

Butterburger was closed, and frankly, it was an outrage. Through floor-to-ceiling windows, diner lights illuminated two employees just...just *standing* there. One scruffy looking guy leaning on a mop handle, conspicuously not even pretending to clean the checkered floors, chatting up the girl behind the register. She was shaking out the tip jar like it was closing time; it was noon.

Normally the premature closure of some greasy fast-casual, borderline regular fast-food, burger joint wouldn't have been some earth shattering cataclysm, but dammit Maddie was hungry. She pouted outside of the restaurant, trying to get the cashier's attention. After a few minutes of going unnoticed, or perhaps being ignored, she stormed up to the door.

"Jesus Maddie, calm down would you?" Rhamiya put a hand on Maddie's shoulder, pulling her back just before the redhead's fist could make contact with the door.

"Look at them, they're just, just standing around like—" Maddie substituted what undoubtedly would've been an unkind word with a stomp and a huff. "I-I just really want a burger right now," she stammered. Her statement was punctuated with a well timed gurgle from her stomach.

"Yeah, that uhh...that really sucks," Miya replied, doing her best to feign genuine investment in the issue. Truthfully, the larger woman would've eaten pretty much anything, but if her girlfriend wanted a burger, she wanted a burger. "There's no way this is the only burger place in the mall."

Miya squeezed Maddie's shoulders and gently steered her in a 180 away from Butterburger. "Let's at least look around a bit. If there really is nowhere else, we'll come back here and give 'em hell."

Maddie huffed, but allowed herself to be dragged away. The thought of smashing the diner's windows was cathartic enough to placate her for a while.

Unfortunately, the search didn't go particularly well. There were restaurants, sure—Italian, Pizza, a Bob Evans—and nearly every single one had a line out the door. Maddie looked about ready to kill, before Miya thankfully caught sight of one restaurant with an empty line.

It wasn't exactly hard to figure out why. Floor to ceiling windows, facade all matte black and faded green with a sans-serif "Etán" in gold lettering. Pretentious, exclusive, and *French*. The restaurant had an aura that repelled anyone not wearing a turtleneck.

Maddie mock-retched. "Ugh, there's no way I'm eating there. I want some meat, not some, like, spinach goop."

"Babe come on, food is food."

The redhead crossed her arms and gestured at the menu—handwritten, of course. Beet Tartare. Foraged Mushroom Risotto. Artisanal Hempseed Crackers. She shot Miya a look. "Is it?"

Miya sighed in exasperation, gripped her girlfriend by the arm, and dragged her in.

The girls approached the counter, and the cashier looked up from her phone. "Oh, customers! I'm Lana—"the purple haired woman tapped her little silver nametag—"what can I get you?"

Under further scrutiny, the menu wasn't really all that terrible. Nothing was exorbitantly priced, barring anything including truffles. Some of the portions were small, if calorie counts were anything to go by, but the bowls seemed substantial enough to pass as an adequate meal.

Regardless, Maddie slammed both palms face down onto the counter. "Burger."

Lana was momentarily stunned. “Umm, we don’t sell that,” she managed, adjusting her spectacles.

Miya shrugged and gave an apologetic smile. “Sorry about her, I’ll have the uhh...hearty chickpea bowl? Is that any good?”

“Oh definitely, one of my favorites.”

“I’ll have that then, with a side of sweet potatoes.”

Maddie looked between her girlfriend and Lana indignantly as the two talked over her like she was a kid. “Hello? Burger?” She enunciated the words slowly, as if the cashier were an alien.

Lana rubbed the bridge of her nose and sighed. “I’m sorry ma’am, we don’t sell that.”

“Well, you have beef don’t you? And you have bread, right? Boom, burger.” Maddie implored, leaning uncomfortably over the counter.

Miya put a hand on her shoulder and whispered softly; “Maddie, are we really doing this right now, I don’t think—”

The redhead threw her off and went back to grilling Lana, who was holding her ground remarkably well. “We have filets, not patties. If you’re not going to order anything, please step out of line to make way for other customers.” She responded in monotone, any excitement she had felt about the prospect of new customers quickly evaporating.

