

Vanessa had absolutely zero expectations of her body's figure. While she typically kept her lean body and "supple" breasts and butt as a default, she had also gone as far as to both shrink and expand herself where applicable. Mostly out of perverse investigation, although she couldn't help but enjoy her larger shapes as well. More to worship, she figured.

Generally her size expansion was done by her own magical hands. This was why, when Agent had practically dragged her to a fast food restaurant, she completely misinterpreted its purpose.

"An apothecary, then?" she assumed with a knowledgeable nod. Agent, rather than correct her, nodded back.

"Sure, whatever," he said, deciding to treat the witch like a toddler when it came to modern mortal conveniences. "Anything to get you to stop eating souls, especially mine."

"I've told you I've been on a diet," Vanessa protested. "Yours is like a rice wafer."

"Rude," Agent claimed, slightly disturbed and offended by that claim.

The two waited in line quietly, eventually reaching the counter where they would be ordering. The cashier felt a sudden wave of dread upon seeing Vanessa, a normal emotion to feel when her aura was present.

"Hi, yes, two double cheeseburgers please," Agent requested with a smile. "And two medium sodas." He turned to Vanessa briefly. "You want anything else? My treat."

Vanessa was still trying to grasp the term "cheeseburger" in her mind. "Do you have any elixirs of madness?" she asked, hesitantly.

"Vanessa, it's not that kind of—" Agent said, before the cashier gently lifted up a vial of a swirling purple liquid. "Oh."

"Yeah, one of our customers paid with these," the cashier shrugged. "Honestly I'm glad to get rid of them."

Vanessa took the vial eagerly. "Ah, my favorite," she smiled. "Pay the merchant, darling."

Agent, baffled, started rifling through his wallet for his card, handing it to the cashier. Another customer dropped those vials off? Who else could it be, if not Vanessa?

"Oh yes, and be on the lookout for the rare golden ticket," the cashier added, as she handed back Agent's card. "One lucky winner will have the golden ticket under their burger wrapper, and could win a cash prize!"

"That sounds like a fine bit of foreshadowing," Agent nodded in satisfaction. "Thank you, miss."

When the burgers came out on their tray, Agent carried them towards their table while Vanessa casually sipped her vial like a latte. Her attitude changed a little when Agent had sat down and gave Vanessa her burger; the confident witch was reduced to cautiously poking the food in curiosity, probing for weak points.

"Now I'm not so sure..." she said, worried. "If this is what the apothecary serves..."

"Vanessa, cards on the table, this is a restaurant," Agent finally admitted. "And that is a hamburger. It's a quick meal for people who don't care about eating healthy or where their food comes from."

"So..." Vanessa still was uncertain. "It's a forbidden meal?"

"Just take a bite," Agent instructed. He had already unwrapped his burger, taking his first bite himself. No golden ticket under the wrapper; a pity. "Try new things."

Vanessa continued to stare at the wrapping in uncertainty. Eventually her hands gripped it, and without removing the wrapper, she took a bite.

"Uh, Vanessa..." Agent remarked, slightly worried about her dietary habits. But she wasn't listening to him. Beyond the papery substance coating the food, the rest was...well, sublime, really. Better than sublime.

Her pupils dilated, her mouth salivating. She gaped at the burger in her hands, at what was within. Then she ravenously, excitedly, began scarfing down the rest.

"Someone's excited," Agent chuckled to an eager Vanessa, who was very much pleased.

"Nectar of the gods," she praised happily. "Why didn't I try this sooner?"

There was the sound of snickering, followed by a haughty voice. "No wonder you enjoy it," she said. "A cow knows a cow."

Both Agent and Vanessa turned towards the source of the new voice. To their side was a condescending woman, smirking at Vanessa knowingly. Her brighter, contemporary clothing was a stark contrast to Vanessa's gothic dress. Agent gave a blank stare at the newcomer. Vanessa, meanwhile, could feel her blood boil.

"Merula," she said, tone colder than ice.

"Vanessa," Merula said back. "Still degrading yourself, I see."

"Darling, you're a natural winner at doing that," Vanessa fired back.

The two glared at each other for a while. Agent, still ever-baffled, mimed firing a gun in the air and made a "pshooo" noise.

"Firing off a flare for the context squad," he quipped. "Vanessa, who is she?"

"This, darling, is Merula," Vanessa explained. She did not turn her head away from her rival. "A self-proclaimed master of magic, but in truth she's nothing but a washed-up blowhard."

"You'd certainly know about blowing," Merula smirked. "Always going after guys like that mortal pet of yours."

"H-hey now," Agent protested meekly.

Vanessa, meanwhile, leaned forward even more, her anger flaring up. The plastic table she was sitting at was starting to melt from the sheer heat. "At least I don't have to pay people for the company," she said. "Whereas you revolt people so easily that the only way you'd be bearable is if they get a reward for doing so."

"At least I don't have to augment my body," Merula volleyed back. "Unlike your fake tits."

The entire restaurant suddenly became swelteringly hot as Vanessa launched herself directly at Merula's face. She glared daggers; her teeth were gritted.

