her body, the rip deepened as more of Lyla's bright caramel tit flesh fought to escape

cloth confines. Her nipples, too, grew rapidly. The circular tents thickening from roughly the size of a dime to that of a nickel in the span of a couple seconds. Dark spots began to spread over her shirt as her body's production of milk intensified.

Lyla's eyes rolled into the back of her head as she collapsed onto the floor as well. She was groping herself eagerly, laughing as she traced circles around her nipples. "You know what. I don't care. This....this feels so amazing!"

"What's happening? Why do I feel...so weird?"

The witch gripped her pants and managed to focus. "It's because of the jar. When you smashed it, you rejected the spell. Now it's flowing into me, the total growth becoming one."

As Lyla's tits continued to inflate, her areolae changed before Sabine's eyes. The darker skin puffed up to envelop her still growing nipples, creating obvious mounds that pushed her deep neckline aside. The fraying hem of her shirt was caught on them, keeping the fabric from just riding up as ever more flesh tested it.

"Does this..." Sabine hesitated, biting her finger. "Does this mean I could go back to actually normal?"

"Yes!" Lyla said as she bust surged, "In fact, give it all to me! You don't want to be different from how you were and this is your chance. I wanted this and it feels so good."

The flow out of Sabine became a torrent as she realized she had an out. What replaced the magic however, was her former resentful thoughts. How could Lyla be enjoying this? She was becoming a freak, her body developing in oversexed fertility goddess. Realizing she was doing it, it occurred to her that while she was rejecting the spell, she was also rejecting Lyla.

The memory of her and friends dumping paint on the witch some weeks ago crossed her mind and she retched. How could she have been so cruel? She didn't want to be that person anymore, but who she had become was tied up in these absurd, milk-filled tits. And yet, the person she had become had sat up late trading stories with someone she had more in common with than any of her so-called friends. That

Sabine cared about someone in a way she had only ever cared about herself. Sure, they looked at the world with completely different lenses, but there was a chemistry there.

“I don't want to give this up though. This connection, the spending time together. I like you, more than I want to admit. I'm just...I'm just so scared. This was all so new to me and to have my first magical experience be so personal...”

“Break the circle then!”

“What?”

“The circle. Break it by blowing out one of the candles. Don't worry about dismissing the spirit, I'll make it up to them later!”

Sabine puffed at the white candle and it guttered then went out. With a feeling like twisting a spigot closed, she felt the spell stop draining away. In a wave, the pink light began to fade. What remained was flowing towards Lyla.

The feeling of being a bottle dissipated and she could not confirm how much of the magic remained in her body. Her bust was down to a comparatively reasonable volume, but it was still a significant change from how she was before. The pounding pain of needing to expel was gone, but her nipples still twinged with each beat of her racing heart.

The button on Lyla's pants hit Sabine in the shoulder as the witch's hips continued to swell and expand. She dug her fingers into the taut flesh as her curves swelled impossibly. Already wider than her shoulders at this point, her hips were showing no signs of stopping their expansion. The growth had spread to her thigh well. Each was quickly becoming as thick as her waist. Tiny rips formed in her jeans, letting her flesh bubble out.

“I'm so...so big!”

“I'm sorry, I didn't move fast enough.”

“It's okay. It really is. Don't forget, this is sort of what I wanted...a bit more than I had planned, but I'll live.”

As she rolled back and forth in her enjoyment, Sabine caught glimpses of her expanding ass. With the last remaining transfer of spell power, Lyla's cheeks pulsed larger, as if being pumped up by the fluid-like energy coursing through the lines of power on the floor. Steadily the rest of her widened, her body stretching to accommodate her new endowments. Her trim waist bulked up, piling on core musculature until it better matched up to her flared hips.

It seemed like the spell was almost over, the light of the circle all but extinguished. Only, Lyla was still growing, likely the effect of two full spells trying to fit within her. The rip in her shirt reached the bottom hem, rendering the tee a very poor plunge bra that was squeezing her tight. Her areolae were spilling out, pushing the frayed cloth aside. The folded cloth was doing everything it could to hold together as it was forced to contend with ever wider tits. Although restrained, they curved out past her shoulders now and the rounded edge of their bottoms pressed against her considerably more muscular stomach.

“Alright,” Lyla said as she struggled to get to her feet. “Now I'm starting to get worried.”

“Yeah, shouldn't you have stopped growing by now?”

“Yup, unless...” Lyla was quiet for a moment, the swore. “The rule of three, of course.”

“What's that now?”