“D-don’t give me that. There’s no customers, no line at all. Nobody wants your stupid friggin hipster, d-deconstructed...whatever! Just gimme a burger.”

Miya laughed nervously, already reaching for Maddie's wrist. "I-I'm so so sorry for all this, just cancel my order, we're leaving." She turned, trying to console her brat of a girlfriend. "We'll swing by McDonalds or something, let's just get out of here before someone calls security."

Lana took a sharp, measured breath, smile tightening at the edges. "No, no don't worry. It's nothing at all. One burger, of course. Absolutely."

Miya shot her an embarrassed look. "You really don't have to—"

The cashier grit her teeth. "No no it's *fine*. A burger? I'll go back and just *whip one up*." The cashier stepped back from the counter and stiffly walked into the kitchen.

Miya, rather self-consciously, called after her. "Um, if you're going back there anyway, do you guys, uh, maybe have hotdogs?" It felt wrong to ask, but she'd take a nice greasy frankfurter over a bowl of veggies any day.

"Yeah, sounds good! One hotdog, coming up." Lana shot back over her shoulder, hardly able to mask the bitter sarcasm in her voice.

Once the cashier was out of sight and out of earshot, Maddie leaned back and crossed her arms. "See, I knew it would work. How hard was that?" She gave a little jab at her girlfriend's padded midsection, and the taller woman groaned in response. As irritating as Maddie was being, she was right.

Lana cleared a counter in the kitchen, fished her spellbook from her backpack, and got to work. Magic sparked around her fingertips as she recited a familiar incantation, before a burger started to construct itself before her eyes. The bottom bun manifested in the air, before dropping on the counter with a soft slap. It was quickly topped by three patties with a layer of cheese between each one, lettuce, tomato, and onion, before the top bun closed it off decisively.

The hotdog followed, smooth and glossy like something straight out of a commercial, with an attractive streak of mustard down the middle. Hey both looked perfect.

Lana smirked. “You girls want special treatment? I’ve got just the thing.” She flipped through the spellbook’s worn pages, looking for something a little less familiar. The use cases of conjuring food were common enough, but this? This was something she’d never gotten a chance to try, something *fun*.

More sparks flew from her fingers as she whispered another incantation, brow furrowed in concentration. The burger and hotdog illuminated the kitchen with a bright yellow gleam for an instant before the magic died down. The spell had gone off without a hitch.

Lana plated the cursed snacks with a small pile of fries. “You are what you eat, girls.”

Maddie was practically salivating as Lana carried out the plate after only a few minutes in the kitchen. “That was quick,” Miya mused, giving an appreciative little smile.

“Only the best at Etán,” Lana purred, finding it much easier to bite back the sarcasm knowing her irritating redhead customer was about to bite into a cursed burger.

“How much will that be?”

Lana thought for a moment. To be fair, it didn’t cost her anything to make the food, and it was going to cost her customers a hell of a lot to eat it. “Y’know what, it’s on the house.”

“Really? Thank you so much, have a great day.”

Lana smiled back at Miya, who despite her gremlin girlfriend, really wasn’t all that bad. Y’know what, maybe she’d lift the spell if—

Miya turned away from the counter without dropping so much as a dime in the empty tip jar. That's it, they were fucked.

Grease slicked Maddie's fingers and dripped onto the table, as the redhead had lacked the foresight or the patience to grab a napkin. She gripped the burger in both hands, little flecks of ketchup and mustard squeezing out from between the patties, before she took a monstrous bite. Even as her cheeks bulged with beef and cheese, the elation was evident in her eyes.

"Mmmm!" She couldn't suppress a moan. Miya giggled, watching her girlfriend rapidly devour the meal as if it was her last, before she started on her hotdog, albeit at a more modest pace.

Lana watched hungrily, keeping a trained eye on Maddie from the counter. The redhead let out a satisfied sigh, licking stray grease from her fingers as she slumped back in her seat. She burped, patting her stomach. The tight fabric of Maddie's shirt was straining ever so slightly as she shifted in her seat, oblivious, adjusting her waistband with a little grunt. It began to pull taut over the previously flat curve of her belly, burgeoning out more by the second.

