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1,683 words.

<Cursed Pumpkins>

by <Growing Desires>

## Chapter 7 - Epilogue

*“The show must go on”.*

It felt like the dumbest line to think at that moment but looking at my morbidly obese sister and my impossibly sized breasts, I could only think of that one thing. We didn't know what we had to do but we knew that we couldn't give in. Cassie relied on spite, she chose to grit her teeth and start dieting and exercising immediately, I however accepted my new life, living in constant fear of when I would get that call.

Cassie's life changed dramatically, she was a fit woman before but at this new size, she needed to start over. John didn't mind nearly as much as Cassie thought; he was very supportive of helping her. They hired the best personal trainer that they could afford, and weeks turned into months without any progress. Cassie would call me being frustrated that she couldn't lose a pound, despite not eating or exercising without rest days. No matter what she did, she couldn't lose any weight.

One day, she had just gotten home from the gym, exhausted and tired. She craved something she knew wasn't on her diet plan. At the end of her rope, she went upstairs to change out of her sweaty gym clothes and jump into the shower. Despite it being nearly six months since the curse, she still felt unnatural in her fat form. She took extra time to make sure that she got into every fat fold. Stepping out of the shower she looked at herself in the mirror and her face winced.

“I don’t look any smaller... The trainer says it’s muscle, it weighs more than fat.” Cassie picked up her arm and flexed it.

Her bicep just wobbled in response.

“AAARRRRGGHH!” She screamed.

The noise caught John’s attention downstairs; he made his way to the bathroom. Quietly opening the door, he saw Cassie stepping on the scale and she grunted again.

“Not a single pound!” She said in frustration.

“Now or never John.” He muttered under his breath.

John knew that this wasn’t going to work, he knew that she wouldn’t lose a pound, ever. He walked into the bathroom, staring at his fat wife, his loving palms met her soft fat.

“Cass...” His voice was filled with love and care. “I... I don’t think this is going to work...”

He saw his wife’s eyes fill with tears, the thought she had buried since that first week of no progress was now finally reality, spoken by her husband. Before she felt her world crash around her, John said something entirely unexpected.

“I think we need to move on... Like this... With the new you...” His hand gave a loving squeeze. “I never minded it...”

Since she blew up, they hadn’t had much physical contact, certainly no sex. For Cassie, it never entered her mind. John, on the other hand, wanted it from the first moment he walked in through the door.

“I think we should maybe ask if your Mum can keep Carter tonight... I’ll order us a takeaway and then later... Maybe we can shower together...” His words should’ve repulsed Cassie, but she was so broken by the lack of progress she had made, she gave in all too willingly.

Cassie nodded.

That night they indulged, after 10 months, they finally had sex again. It was a reawakening for their relationship, one desperately needed.

Me on the other hand, I was too busy for normal life, I had to quit my jobs because I couldn't physically do them anymore, whilst I was trying to get my life in order I went on sick, that helped pay my rent for a few weeks but seeing as I needed a stable form of income, work from home jobs were drying up. I knew I had to do something, or I'd become homeless. That is when Cassie's words rang in my head.

*"You can just become a stripper and you'll be fine".*

I started to look online, research a little and try out some dances, but my two left feet and the balloons on my chest made dancing incredibly hard. I didn't think I'd earn a decent living doing it, despite the freakshow aspect of it. I choose not to pursue that route, save myself the embarrassment. Instead, I started modelling online. It was easy to set up, I didn't need to spend a shit ton of money to get it set up and with a pay gate, I was only ever going to get comments from people who wanted to be there. It was slow going at first but once people started to find out about me, my income boomed. The gap year I had was drawing to a close, I could afford to pay for my full course with cash, I had so much money that I was in a position to pay my way through life.

Somehow, I had pivoted this awful thing into something amazing for my life. I thought that I might not find anyone but based on the countless comments I was getting daily, that might not be true, although I wasn't looking for anyone yet, I was just so caught up in the whirlwind.

