

Ritual of Goth GF Growth

Coming in from the downpour outside, Terrence entered the eerie house through with his black jacket wrapped tightly around his scrawny body. Shaking off the moisture, he shuddered at the sound of the loud creak that echoed through the home as he proceeded further in. Using a cracked mirror hanging in a hallway to fix up his short, blonde hair, he took a deep breath to calm himself down. That proved easier said than done as he heard a loud thud coming from the basement. Shuddering as he recalled the invitation that had brought him there, he began to make his way towards the stairs that would bring him into the ancient home's dark depths.

Terrence's descent into the ominous chamber wasn't helped by the creaks that accompanied each of his steps. When he got towards the bottom, he realized that the entire room had been lit by a series of candles spread out to illuminate the shelves of old books, strange vials, and gothic decor. These flickering flames had been strategically placed around an intricately created spell circle made in blue chalk. In the center of the star-shaped pattern stood the one responsible for the evening's events.

Finishing up the last of the preparations, the woman with long, black hair raised herself up to her full height. Twirling around to show off the black dress adorning her trim form, she turned her gaze towards Terrence. His presence brought a wicked grin to her black-painted lips. Strolling forward upon her leather boots, she raised her head up to both stare at the man with her deep, green eyes and show off the studded collar around her neck baring a glittering skull.

"Ah yes, the time is nearly upon us," she said with clack of her glossy, black fingernails. "My servant for the evening has arrived to participate in my dark ritual. Soon, the forces of the arcane shall use my body to fully express their true might upon the mortal realm."

Despite the witchy woman's unwavering gaze, Terrence merely tilted his head in confusion. "Um, what are you talking about Olisha?"

The question turned the confident grin on the goth woman's face into a frown. "Terrence, you're ruining the vibe here," she said as she let her shoulders slump. "And after I spent so long getting everything perfect for the ritual. These candles didn't light themselves."

"Sorry, babe," he said as he met her in the circle. "Two full years of dating you and I still have problems getting in the headspace for these roleplay sessions."

"This isn't a mere fantasy scenario," Olisha clarified. "What I have here is a genuine ritual intended to use dark magic to alter my body."

"Right, of course," Terrence replied, poorly hiding his skepticism in the process. "Change you how? Give you wings? Horns? An extra head?"

"No, what I am doing is something a bit more... restrained," she replied. "Tell me, do you want a thicc, goth GF?"

"Olisha," Terrence said as he clasped her hands. "I love you the way you are."

"I and your internet search history say otherwise," Olisha replied, making Terrence turn his embarrassed face away. "I'm tired of being a skinny bitch. This will be my ticket to having curves that both of us can enjoy. Now," she said, snapping her fingers to gestures towards a chair in the corner. "Take a seat and be a witness to my great power."

"Whatever you say, babe," Terrence said as he took his seat.

Clearing her throat and shaking out her arms, Olisha began to recite the chant she had memorized for this moment. The words that left her lips were forced at first as she tried to recall

the exact pronunciation of the ancient language. As she continued the incantation, her mouth began to move on its own as she felt a genuine power flow through her veins. With the magic taking hold, she could feel an aura surrounding her. The presence gave her an outline of the body she so desired.

Eager to both prove that her magic was real and impress her boyfriend, she pressed on with the last phrase. Unfortunately, the final words left her lips before she realized that the image she had seen wasn't complete. Fully letting the ritual go wild with her body, she opened her eyes as she saw a glimpse of what awaited her. Any chance for her to prevent her fate was dashed as she felt the well of ethereal energy culminate in her mid-section.

"Terrence, blow out the candles and erase the circle!" Olisha shouted out in a panic.

"But you took so long to make it," he replied, not noticing the sheer desperation in her eyes.

"Just do it before the spell-"

Olisha stumbled in place as a great weight tried to make her face plant onto the circle. Waving her arms to keep herself steady, she managed to avoid the fall. Staggering to the center of the ritual area, she looked down with a sense of dread for the cause. What she saw was a doughy, bulged out potbelly peeking through a recently torn hole in her dress. More worrying was the sight of more weight being added to her gut with each passing second.

The goth girl's balance was tested once more as the top of her gown went through a similarly drastic makeover. Gritting her teeth from a surge of growth and strange pleasure, she managed to keep herself standing under the duress of her formerly flat chest popping apart the fabric. The remaining shreds of the gown's top stood no chance of covering up the melon-sized

tits. As her new breasts jiggled around, showing off the added plumpness to her teats, she couldn't help thinking this was a form of karmic punishment.

