

It had been almost a week since the mishap with the milk that brought Sabine and Lyla together. A heavy snow storm the morning after had kept them shut up in Lyla's apartment. Maybe it was lingering effects from the spell but, whatever it was, Sabine fell in love with Lyla all over again each morning and the witch-in-training seemed to reciprocate if her morning attentions were any indication.

When they were not having intense moments of mutual masturbation or frenzied sessions of grinding or fucking each other with Lyla's surprising collection of strap-ons, Sabine passed the time reading as Lyla did witchy work. They spent the evenings sitting up and watching the fire. Even with two feet on Lyla, Sabine could snuggle down in her girlfriend's cleavage like a blanket until the burning need to connect drowned out the flames.

They had gone out yesterday to get things from the store, Lyla's magic humming to keep their overwhelming presences managed. For the most part that had gone well, Lyla only knocked over one display of cans and Sabine managed to only bump her head twice, but it was a reminder the world was moving on around them.

It was that thought that was on Sabine's mind as she looked up from her laptop, "Hey, love?"

The sound of stone grinding against stone paused. "Yes?" Lyla called from around the corner on the other side of her apartment.

"Not to sound ungrateful, because I'm not, but, uh, it's been nearly a week and we're still exactly the same. Winter break will end soon and I'll have to go back to classes. I can't exactly walk in still being eight feet tall and built like I fight bears for fun."

"I missed part of that, hold on." Lyla stepped into view and Sabine felt her breath catch. Even though she had spent nearly every hour over the last five days with her new girlfriend, seeing her was always oddly inspiring.

Perhaps it was the network of ornate tattoos that ran from chest to ankle and seemed to dance with a life of their own. Maybe it was her caramel skin which shined with a brightness that rivaled her personality. Her hair, eyes and lips were all enchanting. However, that Lyla could only wear smocks

and long socks since nothing else fit around her hips or chest was probably the real cause.

From head to toe, she was both curvy and powerful. Her thick calves and thighs supported a bubble butt that qualified as a shelf. It was her bust however, that was particularly striking. Simply gargantuan, with curves that were considerably wider than her shoulders. They hung off her as full tear drops that ended around her navel, as if supported through whatever magic had caused their growth,

“What was that, goddess mine?”

Sabine blushed at Lyla's recently given pet name for her. “I, um, I was saying that winter break was over soon and that I would need to go back to classes and that my appearance will be rather...noticeable.”

“I could see that being a problem,” she said crossing her arms over her bust. “My glamour allowed us to go out like normal yesterday but, I'm not sure I could maintain it if we were even a small distance apart.”

“Could we maybe ask your teacher?”

Lyla put her hands up and stepped back. “Oh, no. No, no, no. Not a chance in all Nine Hells.”

“That bad?”

“Worse than that even. I've been dreading seeing her flock outside my window every morning since I cursed us.”

Sabine got to her feet, stooping to make sure her head did not hit the ceiling as she walked towards her hyper buxom girlfriend. “Look, Lyla, I know how scary it can be to tell your teacher you've fucked up but, since moment one this has been over your head.”

Lyla swallowed and nodded.

Realizing that might have sounded like a reprimand, Sabine put a hand on the witch-in-training's shoulder. “But, you did the best you could despite that. So don't beat yourself up over how the spell turned out. Also don't think I want to change because I don't like how I look right now. I love being this powerful, towering sex machine and I really love you being the shape you are, more than I ever

expected. If we lived in the middle of no where, like on a farm, and it was just us there'd be no issue but..."

"Being eight feet tall with the sex drive of a bull in heat isn't exactly compatible with life in a college town," Lyla finished before she dropped onto the bed. The wooden frame creaked from the sudden weight and her boobs quivered for a full minute.

"You know, I wanted this to some extent, but it's not like things are any better for me. Even with a disguise spell, my mass still exists. I knock stuff over all the time now with these things," she finished with a hearty slap on her tits which set them to quaking once more.

"Maybe she can teach you a way to put us back to normal?"

"Like I said before, that is your normal now."

Sabine crossed her arms and put a finger to her lip. "Why the glamour at all then? Why the deception? Wouldn't I have always been this big?"

"No no, my magic isn't that strong. Besides, if that was the case wouldn't I have an apartment with french doors or something to account for this massive rack?"

"Okay so, what if," Sabine scrunched up her face. "What if, it's not that I've always been an amazon, but it's like the space I occupy in reality can only hold one version of me. Like, when I change the appearance of my character in a game. I essentially loaded a new version of me over the old one and in doing so overwrote the memory of old me. And though there is no old me to go back to, people still remember old me because it's really just a cosmetic change. I'm still the same player character."