I decided ultimately to push school at least another year and continue my modelling. It was very fun, fulfilling and kept me busy.

31st of October. Exactly one year removed from the day we got cursed, I arrived at Cassie's. I hadn't been to her place in a few months. Today however was Carter's Day, Halloween. I decided that I wanted to dress up for him and take him trick or treating again, this time we avoided the witch's house. When I got there, Cassie wasn't there. I took Carter from John and did our little tour of the street and brought him back. John was a loyal man, despite his inhuman level resistance, my custom-made nurse costume even got a few stares from him.

*Hard to blame him...*

I looked down at my girls and saw how much skin I had on display.

*Maybe a little much for the rounds...*

I looked down at Carter and saw his bucket was overflowing, much more than normal.

“I think they liked your outfit Aunt Julie.” Carter commented.

Me and John just giggled.

“Where is Cass?” I asked John.

“Oh, she got back when you were out, go in and see her, you’ve not been around in ages, I’m sure you both have lots to catch up on.” John grabbed his keys and patted his son on the back.

“C’mon Carter, Nan wants to see your costume this year.”

With that, I was left standing in the hallway of my sister’s house. I felt nervous for some reason.

*Maybe Cass will judge me for my online stuff...*

I timidly walked down the hall.

“Cass?” I called out.

“In here...” Her voice sounded different.

*Happy almost?*

I walked through the doorway into the kitchen and saw Cassie. There was a lot of food cooking.

*Like before...*

There was no mess this time however, just a lot of food being prepared. I scanned the room and my eyes crashed into the immense form of my sister. She was bigger, very noticeably so. Her belly had lost the soft look and was now looking much more globular, her hand was resting on it, and she stared at me with a smile. Her whole body had plumped up and she looked like she had given into gluttony. Her face was much fatter, her arms were thicker, her legs were like tree trunks and her tits were sagging from their own weight. Her gut dominated her frame, huge and round, a pure display of her indulgence.

“Hi...” She couldn’t look me in the eye. “I guess you’ve got some questions...”

I can only nod.

“Well... I couldn’t lose it... It wouldn’t budge. John saw how frustrated I was getting and then he... Told me his secret...” She patted her bloated stomach and I saw the ripples travel over the front of the tight-fitting dress. “He loves me at this size...” She giggled at the absurdity of admitting this to me. “Bigger too actually...” Cassie gestured to the hob with food on the top, simmering away.

“Do you love it?” I say softly.

“You are unbelievable. I just told you something so incredibly out there, most people would be disgusted, probably never want to talk to their sister again and you ask that...”

“What?” I ask, confused.

“Not a hint of judgement, you just care about me, no matter who I am or what I become.”

Her eyes fill up.

“Of course, you’re my sister. No matter at what size.” My eyes are getting teary.

“I love you.” Cassie says, bursting into tears and rushing to my side.

We hug for a few moments, and we regain our composure.

“I do love it... I love John... This feels all so liberating...” Cassie taps the top of her stuffed stomach.

“Hey... Seeing as we are sharing...” I pulled out my phone and showed her my income page from my online site.

Her jaw hit the floor and she looked at me wide eyed. “All that, since you started? What? When?”

“Cass... That was this week... I’ve been doing it for about five months now...”

I filled her in with all the details and we caught each other up with our lives. I apologised for being so distant, my online persona was taking a lot of my time, she reciprocated the apology with her own. Her reason was embarrassment and worrying about not being accepted by me.

We hugged it out again, and looked at each other, content.

My phone started ringing.

I looked at the caller ID and it was an unknown number, answering it I immediately recognised the voice.

“It’s time.” The Witch’s voice spoke over the phone to me.

My heart sank and I heard the phone hang up and beep at me.

Cassie could tell from my reaction that it was something bad.

“What? What is it?”

“It was *her*.”

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