In a somewhat peculiar way, the bloating wasn't uniform or round. As her stomach bulged forward, the indent of three distinct rolls were visible through the shirt, layered in a way that shouldn't've been possible. Even stranger, the rolls seemed to saturate the pale gray fabric with some kind of juice, making dark stains along the bulges and creases of Maddie's midsection. The decadent smell wafting up from under the table made obvious the identity of the juice.

Miya put down her hotdog and sniffed, squinting in confusion. "Maddie do you smell that?"

"Hmm?" The redhead, despite any changes going on below the table, was more preoccupied with the thought of asking the cashier for more food.

“I swear it smells exactly like the burger, but you finished it already, right? It’s like it’s coming from...” Miya ducked under the table. “Gah! Maddie, your...your belly.”

Maddie stood up with a start, revealing what had become of her middle. Her flat abs had given way to three thick burger patties where fat rolls would normally be, dripping with layers of fiery cheddar.

“Ah!” Her little yelp caused a few people to turn their heads, and she tugged her shirt down over her new pattied abdomen before anyone could see what was happening.

“Miya what’s going on?” The poor burgerifying girl whimpered.

“I-I don’t know.” Miya checked to make sure no one was looking, then lifted Maddie’s shirt. She saw three patties bulging forward, a layer of cheese one each one, tomatoes, lettuce, and a hint of onion flaking between the layers. “Maddie,” the dark-haired woman said shakily, unable to even contend with what she was saying, “I think you’re turning into a burger.”

The areas above and below the redhead’s ever growing list of ingredients, her upper chest and hips, weren’t looking good either, turning a golden brown. Miya’s curious pokes created deeper indents than should’ve been possible in normal fat. Buns, they were burger buns.

Maddie recoiled. “Quit poking me! We gotta figure out what the hell is going on.” The redhead turned towards Etán, and caught a glimpse of Lana smirking and staring before the cashier could whip away and pretend she wasn’t watching.

“H-hey!” Maddie tried to sound indignant as she wobbled her way over to the stand like a pissed off pudding cup. Her sneakers slapped the tile as she lurched forward, legs forced wider with every step by the monstrous swell of her burger-body. Each motion sent a shiver through the glistening, golden bun that had replaced her hips.

The top half of her torso was still human—for now—but and grease rolled in rivulets down her sides, dripping onto the floor with every slosh, and soaking her shirt. Each step made a schlorp and a glorp, her thighs rubbing against the warm cushion of bottom-bun, and each other. Her center of gravity had shifted lower, dragging her forward in a frantic teeter-totter. With every motion, the layers of meat within her bounced and squished—Maddie could feel the patties compressing against each other, sending cheddar gushing with every pulse.

“M-Miya,” she whined, halfway between desperation and disbelief, “I feel... gooey.”

From behind, Miya was frozen, her cheeks pink, eyes locked on the hypnotic sway of her girlfriend’s widened, doughy hips. Maddie’s once-toned belly was now a stacked triple decker that bounced with every footfall, now freely visible as her shirt rode up until it was closer to a crop top. She was three feet wide at this point, and definitely more burger than girl.

She slammed her palm against the counter—but what was intended to be a show of force quickly turned ridiculous. Her hand squished wetly, a smear of grease left behind like a fingerprint. She looked up at Lana, who was smiling viciously.

“You did something to me,” Maddie growled, though the edge in her voice had softened, barely covering a flustered quiver. “Fix it. Now.”

Lana tapped her chin, her eyes lazily traveling down Maddie’s form. “Mmm... that’s quite the tone to take for someone so... well-stacked.”

“Lana,” Miya started, stepping forward nervously, “she didn’t mean it like that. We just—this is—what is happening to her?”

The cashier smirked. “Uhh..duh doy. She’s turning into a burger.”

Maddie squirmed, crossing her arms over the swell of her chest—which was beginning to grow, too. She winced as the pressure under her shirt grew taut again. There was a pop of stitching, followed by the distinct plop of something wet landing on the floor. Maddie’s breasts heaved forward, made bare to the world, and that wasn’t even the worst of it.

