

Part 1: Cosmetic Confusion

“Naomi Miami”

It was a name that felt like a marketing miracle, a catchy, rhythmic brand that had practically paved her way to the stratosphere of social media fame. It had certainly helped her garner the kind of attention that turned a girl from the suburbs into a global digital icon. However, after the millionth time explaining to a fan or a brand rep that, no, she wasn't actually from Florida, and no, it wasn't a stage name, and yes, her dad had “Native American roots” and did not just pick it because of the way it sounded, she was just tired. She was exhausted by the constant need to defend the coincidence of her identity. She grew to hate the city of Miami as a result, but the money to do this event there was too good to pass up.

She stood on the balcony of a sprawling, ultra-luxury penthouse suite overlooking the turquoise expanse of the Atlantic. She couldn't deny that the name has probably aided her in reaching this lifestyle.

To many, Naomi was perfection. Standing at a comfortable 5'6”, she possessed a technically average height, but she took a certain pride in the fact that her height was the only way in which the word “average” ever applied to her. Everything else about her was carefully maintained to command a gaze. Her skin was a deep, lovely bronze, looking as though she had been sculpted from sun-warmed earth and polished to a smooth sheen. Her physique was the result of disciplined athleticism and good metabolism. Her midriff was a flat, toned expanse of muscle, leading down to hips that flared into a sizable, taut, and incredibly shapely backside that had launched a thousand thirst trap comments. Very profitable comments at that. Her C-cup breasts were perfectly proportioned, straining slightly against the thin, emerald fabric of her swimwear.

And then, there was the hair. It was her crowning glory, a magnificent, voluminous mass of dark brown, kinky, curled ringlets. It didn't just sit on her head; it commanded space, rising in glorious, textured waves from the sides of her face before cascading in heavy, rhythmic coils down to her shoulders. It was a wild, beautiful halo that framed her face and made her eyes pop with an intensity that no filter could replicate.

Today, she wore a light green string bikini. The fabric was so minimal, so delicately thin, that it seemed less like clothing and more like a second skin, clinging to the curves of her body with a precision that felt teasing and almost erotic. She smirked when she thought about how these tiny pieces of fabric cost as much as a month's rent at her first apartment. And it was not a cheap apartment. It was the perfect outfit for the "Miami Glow" campaign she had been flown out to promote.

The trip was a whirlwind of high-end endorsements and artificial smiles. The makeup company, Lumina Skin, had spared no expense, whisking her and a handpicked group of fellow influencers to the most exclusive corners of Miami. The goal was simple: capture the essence of sun, sea, and the transformative power of their new "Oceanic Radiance" skin cream. The crowned jewel of the Miami Glow campaign.

Earlier that afternoon, the shoot had been intense. Naomi had stood on a pristine white-sand beach, the sun beating down on her bronzed skin, while a professional crew fussed over the lighting. The directive was "sensual, effortless, and dewy." To achieve the look, Naomi had been instructed to apply the cream liberally. The cameras had rolled as she poured a generous, shimmering amount of the thick, pearlescent lotion onto her collarbones, rubbing it into the swell of her breasts, and sliding her hands down the curves of her thighs and hips. She had even let some of the excess spill onto the emerald fabric of her bikini top and bottom, creating a wet, glistening effect that the director raved about.

She hadn't known that the batch she was using had been pulled from a different lab. No one did. She had no way of knowing that a chemical had gone missing from an experimental facility or that it was an uncatalogued growth catalyst that had accidentally been put in the bottle she was using instead of the cosmetic cream that was honestly quite ineffective and overpriced. The thief tried to pull a Jurassic Park heist and accidentally left with the wrong bottle of "cream." He walked away with an expensive beauty product, and she was slathering herself in millions of dollars of unstable chemicals. To the cameras, she just looked radiant. To her cells, she was being primed for an explosion.

"Naomi! Are you even listening, or are you just admiring your own reflection in the glass again? Like how vain can you be?"

It was a woman's voice, sharp and dripping with a saccharine sweetness that never quite reached her cold blue eyes, that broke Naomi's reverie. She turned to see Ashley Meadows sauntering into the suite. Ashley was the quintessential "blonde bimbo" archetype, though the term felt too simple for someone so calculatedly vapid. She was wealthy, beautiful, and possessed a social cruelty that was as polished as her manicure. Naomi thought that she was simply too successful to be as dumb as she pretended to be. Naomi definitely thought the blonde was as bitchy as she seemed, though. Ashley wasn't that good an actress. She was flanked by a few of the other girls. Influencers who were more "frenemies" than friends, girls who lived for the subtle jab and the passive-aggressive Instagram caption.

"Just taking in the view, Ash," Naomi replied, forcing a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "May hit the pool while I have this on."

