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<Cursed Pumpkins>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 6 - 3rd Nov

I am startled awake; the doorbell is ringing. I get up as quick as I can and stumble to the door, still half asleep. The delivery driver has the shock of his life when I open the door. My naked huge breasts on display, I take the package from his frozen hand.

“Ugh, Thanks...” I groggily say, closing the door in his face.

As I walk down the corridor, I start to come around and realise something.

My chest feels heavy...

I am next to the mirror in the hallway, I turn slowly and see the damage that one final night of the curse has taken upon my body.

Huge. Massive. Gigantic. Words I would've used to describe my boobs yesterday, but I wasn't using those right. Before me now are something in the latter portion of the alphabet. The size seems irrelevant as you approach the size I am now, rather it would be more apt to compare me to pumpkins. Big, huge, ripe, pumpkins. They stuck out on my chest impossibly, no sag to them whatsoever. It almost appeared as if I had some of the largest implants on the planet contained under my skin. My hand timidly reached to touch them.

The sensation was incredible.

It felt like my nerve endings had been stretched and spread over the orbs so that every tiny touch sent me to a place of pleasure. I felt my legs tremble from the simplest of touches. I stared at

their huge size and was captivated.

I shouldn't like this...

I thought about all the difficult things I would have to do just to fit in, all the hardships I'd face trying to drive again, fit in clothes. None of it deterred this lingering feeling of arousal.

Chloe...

I took my phone out and snapped a picture. Checking it before I sent it, I almost came. I was about 30% bigger than yesterday. Looking at the time, it seemed that I was asleep for quite some time, nearly 10 hours.

Cassie!

I rushed as quickly as I could into the living room to my sister, so see what the final day of the curse brought her. I bumped into the door frame, my lateral projection was so much that I didn't account for it and caught my tit. It hurt much more than I was expecting.

The nerves...

Rubbing the impact area, I rounded the corner and saw Cassie on the sofa.

Holy shit.

The final day's growth was quite a lot for me and my breasts, but looking at Cassie, it was easy to see she suffered a lot more growth than me.

Probably because she was aggressive to the witch.

I stare at her body for a second before even processing it.

Or she was just that thin before...

Her body had ballooned overnight, her fat gut that made her look like she was fat and pregnant had morphed. The taut stuffed dome had spread over her body, the fat no longer just accumulating in her middle. Her stomach was still large, very much so, but in its current state it was almost a double belly, large and heavy it spread across her thick lap. Her tits were piled on top of the fat mountain of a stomach. She was still sleeping; I was able to just watch her and notice the changes. Her face was much puffier, the fat on her chin fell low on her neck almost causing it to disappear. Cassie's arms were thick and bulbous, her pudgy digits rubbed at her stomach.

I was too worried to wake her up.

I don't want her to know I saw her first...

I reach down to the floor and grab the blanket, which must've fallen off in the night, and lift it to cover her body. Well, I tried too. Manoeuvring with these gigantic melons was much more difficult than I thought. I lowered myself down and my tits bumped into the corner of the sofa, causing me much more pain, but also waking Cassie.

Her eyes went wide as she saw my immeasurable melons. She then screamed, noticing her own expansion.

“HOLY FUCK!” She screeched, her voice almost busting my ear drums.

It was hard to argue with her reaction, she had probably gained about 200 lbs in only a few days. Her two-seater sofa was more like a one to her fat body now. She seemed to be a lot more upset by her growth than I did mine. Despite me probably never getting a guy again, unless they were into beach balls, despite me never fitting through door frames without needing a course plotted out.

I somehow felt a bit more at peace than Cassie did.

“Cass... It's ok... It's over now...” I tried to soothe her.

My words did not give her as much solace as they did me. She screeched again. “Easy for you to say, everyone loves tits. You can just become a stripper and you'll be fine.” Her voice was filled with malice, I did not take it personally though.

“But I can't shrink, I am still bound to the curse. You aren't, you can lose weight, I can make money and we can get you a surgery. We can fix you...” I said, trying to hug my overweight sister.

My tight boobs pressed into her soft body, and I felt how squishy she was. My hug was barely effective as I couldn't hope to get my arms around my breasts, let alone Cassie's wide body too.

It took some time, but I was able to calm Cassie down. She accepted her fate, somehow, she knew that there was nothing that could be done, but at least she was no longer cursed. I

meanwhile looked down at my breasts and considered the fact that one day the Witch might call, and I might get even bigger.

or maybe she would curse me in another way.

I couldn't let my mind think of it anymore, lest I go insane.

"What's in the bag?" Cassie points to the delivery bag that I had forgotten about.

"Oh, these are the clothes that I ordered." I bounced over to them, almost losing my balance thanks to my deployed airbags.

I tore the plastic open and pulled out the very large shirts from inside and threw one to Cassie and I lined up putting one on myself. I had ordered the long shirt dresses for us both, my thought process, the largest ones of these would most definitely cover us.

Cassie was grunting to fit into hers within a few seconds.

The largest sizes were out of stock, and I was left ordering a few sizes smaller as a result, a size 20 to be precise. Apparently, it was a tight fit to contain Cassie's new body, billowing with fat. It clung to her skin and compressed her rolls, it felt like it was more revealing than being naked almost. The fabric struggled to contain her fat; it was almost tearing already.

I hope she doesn't get any bigger...

I picked up my top, same size and pulled it over my head with ease.

That was never going to be the problem.

I couldn't even reach the far side of my tits; the hem was pulled taut before that point. I had to rely on Cassie to grab and pull the hem to get it over my bust. I thought the thread was going to cut me in two from how hard it pressed into my spine. Thankfully, she managed to squeeze my tits into the top. The fabric then fell from my tits down towards the floor, like a banner being released on the side of a castle wall. It didn't fall as far down my body as it did Cassie's, the projection of my breasts was far too horizontal to expect much less. The long dress top should've covered my legs, but it barely covered my narrow waist.

We both looked ridiculous.

"What is John going to say?" Cassie asked.

“I don’t know...”

“What is *everyone* going to say?”

“Not a clue...”

I plopped myself onto the other sofa and I felt my boobs slap against the tops of my thighs. How perky and up in my face they were, it was as if I was in hospital and I had one of those table trays that goes over the bed, but it was too high and nearly touching my chin.

I have no idea how we are going to go about our lives now...

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