“Oh my god,” Miya whispered. “That’s ketchup. And mustard. Coming out of your tits.”

Maddie whimpered. “Change me back now! You did NOT just turn me into a triple Butterburger in public.”

Lana leaned forward, her voice dropping to a purr. “You’re right, I didn’t turn you into a burger at all. I mean, look at you, you’re much too womanly. What kind of a burger has arms?” She reached across the counter to poke at the redhead’s yet unchanged bicep, and as if on cue, the burger-girl’s arms started to swell with a light *blorp*.

“Weh?!” The texture of the bun spread rapidly, turning her arms that same golden brown as they swelled into pleasant little cones, shredding her sleeves. Her top was little more than a grease soaked scrap of cloth, now riding up so high it couldn’t even cover the cleavage of her flabby, condiment filled tits. Even so, it was faring better than her shorts and panties, which had been completely destroyed by her doughy thighs, so tremendously thick that she couldn’t even bend her legs.

Maddie clumsily wheeled around to face Miya, pivoting unsteadily on one foot. The bread of her lower bun squeaked against her raised leg as she swung it in a lazy semicircle, before planting it firmly with a *squelch*. “M-Miya, call...*hah*...someone,” she panted.

Miya was stunned for a moment as her naked—save for shoes and socks—girlfriend turned to face her. “I-I’ll call 911.”



Miya reached for her phone, only to find the motion clumsy. She looked down to find something horrifying. Her fingers were thick, swollen, and unmistakable in identity: sausages. They flopped uncontrollably, bouncing uselessly off of her phone screen and leaving grease marks on the display. “What the fuck?! Not me too!!”



Until that point, no one had been looking. For all the bizarre changes that had occurred in the last few minutes, for all the shouting, the girls had miraculously evaded any attention. Miya stumbled backward, her sausage fingers slipping against her phone as it clattered to the floor, and squealed, immediately drawing eyes and turning heads. She wheezed, chest heaving—not just from panic now, but pressure. She felt tight. Everywhere.

“Ahh, noticed the sausage fingers, huh?” Lana cooed. “I’m rather proud of that little detail. You weren’t as rude as your girlfriend, so I’m gonna do you a favor and make your body a little more fun than hers.” She turned towards Maddie. “As for you Ms Sloppy Slider, things are gonna get real unpleasant real fast.”

Maddie’s head rapidly whipped up and down between Lana and her mostly burgered body. She couldn’t even see her lower bun, but based on feel alone it was obvious her legs were short, squishy, conical, and completely unclothed.

“Worse?! I’m already a—”another quick look down at her flabby, condiment spewing tits, a quiver of the lower lip “—a fat fucking b-burger.”

By now all eyes were on Maddie. Miya’s fingers were flailing, and worse, her belly was starting to bulge out against her tank top, but it was all a relatively moot point compared to the still swelling redhead.



“Dude...what’s happening to her?”

“Should we call someone?”

“Do...do you need help, miss?”

Maddie was clumsily shuffling her bun-ified thunder thighs in an effort to turn towards the onlookers, and she regretted it as soon as she did. Ten, twenty people at least, all staring at her, mostly at her boobs. “Don’t just stare! Fucking call someone—ough. Oooof.”

She felt queasy, felt green. She looked green too, her face rapidly shifting in hue to a pleasant chartreuse. A warmth flooded her cheeks, blooming into something more, something tangible. She flapped her arms in discomfort as her cheeks started to visibly puff up, followed by a rapidly forming second chin.

It all happened within a few seconds, and with an audible *bwooorp*. Her face blew up steadily like an airbag in slow motion, going from fat to bulbous to absurd. Her beach

ball sized head snapped her glasses as it grew, even as her chubby cheeked, panicked face stayed the same size, stuck staring out from the center of the massive olive that now topped her burger body.

Miya lost track of her own plight for a moment. “Maddie what the fuck?”



“W-whuh happ’nd tuh mah fayyyshh?! Mah head’sh gunna explood!” Her lips were squished together by her great, fattened olive cheeks, and her bid to grab at her head was about as successful as her attempt at speech, fat arms just waving, bready lard visibly swaying with the movement.