Ashley leaned against the marble countertop, her eyes scanning Naomi from head to toe with a practiced, judgmental squint. "Well, hurry it up. We're heading to the rooftop party

downtown. The whole 'it' crowd will be there. It would be such a shame if you missed the peak of the night because you were too busy... lounging."

Ashley's smile widened, a predatory glint in her eyes. "Though, maybe you should rest and stop spending so much time working on your tan. We don't want you to look much darker, now do we? You know, some of us actually have the energy for the high-rise scene. You look a little tired."

It was a jab, plain and simple. A way of saying Naomi was "too much" or "not enough," depending on the mood. The group giggled a synchronized, artificial sound that grated on Naomi's nerves.

"I'll be there," Naomi said, her voice steady despite the slight prickle of irritation. "I just have a few more things to take care of first. Like, enjoy the lovely poolside bar."

"Whatever you say, girl," Ashley said in a nasally tone as the group began to file out, their designer heels clicking rhythmically against the expensive tile. "Don't stay in the pool or at the bar too long. You wouldn't want to get more... bloated."

As the door clicked shut, leaving Naomi in the sudden heavy silence of the penthouse, she felt a strange sensation. It wasn't quite an itch, and it wasn't quite a cramp. It was a strange, almost rhythmic tingling. A warmth that seemed to pulse just beneath the surface of her skin, particularly in the areas where she had applied the most cream during the shoot. She did not make the connection but instead assumed it was from irritation at having to deal with Ashley. They were the two biggest influencers in the campaign and had to share a suite.

She looked down at her arms, her thighs, the swell of her breasts. Her skin felt alive. It felt tight, as if there were a subtle pressure building underneath the bronze surface, a restless energy looking for a way out. She smiled, taking herself in. She looked good. Damn good.

The late afternoon sun was beginning to dip, casting long, golden shadows across the pool deck below. Naomi decided she needed to relax before the chaos of the rooftop party. She grabbed a bottle of standard, low SPF sunscreen, a much more mundane product than the Lumina cream, and headed toward the private pool area.

As she sat on the edge of a lounge, the heat of the afternoon air wrapping around her like a blanket, she began to apply the sunscreen. As the cool, thick liquid touched her skin, the tingling sensation returned. It wasn't just warmth anymore; it was a localized, throbbing heat. It felt nice, though she assumed it was just the afternoon sun. She rubbed the sunscreen into her thighs, her stomach, her chest, trying to soothe the strange sensation. But as the sunscreen integrated with the remnants of the Lumina cream still clinging to her pores, a sudden, violent jolt of heat raced through her entire body.

Naomi gasped, her back arching as a wave of intense, electric warmth surged from her core to her extremities. She immediately wondered if the edible she had that morning was stronger than she thought. The world around her seemed to tilt. The sound of the distant waves became a low, rhythmic thrum, matching the pounding of her heart. And then, the sensation changed. The tingling wasn't just on the surface anymore. It was deep. It was as if she were being stretched from the inside out. Then, a sharp, audible creak groaned from the lounge beneath her. Then it seemed to stop.

The sensation of the tingling was becoming an intoxicating, heavy warmth, a rhythmic pulsing that made Naomi feel as though her very blood had been replaced with liquid sunlight. Maybe it was the heat. A drink should fix that. As much as she hated Miami, maybe it would be best to lean into the Miami lifestyle. She stood up, her legs feeling unusually heavy yet incredibly powerful, and sauntered toward the poolside bar.

“Naomi! There you are!” A familiar voice called out. It was Maya, a fellow influencer with a bright, infectious energy. The Puerto Rican girl was already holding a cocktail, her eyes sparkling under the golden hour sun. The light of which shone perfectly off of the white flower she had tucked into her short pixie cut hair. “The client is paying for everything, babe. It’s practically a crime not to take advantage. Let’s do shots!”

Naomi laughed. “You don’t have to tell me twice,” she replied, sliding onto a stool at the sleek, wood-topped bar.

As she sat, her eyes drifted to the bartender, a strikingly handsome man with tanned skin, dirty blonde hair and a lopsided grin that made Naomi’s stomach do a little flip. She leaned forward, the movement feeling strangely fluid, her breasts pressing slightly against the edge of the bar. She gave him a sultry, lingering look, her dark eyes hooded.

“What’s the strongest or best thing you’ve got?” she purred, her voice dropping an octave into a smoky, sultry register.

The bartender grinned, his eyes raking over her bronze skin and the way the bikini clung to her curves. “For a girl like you? Me.”

She laughed at this and twirled a lock of her curly hair between two fingers. “Let’s start with tequila and go from there.”