“Alright, I promise I'll stop calling any chick with huge jugs a cow behind their back,” Olisha called out to the room. “Just please, reverse the spell before I-MMMPH!”

Olisha was stricken by a sudden tightness as her skirt tried to fight against her lower body's growth. Stomping her feet to remain steady, she looked over her shoulder to see how she was progressing. This provided her with a perfect view of her unimpressive backside swelling up into a bubble butt. As alluring as the enhanced ass cheeks were, they came with the discomfort of her skirt being sucked up into the crack. Hearing the strain of seams being stretched to their limits, she wasn't sure how much longer she had.

Before the goth woman could attempt to remove the last bit of her dress herself, the fabric was torn asunder by her hips widening out to better match her rear. Staggering from her thickened thighs jiggling around, she tried and failed to get the blubber around her legs to help rather than hinder her. Even when she did manage to keep herself steady, the lingering jiggles were enough to pop apart her panties and send them flying towards Terrence's face.

“Are you okay?” Olisha asked, the words jostling both her thickened chin and the second one growing beneath it.

“Yeah, but these were your favorite,” Terrence said as she pulled the skull-patterned lace off of his head. “They're what you wore the first night we tried out the position with the banana and the-“

“Never mind about that, we need to stop this,” Olisha said, forced to pause as her belly sunk between her legs to cover up her exposed groin. “I don’t know how far the spell is going to go.”

“Well, what do you want me to do?”

“I don’t know,” the goth replied, her over 300-pound figure shuddering as it continued to engorge. “Over there on the table. That’s where I put the tome. It’s the one with the weird eye on it. Look through it and see if there’s a way to reverse the effects.”

“You got it,” Terrence said, making a mad dash towards the book.

Watching Terrence paw through the pages, Olisha tried to keep herself calm. That was easier said than done as she watched her chest go up several more cup sizes to better match her thickening rear. Seeing her gut peek out further from her mid-section with each passing second, she came up with the brilliant idea to simply push the fat back. In her panicked state, she was certain that it was better than nothing.

Placing her pudgy palms along her belly button, Olisha pushed hard against the encroaching fat. The few seconds spent trying to force herself into a smaller figure were ended prematurely as a small gasp left her lips. Forced to drop her fat folds, she was left with a lingering sense of euphoria. Before she could further examine this strange sensation, she was stopped by the sudden footsteps of her assistant.

“Well,” Olisha began, chewing on her lip to hold back another moan from her foopah jiggling against her inner thighs, “what did you find?”

“Oh, nothing,” Terrence said as she held the book up. “I can’t read the weird symbols inside.”

“Ugh, just hold on,” Olisha said as she begrudgingly waddled forward. “I’ll take a look. There has to be something we can-“

The goth girl’s already glacial pace came to a jarring halt as another surge of weight gain focused on her gut. Initially stunned by the added blubber, she was firmly stuck in place as the drooping gut slammed down to the floor with its hundreds of pounds of heft. The impact came with a loud smack that thankfully for her covered up the small moan that left her lips in the process. Gritting her teeth to fight through the tremors left behind from the flabby belly’s fall, she grasped the sides of it and attempted to shuffle forward.

Yet again, Olisha’s body rebelled against her in the form of a sudden growth spurt. This time, her already meaty chest expanded outwards to let her breasts slump against her belly. As the engorged, beachball-sized tits hit their mark, there was little chance for her to resist the lingering vibrations. Feeling the sense of pleasure from the tips of her plump nipples, she could only stand in place as a few of her moans managed to be heard loud and clear by Terrence.

“Babe, are you okay?” Terrence asked, noticing the red flush on her plump cheeks.

“I-I’m MMMPPHH fine,” Olisha insisted, pressing on inch by inch. “Just give me a second to catch my breath.”

The momentary rest ended up being the last moment that Olisha would be allowed any form of movement. Her immobility was sealed by her backside taking on hundreds of pounds of extra weight in just a few seconds. Taking their owner with her, the double-wide ass cheeks came crashing down in the middle of the ritual circle. Pinned to the floor by the massive globes of fat,

there was little she could do to obscure what the cascades of jiggles going through her over 1000-pound figure was doing to her.

Coming off of a loud moan, the goth woman tried in vain to keep moving forward. Any hopes of mobility were struck down by her blubbery legs uselessly flailing about beneath her mass. Seeing her plump toes wiggle away the remnants of her boots, she raised up her arms to see the fat hanging off of them. Turning over her plump fingers before her eyes, the lingering sense of euphoria helped her to deal with her concerns for her increased weight.