"Say...that...again," she dared Merula. The rival didn't even bat an eye.

"Fake. Tits."

Agent immediately grabbed a hold of Vanessa to keep his friend from going thermonuclear. "Girls, please," he said. "Let's not get ourselves banned from yet another fast food place, alright?"

"I'm not going to hurt her," Vanessa said, her casual tone betrayed by the sheer heat of her anger. "I just want to shrink her body and her ego into nothingness."

"Not in public," Agent warned her. He pulled her back farther, whispering to her. "Maybe try this. You're good at wagers, right?"

Vanessa nodded. "The best at them."

"Then make a wager with her where she'll lose and she'll leave you alone," Agent offered. "Ego bruised. Everyone's happy."

Vanessa was quiet for a bit. Then she grinned. "Is my deviousness rubbing off on you?" she asked. "Good thinking, darling."

She turned to address Merula once more, having composed herself. "How about this?" she asked. "We'll settle our differences with a burger eating competition. Whoever taps out first loses. And if I win, you never come near me again."

"Oh please," Merula scoffed. "With you and your fat ass? You'd give up after the first couple."

"Then you shouldn't have any trouble winning." It was Vanessa's turn to smirk. "Unless you're afraid to lose."

Merula's face turned red. "Fine," she said. "But if I win, I get to turn you into whatever I want. I've been looking for a new set of panties, after all."

"Then it's a deal," Vanessa said. She extended her hand, coated in blue fire—the kind that signified a witch's contractual obligation. "Some ground rules, though. No making a black hole in your stomach. And no just vanishing the meal. You have to actually EAT it like a mortal."

"I can live with that," Merula said. She shook on it; the pact sealing with the gesture. "Bring it on."

"I will," Vanessa declared. She turned to Agent. "Bring us some more burgers. Twenty each to start."

"W-wait a sec," Agent stammered. "Why do I have to get the burgers?" This wasn't part of the deal, not to mention how costly it would be.

Vanessa just shrugged. "I just like the taste of these ones."

Agent grumbled, but reluctantly went back to the counter to order more. This time he pulled out his credit card. "It'll hurt less," he reasoned.

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The burgers were served to both Vanessa and Merula shortly after. Both girls were keeping a lock on each other's eyes, trying to psyche the other out. Their animosity truly went deeper than the surface.

The moment their quarry hat touched the table, both girls snatched a burger from their piles, unwrapping it and quickly inhaling the confection. Vanessa was far more ravenous about the whole pile, inhaling the contents swiftly after

unwrapping each one, hardly breathing in between loads. Merula was slightly more meticulous and reserved, but nevertheless worked quickly to keep up with the reckless Vanessa.

It didn't take long before both witches left behind a stack of discarded wrappers. Vanessa gave a loud belch, patting her stomach, and noting how large it had gotten. Not even an eldritch being could withstand fast food's overly-greasy and fat-driven business models.

"Giving up yet?" Vanessa taunted. Merula merely glared with a smirk, sporting her own paunch as well. Yet neither were ready to back down.

"I'm just getting started," she said. "This is just round one. I'll keep going until you give up like the worm you are."

"Typical," Vanessa scowled. "Agent, prepare another stack of burgers. Twice as big this time."

Agent, who was standing farther away from the dueling girls, gave a sigh. He wordlessly handed the cashier a stack of twenties. "I've been trying to go digital anyway," he said, trying to convince himself.

Another tray was brought out, twice as large this time. Vanessa gleefully rubbed her hands together in anticipation, while Merula merely folded her arms. The moment the tray rested on the table, both witches quickly reached for a burger for each hand, shoveling the contents down like a garbage disposal.

It was quite the sight for the restaurant, with paper flying everywhere, Agent reluctantly picking up each one and inspecting them before shoving them in the trash to be polite. Both witches were getting sloppy now, in part due to their growing size and ravenous appetites, each one trying to outdo the other in any way possible.

By that point, the calories were stacking up, and their stomachs had begun to swell up ever larger. Nor were the increased weights left within their stomachs, as their arms began to get somewhat flabby and heavy. Even their clothing was beginning to tear, the slight sound of ripping audible beyond the scarfing and creaking.

Vanessa practically shoved the tray away upon seeing it was empty, and she let out a monstrous belch that vibrated the entire facility. Merula, not to be outdone, copied her verbatim. Then the two sat back, panting heavily.

"Oh, this is taking a toll..." Vanessa lamented. She looked at herself, her newly-gained mass stretching her favorite dress, her belly peeking out from the exposed center even worse than normal. On the flipside, this did expand her butt and breasts, which was a nice compensation, but at the cost of mobility.

"My figure..." Merula, too, was taking it hard, even worse than the less self-conscious Vanessa. Her own preppy wear had noticeable seams broken and buttons barely keeping attached, and her body meshed with her chair. Neither girl was quite gracious in their efforts, it seemed.

"I can still keep going," Vanessa said, trying to sit up. She forced a grin. "Can you say the same?"