"It's a very modern way of thinking about it, but yeah. That's how I understand it to work."

"Would creating a back up of us as we are now be something you could do?"

Lyla's shoulders slumped. "I am not confident that I could."

Sabine sat on the bed next to her. She snaked a muscular arm around her chesty girlfriend and pulled her close. "I believe in you all the same, even if you can't."

"Thanks," she said snuggling into Sabine's very large traps. Her finger traced the curves of

abdominal muscle through a t-shirt tight enough to be a second skin. “It's just...after this, I've lost a lot of faith in my abilities. I couldn't even fix a spell I had spent months studying, how am I supposed to actually craft brand new spells for clients?”

“Isn't that what you've been doing this whole time?”

“I mean, I guess? Mixing herbs into cosmetics and medicine is fairly mundane wouldn't you say?”

“About as mundane as candles creating universes within chalk lines on a floor.”

Lyla laughed at that. “I feel like we're going to get so much mileage of this exchange. Okay, okay, I'll contact Grandmother Walkingstick.”

She got up out of bed slowly before ambling over to her altar. She began to chant as she lit a charcoal disk and set it in a small cauldron filled with sand. Her cadence rose and fell as she sprinkled splinters of Crepe Myrtle over the charcoal. The smell of summer filled the room as the bits of wood began to burn.

As Lyla continued to chant and the vine-like tattoos climbed up her face, Sabine was enraptured. It was amazing to her just how powerful her girlfriend was. As she chanted each word was precise, each moment controlled. It was a marked difference from the laid back woman she had come to know.

There was a moment at the window and Sabine turned to look at it. Sitting on the sill was a single crow. Then another joined it, then two more on the light post behind. They began to caw in a way that seemed to complement Lyla's chanting. Sabine got up to look at such a peculiar occurrence. As she did, two more birds joined the others. Within seconds of her arriving at the window, the street was covered in crows.

Lyla's chanting rose to a wail. The crows were cawing as one. There was a sudden, rolling boom that seemed to come from everywhere. The chant ended in a crescendo with 'welcome, my teacher' ringing in the air. Then, came a knock at the door. Not the kind of a clenched fist, but of something large trying to break in.

“That would be my Grandmother arriving.”

Another bang. Lyla walked over to Sabine and offered her hand. Sabine took it as a third bang blew the door open.

Standing in the door way was a very small, very grim woman in a crow mask and a hooded blue robe. One eye blazed with golden power, the other was covered by two crossed leather pieces. She clutched a broom in one hand and staff twice as tall as her in the other. From its crook hung hundreds of strands of glass beads that clattered with the sound of a gentle rain.

When she did not immediately chastise them, Lyla bowed as well as she could.

“You are looking well, Grandmother.”

“Oh, pah. I'm older'n ever an' ye know it, little one.” She pulled off the mask and it vanished into thin air. She set her broom aside and that faded into nothingness as well. Pulling her hood back revealed a mane of silver dread locks. Her eye's light flickered and went out, leaving behind a normal looking brown eye.

“Now, wha' can I do for ya, dearie?” she asked with a smile.

“Well...” Lyla quickly sketched the last week in for her teacher. The argument at the grocery store. The curse and their attempts to undo it. The mind blowing sex as their bodies were transformed by a ritual ages old. The intense connection they felt now and the fact that their bodies had not reverted to pre-curse sizes.

“Well, well, it cer'nly sounds like ye've ad an a'venture,” the little old lady said as she pinched Lyla's butt. “I'm happy tha' you two are here for each other an' surprised y'all survived a spell of yins back firin', much less twi'. I knew ya were made o'the righ'stuff, my dear.”

“I...thanks? I mean, you're not mad that I did all of this?”

“Oh 'eavens no! I spent the lion's share o'my twenties as a centaur, part offa commune in Peru. I don' thin' I've ever felt so free. Runnin' o'er the hills, 'aving sex with all the well hung...Ahem. Anyway, who'm I to judge yer decisions?”

She walked around to Lyla's front again and poked a massive tit with her staff. “Though I mus'

say, I've ne'er qui' seen someone willin'ly become so well endowed. Are ye sure ye didn' end up contracting with a fertility goddess as par' o'yer bondin', eh?"