He poured two shots of premium tequila. Naomi knocked them back, the liquid fire sliding down her throat. The alcohol hit her system like an explosion, but instead of a sharp sting, it merged with the chemical hum in her veins, creating a dizzying, euphoric high. She felt incredible. Every nerve ending was firing. She did not know it, but the alcohol was the last ingredient needed for her to experience an all-new sort of high.

Before she could even catch her breath, Cali, a tall, fit blonde friend, sashayed over. “Don’t leave me out!” Cali chirped, already halfway through a drink. “Round two!”

The shots went down fast. The alcohol was the catalyst, the final ingredient needed to bridge the gap between the dormant chemicals and the explosive reaction they were craving. As the fourth shot settled, the world began to feel... small. Not just the booze induced blur, but the actual physical environment. The bar felt lower. The stools felt more compact.

“Is it just me,” Maya whispered, squinting at Naomi, “or are you... getting taller? Like, you’re towering over us, girl.”

Naomi let out a rich, throaty giggle, the sound vibrating through the air a bit louder than she expected. “It’s just the tequila, you silly,” she teased, though she felt a strange, stretching sensation in her joints. “I’m just feeling a little... big today. Like because of the shoot! It was so crazy!”

She stood up to head toward the cabana, wanting to catch a breeze. As she moved, the world seemed to shrink in a terrifying, rapid-fire sequence. She felt a sudden, violent surge of pressure behind her navel, not a cramp, but just a pressure. She reached out to steady herself, grabbing a thick, decorative wooden post that supported the cabana’s roof. Then she heard it.

Crack!

The sound was like a gunshot. Naomi gasped, her eyes widening as the wood splintered under her grip. She wasn’t just growing; she was erupting. A massive, agonizingly pleasurable growth spurt ripped through her frame as she fell. Her muscles expanded, her skin stretched, and her height skyrocketed. She felt her head rise, past the height of the cabana, past the level of the fake palm trees. All as she continued to fall forward onto the tiny bar.

“Naomi?!” Cali screamed, but the voice sounded distant and shrill to the growing woman.

Naomi could not answer; she could not even support herself. Instead, she just fell forward as she grew upward. She reached fifteen feet, then thirty, then sixty. The poolside lounge area became a chaotic mess of screaming people and flying furniture. Naomi let out a long, low moan of pure, unadulterated reaction to the overwhelming sensations that her alcohol addled brain could process.

The bartender, who had been frozen in shock, found himself in a nightmare of flesh. Or perhaps a dream for some. As Naomi's massive left breast expanded, it surged forward like a tidal wave of soft, warm dark skin. It slammed into the bar, pulverizing the metal and wood, and pinned the man to the ground. He was overtaken by the sheer, overwhelming mass of her, the weight of her breast, once a sizable C cup, which was now the size of a luxury SUV. Regardless of its size, warmth, or softness, he was concerned because it was currently crushing the air from his lungs.

Naomi felt a strange, squirming sensation beneath her. She looked down, her vision blurring as her perspective shifted wildly. She saw a tiny, frantic movement beneath the swell of her breast. A giggle, deep and earth-shaking, escaped her lips. "Oh! Someone's tickling me," she laughed, the sound causing the tiny people around her to recoil a bit.

She reached down beneath her breast and found the pinned, squirming man practically adhered to her warm, sweaty skin. She lifted her soft but smothering breast off of him with one hand, and delicately, or as delicately as a giantess could, scooped the terrified, gasping bartender from the wreckage of his bar. Standing, she also plucked him from her palm and lifted him up, her eyes wide with a mixture of shock, giddiness, and power.

She stood up fully, her hair haloed by the sun piercing the late afternoon clouds. She was a staggering 120 feet tall. The bikini, infused with the same strange properties as the

cream, had stretched perfectly with her, the green fabric now looking like vast, shimmering sheets, pulled tight across her titanic curves.

“Whoa...” she breathed, the word sounding deeper and louder than she expected to her friends at her feet. “Everything is so... tiny.”

She looked around, the sheer scale of her size change finally hitting her. Feeling a bit lightheaded from the sudden ascent to the heavens, she staggered a little, and her grip loosened. The bartender, still dazed and gasping for air, slipped from her massive fingers.

“Oops!” she chirped, a playful grin spreading across her face as she watched the tiny man tumble through the air, landing with a splash in the center of the swimming pool far below. She stood there, a magnificent, bronze monument to beauty and power, looming over the Miami beach, with the skyline at her back. She looked down again at her now tiny, terrified friends with a sense of overwhelming, delicious superiority. Her mind tried to work through its fogged state. True, they were the only ones she actually liked, but they were so small, and she was so big. She had a feeling she would be getting much, much bigger.