Lana giggled. She quickly elected not to tell the burger that popping such an adorable olive would be a waste, that the mere suggestion was an insult to her technique. It was more fun to watch the lardass squirm.

Miya had momentarily become an onlooker, staring at the wobbling orb that used to be her girlfriend’s head, before she had to contend with her own problems. She felt...

Tight

Tight everywhere. At first it was in her stomach—a squeeze that made her double over. She clutched her belly, but her palms slid off the smooth surface like it was buttered. “Hhhnngh... what the hell...” she whimpered, straightening up as the pressure intensified. Her torso had begun to round out like a barrel, and her rising, tightening tank top revealed that her skin was mottled, textured like a sausage, and shiny with grease.

From behind, Lana purred, “Oooooohh. Look at you—stuffing up so fast. Your casing is looking lovely.”

“C-casing?”

“Weren’t you paying any attention earlier?” Lana rubbed her brow in mock frustration, though her grin was evidence enough of her continued enthusiasm for the girls’ plights. “You are what you eat, dummy.”

She wasn’t lying. Miya’s torso had become a perfect cylinder of stuffed, swelling meat from chest to pelvis. Where Maddie’s breasts had flabbed up, Miya’s were being embraced by her taut, tubular abdomen.

Miya opened her mouth to retort, realized that arguing was no use, and instead turned to face the crowd. Her legs had grown plump, tellingly like two sausages packed into her splitting yoga pants, and it was a struggle to maneuver them around but she managed. As she planted her last footfall in the 180 degree turn, her pants split out the back, revealing a lovely pair of meaty asscheeks to Lana.

Miya waved her arms at the crowd like a flightless bird, the motion propagating down to her fingers which wobbled vigorously, flicking little dribbles of juice onto Maddie’s chest which soaked into her bun.

“Somebody call the cops! This lady she’s...she’s changing us into foouoo-ooouugh...” another growth spurt rippled through Miya's body, and her tubular abdomen thickened even further. It was moving up and down, devouring her legs and thickening her neck until it was indistinguishable from the greater sausage that sat below it.



“I would suggest you all just enjoy the show. Anyone who interferes may find themselves just a little tastier than when they came in.” Lana shot a terrible glare at a janitor who was fumbling with his phone, and he nodded vigorously and shoved the device in his pocket. It wasn’t worth getting involved.

Maddie was a huge burger now, wider than she was tall, and newly immobile. Her legs had shortened so much that they were gone, the only evidence of their existence two shoes poking out from under her lower bun.

Patties bulged forward, cheese sloughed off her creases and dripped on the floor, and yet perhaps the most conspicuous detail was her rack. Each boob was still spurting its respective fast food condiment in a pleasant arc, and they were so chock full that the boobs themselves were tinted red and yellow, a hint of their contents peeking through.

Her arms had suffered the same fat as her legs, leaving her hands in soft divots in the top bun to slap frantically at the surrounding bread. She felt constantly, terribly full, her entire existence a queasy, squelching warmth. Every minute shift and wobble made her patties squelch together, and the sensation made her never want to eat a burger again. The cool lettuce and tomato under her top bun were being soaked in oil and salt, like her last crisp, fresh bits were losing their cool.

“Shooo haut. Shooo...heavy. Can'd moob.” The hand flapping slowed down as the burger sank into herself. Even speaking felt woozy, her cheeks making the process such a clumsy ordeal that it wasn't worth the effort.

“Oh you've just come out beautifully!” Lana gushed, clasping her hands and licking her lips at the sight of Maddie.

“C-Change her back!” Miya waddled towards Lana furiously, just barely managing to keep her balance as she toddled forwards on awkward, shortening legs. The cashier sidestepped her easily, and Miya careened into the counter, bounced off, and just barely managed to pinwheel enough to stay upright. Her legs were practically gone, and her entire torso had all rounded out into a smooth, meaty cylinder, with only the subtlest bulges to denote where her tits, gut, and ass were supposed to be.