“That which you do unto others will return unto you thrice. It would seem the curse backlash is not....mmm...satisfied with how much I've already grown.”

Sabine gasped. “I...I had no idea! I'm sorry.”

Lyla opened her mouth to continue when the weight finally was too much for the tortured cotton and her shirt snapped open. Swinging free, her slowly leaking tits were even more impossible looking. Even unsupported, they were impossibly round on her chest, as if the milk was filling them like a water balloon.

“Oh wow,” Her hands moved involuntarily, her fingers digging into the soft flesh of her areolae. Milk spattered all over her body as her words trailed off into moans. With ever louder and deeper

gasps, she coaxed her body towards an orgasm. Dipping into the soft flesh, she pulled her nipples free, revealing them to be even thicker than quarters and about as long as her thumb. She began to stroke them. “This feels...I, uh, I can't even describ-ah!”

A burst of milk gushed out of her tits as she dropped to her back and began to buck. Even with that release, it was hard to dismiss the fact that she was still growing. With each passing second, more of her torso was consumed by her ever expanding bust. As she struggled to sit up, her arms could not even reach around all of the soft, sensitive flesh.

“Do you...uhhh...want a hand?” It was the first thing that came to mind as she shifted awkwardly in her oversized sweater dress, the stretched collar falling out her shoulder.

“Yes, please. Help me up, I have to...have to..mmm!” There was another rending sound as her jeans came apart at the seams, the denim no longer able to withstand her expansion. “Get me out of the circle. Please!”

Sabine grabbed Lyla from behind, her own boobs still big enough to rest on the witch's shoulders. With a heave, she dragged them both away from the spell until they collapsed half way to Lyla's bed. She rolled over, draping her body over Lyla's. Her arms did not reach the floor. The gentle sway of the witch's breathing made it feel like lying on a water bed. The glowing in her hair and eyes faded. Her tattoos receded.

“These are impossible. You know that right. How are you going to move around, much less actually function?”

“I know a spell or two to temporarily suspend the effects. Besides, most of my house work is done by spirits I give offerings to and it's not like I have a steady job.”

She shifted and Sabine gasped as a nipple brushed between her legs. Involuntarily she began to hump, rubbing her crotch against the nub through her panties.

“Lyla...I...I need you.” She could feel her face was burning up.

“Oh, do you now?” Her arm snaked around the other woman's hip, holding her close. “That's

good, because I want you.”

Their lips met and Sabine began to grind harder. Lyla worked her other nipple as occasional pulses of growth pushed against her fingers.

As milk began to flow, Sabine could feel herself growing again. Only this time she welcomed it. She stood up only long enough to removed her dress and panties before returning to her position astride Lyla's nipple. A twitching buck a moment later somehow managed to shove Lyla into her which only intensified the growth. It was only a few seconds before Sabine's bust had swollen enough for Lyla to tease her nipples.

As if that connection completed a circuit both women were hit with a burst of energy as muscles clenched and screams were ripped from their throats. Collapsing into the veritable valley of breast flesh, Sabine passed out.

She woke the next morning in Lyla's bed, the smell of pancakes wafting through the apartment. The witch had her back to her and it was certainly a sight to see. Aside from an apron, she was naked. Her shelf-like ass quivered with each movement, her powerful thighs and calves flexing as she shifted her back and forth in front of the stove.

More impressive were Lyla's tits. Curving way beyond her shoulders, they easily fell around her navel. From the way they hung, the spell's odd elasticity was still in effect, making her improbable bust even more impossible. A spatula was at the ready before her, but, oddly, she had a hand on either hip.

“She's awake? What does she think of the outfit?”

Sabine shifted to get up and was hit with the realization of just how much she had grown—and not just in the boob department. While her tits were impressive, each spilling over her hand, the rest of her was more so. She sat up, letting her fingers play over her her abs. Her legs were shaky as she got to her feet, her eye level rising to the shelf above. As she walked, she could feel power coursing through her as muscles she had never had played over each other.

“Good morning!” Lyla put her arm around her hips. “Sleep well?”

“I suppose so.” Her voice was darker, more sultry. “What, what happened?”

“My guess is that, satisfied with out connection, the fertility ritual did its best with two women. Since I was already so far to one side, it channeled masculine energy into you and that's why you're an amazon now.”

Sabine flexed, enjoying the feeling of her muscle contracting. “Are we going to be like this forever?”

“I'm not sure, in theory we've peaked and should start returning to normal.”

“I'm not saying out bodies, I'm saying us. You know...Do you want to go out with me?”

“Oh! Why, yes. Yes I do.”