“I can’t move,” Olisha explained, shuddering as she heard the huskier tone on her voice. “Hurry and bring the book over here.”

“You got it,” Terrence replied, entering the circle and holding up the tome for her to read.

At the risk of disturbing her increased sensitivity, Olisha leaned herself forward. Gritting her teeth as she pushed more of her belly fat on the ground, she attempted to read the ancient lines of text. Actually understanding the words on the page was made all the more difficult as her mind lingered on the feeling of her back flab being stretched out. Even more pressure was put on her thoughts as she felt her breasts shudder against her skin. Breathing heavily and jostling her three chins in the process, she attempted to keep up a steady pace as she searched for any way to find a solution.

Just before Olisha could reach the last paragraph on the page, an ominous rumbling noise echoed through the room. The sound came alongside a wave of pleasure that forced her to lean away from the book. Pressing all of her weight onto her expanded backside, she curled her fingers and toes as the magic made one last spread through her body. Even knowing what was coming, all she could do was let her moan come out unhindered as she willingly let it take effect.

The entire back half of the ritual circle was covered up as the goth girl's butt expanded outwards. The added weight came with dips of cellulite that gleamed from the candlelight, shortly before snuffing them out. Unhurt by the extinguished flames thanks to her thick fat, she made a gesture with her pudgy hands towards the light switch.

Seeing the belly fat spreading across the drawn pentagram, Terrence hurried over to turn on the overhead light. The added illumination came just in time as her belly engulfed the rest of the candles in the room. Just as the gut surpassed the ritual ring, it came to a halt to allow the lingering jiggles to wreak havoc on its master's nerves.

Stepping away from the light switch, Terrence couldn't help staring in awe at the mess of flesh before him. Craning up his neck, he let his gaze pass over the multiple rows of chins to see the flustered look on his girlfriend's face. Just as she went through another orgasmic cry, the view became blocked as her tits engorged to the size of bean bag chairs.

"T-Terrence," Olisha managed to force out. "Bring me the book. You'll have to get MMMPHH closer."

"Wait, you want me to climb your--"

"MMMPPPHHHH just do it!"

The command gave Terrence pause as he realized what had just been ordered of him. Taking a step back from Olisha, he managed to take in a glimpse of her staggering size. Hundreds upon hundreds of pounds of fat that glistened with cellulite beneath the dim lighting. A belly that could have easily taken up the entirety of the king-sized bed up in the goth girl's room. A pair of breasts that were capable of smothering an entire couch's worth of people. All of this balanced a top a pair of ass cheeks that would easily crush the truck he had left parked outside.

The sight of the massive bulk should have been worrying. However, he couldn't help feeling something strange welling up within the back of his mind.

"I said now, Terrence!" Olisha shouted through gritted teeth.

"Right, right, sorry," he replied, trying to push these feelings down as he stuffed the tome into his shirt and approached the mound of flab.

Terrence's initial burst of speed hit a hurdle as his hands took hold of Olisha's belly flab. While the meaty blubber was strong enough to hold him, the tight grasp came at the cost of sending waves of jiggles through her body. Any scolding that she could muster from the less than graceful holding was covered up by more moans forcing their way past her lips. Realizing that it wouldn't do any good to just stand there in wonder, Terrence tried to ignore the euphoric sounds as he began his ascent.

The twig-like man's climb was a treacherous one thanks to each shift of his hands and feet making the mound of fat jiggle. He had to pause halfway up the gut just to catch his breath and wait for the tremor to subside. This moment of rest incidentally gave him a chance to look deeply into the deep abyss that was Olisha's belly button. Staring at the deep hole filled his mind with certain ideas of alternative pleasure methods. Subconsciously licking his lips, he wondered what it would feel like to try and fill the hole with a certain something. Feeling the eyes glaring down at him from above, he banished the thought to the back of his mind before continuing upwards.

Terrence was forced to stop again once he reached the top of Olisha's belly. Looking up, he was given a clear view of the underside of the enormous breasts. While the bosom was

impressive, it didn't offer much in the way of footholds. There was an obvious solution in sight, he hesitated at the risk of further riling her up.