Lana eyed Miya's vanished cleavage sadly. “Ugh, I didn't expect your boobs to disappear. Well, I should at least make them fun.”

She snapped her fingers, and suddenly Miya felt a cloying tightness building up behind her nipples.

“PLOOMP!”

With an audible pop-hiss, two fat, shiny sausages puffed out from where her nipples had once been—rosy, plump, and faintly steaming. Her shirt bulged and stretched before bursting apart at the seams, allowing Miya’s elongated sensitive bits to bounce and jiggle freely.

The growth only continued as Miya’s torso grew fat enough that her shirt shredded off completely, and her yoga pants followed soon after.

“Whaa? Whaddafuck?! My...my tits?” Miya squealed, voice warbling as she stared down at the twin sausages bobbing from her chest.

She once again attempted a waddle only to find that her legs had been completely absorbed, leaving just two little feet at her base. She tried to turn her head and froze. Her neck wasn’t working. She couldn’t feel her neck. In fact, she couldn’t feel her head at all. Her body was one giant sausage—glossy, reddish-brown, with her chubby face placed awkwardly on one side near the top, flush with the casing. Her cheeks puffed out a bit as she hyperventilated and wiggled her weiner fingers, but she’d been fully sausaged, and there was nowhere to go. With her legs gone and her body too unwieldy to budge even an inch, that spot on the floor where she’d parked herself was exactly where she’d stay without outside help.

Lana sauntered up to the nude bratwurst and flicked a nipple, watching it swing around like a spring door stopper.

*Dwoooiingg*

Miya's stubby little feet wiggled uselessly under her massive meat barrel of a body. She gave a pitiful grunt as she tried to scoot, managing nothing but a wet schlorp against the tile and a faint squeak of her own casing rubbing against the floor.

Onlookers stared in shock, and the food court was silent except for the moans and burps of two very fat, very unlucky fast food items.



“Guhhhbuhhh—f-fix us, puh...please!” Miya's cheeks were somewhat chubby, but she was perfectly intelligible, and that was certainly a step above Maddie.

“Huuurrrrr-BLLLGGHHP.”

“How does it feel, girls, to be a victim of my mercy? You treated me like shit, and I made something delicious out of you. Now...what to do with you?”

Lana turned towards the crowd and boldly gestured towards the two churning women; she had a flair for showmanship. “Any ideas from the audience? Any extremely hungry shoppers? No takers? No one?”

She sighed in mock exasperation. “Fine then, I suppose I’ll have to keep these two for myself.

“W-what?!”

“HRRRMGLPH?!”

“Can’t have you two clogging up the food court forever,” Lana purred, stepping between them with a leisurely strut. She made a show of checking her nails, then gave a light snap of her fingers.

Phzzt!

A shimmer of gold spread outward from the floor in a wide circle around the two food-girls. The space shimmered like the heat above a grill, and then, in a blink, a swirl of soft, buttery light spiraled up around them both.

Miya’s finger wiggling began anew, the closest thing to movement her tightly packed body could manage. “Wh-whass happening now?!”

“Oh, relax.” Lana knelt between them, grinning with a near-affectionate smugness. “I’m just putting you in storage. I mean, you two are absolutely perfect now—do you know how hard it is to pull off a trick like that? Plus, I can’t just *leave* you. What if another sorceress came back and made you women again?”

Maddie’s olive head jiggled slightly as she tried to speak. “Mmhuhh...nnnooo...”

Lana raised her hands high, and the golden shimmer began to tighten, coalescing into the air above them like the mouth of a drawstring bag.

Miya groaned, nipples bouncing slightly with every faint twitch. “Y-you can’t just keep us!”

“Watch me.” Lana winked.

The light cinched tight, wrapping around the two food-girls like a takeout bag. Then the mass of light shrunk rapidly, the shimmer vanished, and all that was left was a tiny charm. Lana walked through the puddle of grease and ketchup, and bent down to pick up the talisman, which she promptly hooked onto her keyring. Two taps and she’d be brought into that little pocket dimension. The charm smelled salty, and vaguely delicious. If she was being honest, she could go for a snack right about now.