She laughed as if her statement was a joke and turned to Sabine. "An' you, you're jus' drippin' with masculine energy, ain't ya?" The old woman caressed her thickly muscled thigh and hummed. "Shame ya don'ave a cock to match all tha' virility blazing through your body now. I could fix tha', ya know? Just a simple word and ye'd be plowin' with th'best o'them."

"That's actually why I contacted you, ma'am," Lyla said.

"To give yer new wife a dick? Say no more!" The old witch rolled up her sleeves. Her arms were surprisingly well muscled and, like Lyla, a network of tattoos covered her skin. She began chanting.

"Lyla!" Sabine's face heated in an instant.

"Kidding, goddess mine," and she blew a kiss. "Grandmother, I actually contacted you in the hopes you could help us to get back to a more normal sized shape but, still be able to return to these bodies when we want."

Grandmother Walkingstick pivoted to look at Lyla. "Are ye tellin' me ya wan' your cake an' to eat it, too?"

"I suppose so."

"Tha's fine by me," the witch said with another laugh. "Be a dear an' make some tea, I'll be jus' a momen'."

The diminutive master witch seemed to float rather than walk as she approached Lyla's workbench. Its surface was well above her but, she clambered up her staff like a squirrel. The pole stood solid as she worked, like the tree it had been hewn from.

In the kitchen, Lyla and her familiar spirits made a tea that smelled of honeysuckle and blueberries. Sabine drifted back to the bed and picked up where she left off in her book. The three women did their own thing for a while, Lyla joining Sabine in bed with her own book after pouring out a cup for her mentor.

“Aha! They's done!” Grandmother Walkingstick floated across the room once more. In her hands were two necklaces. One was a brilliant chunk of amber wrapped in gold, the other an emerald in silver. She presented the girlfriends each with one.

“Do no' worry abou' paymen', little one,” she said looking at Lyla. “Consider them gif's for your rather impromptu marriage.”

“What do you--” Sabine began to ask before Lyla elbowed her in the ribs.

“Your gifts are graciously accepted, Grandmother.”

“I'm just 'appy my lil' one has found ano'her practitioner. I was worried when ya moved out this way tha' you'd 'ave trouble findin' someone else with the gif'. Well, go on, try 'em out. You should feel a warmth when you pu' them on.”

Sabine put the emerald on over her head as Lyla did the same with the amber. At once, Lyla's body shrank back to a reasonable size. She was still hugely endowed by normal standards, but she would probably be able to wear extra large shirts, or a pair of pants again. Sabine, however, remained an amazon.

Grandmother Walkingstick tilted her head, a particularly bird like movement. Her eye narrowed. “Do you no' know how to use it? Inhale and visualize tha you ye wan' to be. Then exhale and feel yerself change into tha'.”

“It's more I can't. It just feels like a necklace to me.”

The witch hissed and rounded on her apprentice. “Lylanna! Tell me straigh'. Does this girl have the gif'?”

“She does not, ma'am. However--”

“However nothin'! I ain't lettin' my dear gran'daughter get hitched ta someone below her stature.”

“What is she talking about?”

“I come from a long line of priestesses, love. We trace our heritage back to the druids who escaped the Roman invasion.”

“An' tain't no normmie marryin' my--” She tore at the leather-bounds over her right eye.

“Now listen here!” Sabine said jumping to her feet and putting a dent in the ceiling. “Who are you to judge?”

“Who am I to judge?” The elder witch's right eye opened, filling the room in blue light. Her head snapped to the left. Her right shoulder bulged, her left hand swelled. With a sickening series of pops the old woman's body grew until she did not look quite so old—or quite so small. The robes had been shredded, revealing much more flexible garments underneath. Energy crackled along her dark hair, bleaching it white. Tattoos writhed with power over her bright caramel skin, tendrils creeping up to form a bird-like mask. She pressed her much smoother forehead against Sabine's. “I am THE High Priestess! I am the only one fit to judge!”

The muscular women grappled. Lyla yelled to stop. There was a flash.

Suddenly Sabine was sailing backwards in mid-air over a field of flowers. The sun shone and the air was hot. She hit the ground hard and rolled to her feet. Grandmother Walkingstick hovered over her. Her body was still bulking up, her mass slowly eclipsing the sun behind her. Her hair, too, kept growing until it was platinum cascade multiple feet long that rose and moved like serpents.

“Ma'am, I'm not sure what...”

“What is irrelevant, little miss. There is only How.” Gone was the old woman's broken accent, replaced by the booming tone of someone used to speaking commands.

“How do you intend to prove to me that I don't want to just wipe your memory? How do you show me that you truly don't want me to shrink you back to your original form?” She grew a foot taller, her form towering over the already tall amazon.