"D-don't just sit there ogling my tits" Olisha pushed out. "Get a move on before--"

Olisha immediately regretted her words as Terrence leapt up to grab hold of her nipples. Sinking his palms into the plump teats, he barely managed to hear her next cry of ecstasy over the thumping sensation in his head. The sheer size of the breasts betrayed a gentle softness that seemed to swallow up part of his hands. Again, part of his mind tried to tempt him with indecent thoughts of what he could do with the malleable mounds. Once more, he reminded himself that more important things needed to be done in order to get himself moving.

Resting on top of Olisha's breasts, Terrence made a slow crawl over to her face. Looking over the many rows of chins, he didn't even attempt to count them. He winced a bit as he noticed the bright red flush on her pudgy cheeks. Seeing her breathing still heavy from the unusual massage, he opened his mouth with the intent of apologizing.

"Shut it," Olisha said, her black lips pursed together as she tried to calm herself down with gentle rubs of her plump hands along her sides. "Just give me the book."

"Sure thing," Terrence replied, pulling the tome out from his shirt and opening it up for her.

"You got your sweat on it," she said as she looked at the page.

"Sorry," was all Terrence could say, unwilling to admit that the perspiration was due to more than just physical exertion.

For a few seconds, all that could be heard in the room was Olisha's quiet muttering of the ancient language. Occasionally, a shift of her body would let the echo of her flesh slapping together bounce against the walls. The sound brought with it a reminder of the urges welling up inside of Terrence that he was still trying to deal with. Unsure when, if ever, it would be a good time to bring this up, he was brought back to the present by an exasperated sigh leaving his girlfriend's lips.

"So that's how it's going to be," Olisha commented. "In that case... Terrence."

"Yeah?" he asked, leaning forward, nearly toppling off of her in the process.

"Head upstairs and grab my purse."

"Wait, is that the one with the skulls or the bat one?"

"Neither," she replied as he began to gingerly climb down her body. "It's the one with the spiders that have red gems for-MMMPPPHHH be careful!"

"Right, right," Terrence said, quickly releasing his grasp from her tits and tumbling down her belly folds.

Making a run upstairs and finding the right bag, Terrence returned to the basement. Hanging the spider-décor purse on his shoulder, he was just about to try to climb up the way he came. Seeing the lingering flush on her cheeks, he instead circled her mass until he came to her backside. Hoping to at least avoid her gaze as he got handsy with her body, he took another deep breath and latched onto her buttocks.

Though Olisha could no longer see her boyfriend, it was obvious that she could feel each grasp and pinch as he made his way up her ass cheeks. Nearly falling off from the cascade of

euphoric shudders going through the enormous spheres, he caught a lucky break by slipping down into her ass crack. Once more plagued with fantasies of being smothered between the giant pair, he pulled himself free to keep going up.

Using the goth woman's back flab like a ladder, Terrence made steady progress towards her upper body. Careful not to pull her hair as he reached the top, he clambered onto her broad shoulders. From his perch, he momentarily took in the full, over 5000 pounds of fat that had enveloped her formerly thin form. Seeing the way the flesh glistened with cellulite and flesh, he cleared his mind with a deep breath before returning to her face.

"I've got the stuff," Terrence said as he opened up her purse. "So what am I looking for? Is it an ancient relic? Notes on an old spell?"

"My pack of cigs," she replied. "I could really use a smoke right now."

Doing as he was told, Terrence pulled out the pack of cigarettes and opened it up. Taking out one of sticks, he gently placed it in her mouth. Scrambling for her lighter, she held it up to her lips and lit the tip of the cigarette. Taking a deep inhale, Olisha let it all come back out in the form of plume of smoke from her nostrils.

"Damn, I needed that," Olisha said as she took another puff.

"How is this going to help shrink you back down?" Terrence asked.

"It won't," she bluntly stated. "Nothing will. This shit is permanent. At least that's what the book says."

"Oh," Terrence said, fighting an internal thought in his mind that this was all because of his own, reckless desires.

“I’m not giving up yet,” Olisha remarked. “I’ve proven that magic works. Now it’s just a matter of figuring out if there’s another spell to reverse it. But I’d rather focus on something else right now.”

“Like what?”

Taking one last, deep drag, Olisha spit the used cigarette off onto the floor. “Take off your pants. If I’m stuck like this, we might as well make the most of it. Don’t try to hide it. I could feel it whenever you pressed into me.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry,” she said with a grin. “Just get naked and go wild. This is what you wanted, right?”

“Yes mam,” Terrence replied, copying the playful smile and getting undressed to properly take care of his giant, goth GF.