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<The Curse>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter Two

I couldn't shake the feeling for a few minutes, I just stood there trying to collect myself. I mindlessly cleared up the shattered bowl and put the microwaveable meal on to cook whilst I went into the bathroom to splash myself with some water.

What is going on... Ever since that lift...

Looking at my face in the mirror I almost jumped out of my skin. Instead of my face, I was met with the chubby face of the girl from the lift.

I shrieked and closed my eyes, upon reopening them I was met with my own face again.

Am I losing it?

I stared long and hard at myself taking in my body, making sure that my movements matched with the mirror.

I had always been thin and small, being just about over five feet tall, I was always described as a fairy in my class. I was beautiful though, voted the prettiest girl in the school every year. My face was modelesque, I could easily be on the cover of magazines, however I wanted to get my degree first. I wanted to be a doctor, my dad worked with drug companies, so it was a natural overlap. I had already got the green light for a private practice, but I just had to get through med school and university first. Despite being so small and thin, my mum's genetics really helped me out with curves. I had much more of a womanly shape that you might expect from someone so small

and petite. My wide hips gave me an alluring sway as I walked, and my generous C cups bounced prominently in my bra.

Being very proud of my body, I got distracted, it was enough for me to relax and put the recent hallucinations out of my mind for the briefest of moments before I heard a voice, a familiar yet ethereal voice in my head.

“Time’s ticking... Why are you studying when I asked you to do something...”

I looked around for the source as it was speaking but it was as if it was being pumped directly into my brain. I couldn’t help but think the voice sounded like that girl’s, the one from the lift.

Asked me to do something?

I rattled my brain for the answer but was coming up short.

There were no more words to clarify, no more hallucinations, I was suddenly feeling very alone once more. I tried to dismiss it; it was clearly real but there was something strange about what had just occurred that wasn’t going into my head. I dried my wet face and heard the ping of the microwave.

I timidly walked out of the bathroom, clutching my head, bracing for another burst of pressure. Thankfully it did not come.

Pulling the piping hot food from the microwave, I brought it over to the dining table and started to eat as I read through the various textbooks I needed to digest by tomorrow morning.

I was very grateful not to receive any further distractions from my studies for a number of hours and I was making good headway into the texts, but I still had so much more to go. My focus was waning, and I was feeling rather queasy, a strange bloating sensation was occurring in my abdomen. I stood up and could see a visible distention.

I don’t think I’ll buy that Roots meal again...

I tried to flatten my stomach, but I felt a strange wetness in my underwear. I slid my hand into the waistband of my trousers and pulled it as far as it would, and I could see a strange substance lining the inside of my pants.

What the fuck?

I rushed to the bathroom, took my soiled clothes off and wiped away the strange goop like liquid.

I had no idea what it was, I felt like it had something to do with the girl.

There is no way it doesn't have something to do with her... She said she was a Witch...

I cleaned myself up, threw on some pyjama bottoms and found myself studying again. I tried to remain calm, there was still no voice, no apparition, nothing at all. I felt strange sitting there, the lingering question was in my head about what that was, I had convinced myself it was something normal and natural, after all, what else could it possibly be?

Time went on and I could feel a familiar bloated feeling return but it wasn't just in my stomach anymore, my top was starting to feel tight over my boobs.

I lowered my hands to my chest and tried to cup the heavy feeling swells on my chest.

So much heavier...

The reality was that it wasn't that much more weight, it was more that it was just very easy to notice in my own hands. I tried to ignore the building pressure, but I couldn't when I felt my boobs start to spread over the table, slowly trying to reach my laptop as I worked hard. They were starting to sag from their own weight, it felt like they were slowly being pumped with something. My hands remained on them for a few minutes to make sure they weren't still growing, and for a few minutes that was true.

I slid my hand down my side and felt the swell of my stomach, still feeling bloated. I was glad to have been in PJs with their stretchy and soft material as whatever was happening was starting to take hold.

“What is going on...”

My stomach existing was enough to cause alarm, food babies were something that I had experienced, period bloating sure, but this was nothing like that, I was looking like I was expecting. My belly however shocked me even more when I felt it resting on my thighs slightly, it was being pulled down, it wasn't just pushing out.

I felt heavy, heavier, my body felt like it was slowly filling, my tiny frame was now looking

much different thanks to a few minutes of whatever this was.

“What is going-” I burst out into a cough and suddenly the table was covered in the same goopy substance from earlier. Before I could question it, my cheeks puffed out and instinctively closed my mouth to catch what was suddenly filling my mouth before it became too much and I spat out more goop onto the table, almost covering the laptop in the liquid.

“What the fuck...” I said, still with the substance dribbling from my mouth.

I stood up and knocked the table’s edge with my belly and sent myself flying backwards, I managed to save myself from having a very hard fall but still momentum carried me onto my back, and I could feel my stomach and tits slosh. Like a wave, my body’s momentum carried my bloated boobs and belly up and then back down. On the downward movement I felt a familiar wetness fill my pyjama bottoms. It took more effort than normal to get me into a sitting position, but I could see a puddle on the floor.

I gasped. My eyes filled with tears.

“What is going on!!!” I shrieked.

I made a mad dash to the bathroom, leaking more onto the floor with each long stride I took, I threw myself quickly into the bath and sat there watching my belly and boobs jiggle and shake, sometimes I swore I could see them bulge and grow but I couldn’t be sure, I had forgotten to get the light, which was a blessing, as I was so tired from the ordeal that I could feel myself needing to fall asleep.

At least I won’t make a mess in the bed...

My brain seemed numb to what was happening, like it wasn’t quite understanding what was going on.

I’ll see the doctor in the morning...

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