“How much do you really love my granddaughter?”

“How much do I love her? What kind of question is that? Two weeks ago I hated her! A week ago I resented her. Now, I can't think of life without her.”

“Good. Then show me.” The master witch flew towards Sabine. The amazon put her arms up



reflexively, even though she knew the other woman was just going to crush her purely on bulk alone. Instead, a pink light flared between them and the hulking priestess halted her advance. Sabine's hands glowed with the same light and she looked at them with wonder.

“How is this possible?”

“The gift manifests differently for all of us, child.” Walkingstick's face was kind before hardening again. “Now, fight me. Prove the gift is really yours.” Her massive fist slammed through the light and shattered it like glass. Desperate, Sabine willed herself to be bigger. A much larger hand came up to block the blow. Her hand.

“If you want a fight, you got it.”

Power coursed through her veins as she tapped into a wellspring she had never felt before. Warmth filled her all the way to her fingertips as her whole body began to pulse. She got taller first, her frame stretching to match her opponent. The muscle came second, like a wave that crashed over her. Her forearms and calves swelled as Walkingstick began to overpower her. As she went to one knee, her biceps and thighs exploded in size. She threw the witch off as her shoulders and back thickened.

The pair clashed for what felt like a lifetime, each slowly growing larger and larger to gain an advantage. It was only when Sabine pulled a tree out of the ground with just a jerk of her shoulder that she realized exactly how big she had gotten. The improvised club managed to knock Grandmother Walkingstick off balance and Sabine tackled her. They fell backwards into a mountain, the shock of their impact throwing up a huge cloud of dust.

And still they grew.

A forest vanished under Sabine as the witch rolled her over. Another roll and Sabine was back on top. A missed swing blew a peak off a smaller mountain, the second punch hit Walkingstick in the jaw and she went limp. Sabine grabbed her wrists, bending her backwards over the range.

“Say it! Say I win!”

“You won an hour ago, my dear. I have never seen someone so new have such control over their

form.”

All of a sudden they were back in Lyla's apartment. Grandmother Walkingstick looked like an older version of Lyla, her dark hair streaked with grey. As for Sabine, her head was a couple feet from the ceiling now. Back to how they looked before the curse, the girlfriends embraced and laughed.

“I can't believe you stood up to my grandmother!”

“I can't believe I know how to do magic!”

“You can?”

“I can!” Pink light suffused Sabine's arm and when she flexed, inches of bicep rose from her arm. Relaxing and twisting her wrist, her whole arm swelled back to near-amazonian levels.

“That's so cool! Do something else!”

“Before that Lyla, might I borrow your girlfriend?”

Grandmother Walkingstick pulled Sabine to the side. “I want you to know that your shape changing magic is only limited by your imagination, but be careful. If you lose yourself this time, I don't think even the amulet would be able to put you back. Always keep a clear view of who you are.”

“I understand, ma'am. Actually I wanted to ask you something about what you said earlier...”

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It was hours later and Sabine was holding Lyla in bed as she watched something on her laptop. Grandmother Walkingstick had gone on her way after dinner downstairs. She had encouraged them to have a formal service for their union—sooner rather than later. The thought had Lyla all abuzz about wedding planning.

“You'll have to meet all my cousins, of course. They're all much more gifted than I am but, I get the feeling they won't have the same appeal.”

“Oh? Whatever could you mean by that?”

Lyla rolled over so that she was laying with her front against Sabine. The amber necklace glowed and the collar of her shirt began to slide down as her bust began to swell. “I mean, how many other

women do you think can grow like this?"

There was a stretching sound as her hips and ass began to strain her tights.

"Probably not many," Sabine said, leaning in for a kiss. "I bet even fewer can do this."

Her hands glowed for a moment then her pant leg twitched as the outline of something crawled down her leg.

"You didn't!"

"Oh I did." With that she pulled Lyla close. Seams began to pop in her skinny jeans as her new member swelled ever larger. Lyla's eyes seemed to sparkle as the rate of her expansion increased. Already bits of flesh were poking through tears in the shirt.

"This is going to be fun, goddess mine."

With a groan, Sabine flexed her groin and her newly grown shaft emerged. At the same moment, Lyla burst through her shirt, the fabric splitting right down the middle. Unbidden each moved to grab themselves. Sabine found her shaft to be remarkably warm and she could not help but stroke it. Lyla wrapped her cleavage around the throbbing organ.

"Why don't we see just what the ritual really did to me?" Sabine said between gasps.

"Looks good so far."