Merula pushed against the table, shoving her body upright. "Always," she said. "And more."

Now even Vanessa had to balk at Merula's endurance. Still going! She thought she would have won a dozen burgers ago, and yet her rival was still going for more. This would not be good; she wasn't sure how much she could take herself.

"Agent, huddle," she coaxed, gesturing to her ward. Agent turned his head,

obediently walking towards the witch.

"Whatcha need?" he whispered to Vanessa. "I take it you want me to cheat for you?"

"Honestly, darling, where are your manners?" Vanessa scolded. "You won't be cheating for me."

Agent blinked. "Oh, alright."

"I can cheat perfectly fine by myself, thank you," she continued. She handed Agent a small vial from beneath the table, out of Merula's view. "Pour this in her half of the burgers."

"What are you two giggling about?" Merula demanded, having lost her patience. "You, mortal twig. Come here."

Agent, reflexively, then approached Merula out of habit of being bossed around by a witch. He hardly arrived when she shoved a second vial into his hands.

"Spike her half of the burgers," she ordered. "Do this right, and I might let you be my seat cushion."

"Joy," Agent snarked. But he couldn't help but glance at both vials, and how neither witch had really noticed how he was made the intermediary for both of them. Two vials, one for each witch...

"Also buy some more burgers," Vanessa said. "As many as you can order."

Agent sighed again, slipping the vials into his pocket. It was replaced with his wallet, which he inspected for several seconds, before setting the entire wallet onto the counter. "Just take the whole thing," he requested. "I won't need it after this."

The already-overworked staff continued to produce burger after burger, loading it onto several trays at once. The piles were so big that they eclipsed what was happening in the kitchen, and were almost as tall as Agent, not that it meant much. It was quite the sight either way.

But Agent was in a quandary.

He studied the vials again, curious. He could, he supposed. He could unstop one of them and aid whichever witch he chose. Vanessa, who often messed with him and was crass, but still was affectionate to him. Or there was Merula, who was...not exactly pleasant. Or polite.

It was a rather easy choice, now that he thought about it. But as he was about to uncork both of them—pouring the contents of both into one witch's pile for double the dose—he was startled by a sudden yelling from the tables.

"Bloated cow!"

He craned his neck to see. Vanessa and Merula were arguing again, this time more fiercely and with a direct focus on each other's more corpulent statutes. Things had not cooled in the slightest; if anything, they continued to heat ever further, and it wouldn't stop until one or both were incapacitated.

He turned back to the burger trays, looking down at his hands and the vials he held. But he was shocked.

They were empty.

He looked at the burgers now, noting how each one had a light glaze of potion on them. He gulped in surprise and fear; when he was startled, he must have

splashed the contents all over indiscriminately. Now all the burgers were contaminated, and he didn't have enough money to replace them all.

He lowered his head in acceptance. "Whatever happens, happens," he said. And he started to carry one tray after another towards the table.

The sudden presence of more burgers interrupted the witches from their loud argument, and they once again resumed their competition, while occasionally lobbing insults under their breath. Now both girls were haphazard with their trash, discarding the wrappings with nary a word or thought.

Their sizeable mass continued to swell, the chairs creaking with their combined weight, and their stomachs pressing hard against the table. They weren't full yet, nor would they likely be at that current rate. Provided, of course, that someone hadn't accidentally magically contaminated the current batch of burgers and thus resolved a growing stalemate.

With every bite, Vanessa could detect...something different. Something she couldn't quite place. But she shrugged it off, discarding it as an acquired taste. Perhaps after so many burgers, it starts becoming a new flavor.

She did, however, take notice of Merula's own habits, and she smirked. She could see the potion was taking effect, and already a strong manner to boot. Already she could see Merula's body compacting in very thin measures, as tough a razor thin line were being drawn across her body to separate her pieces. These different segments were discoloring, each one a different hue: a tan color for her top and lower half, for example, with a variety of green, red, yellow and dark brown splashed across each piece of the rival.

"Say, Merula..." Vanessa taunted. "Ever hear of the expression 'you are what you eat'?"

"Why, yes, Vanessa," Merula answered in mock courtesy. "As a matter of fact, I have. I'm sure you're aware of it as well."

Vanessa was growing confused now, her verbal sparring met with a direct counter and a grin. She sputtered briefly, a bit of special sauce dripping from her lips. She wiped her chin, idly inspecting the back of her hand. Her eyes widened; in addition to the surface of her face proving much softer, her own hand was turning green, with every flex of the limb being met with a light crinkling noise, akin to lettuce.

Her head snapped towards Merula with a fierce glare. "What did you do?" she demanded.

"Oh, what do you mean?" Merula was about to continue her mocking, complete with an overconfident display of resting her head against her hand. Then she, too, noticed the feel and sound of lettuce, and gasped. She shot a glare directly back at Vanessa. "What do you mean, what did I do? What did YOU do?"

"Oh, don't give me that," Vanessa snapped. She angrily swept her arm across the table, knocking off their accrued wrappings and onto a distracted Agent, already busy with cleaning. "You're the one who was cheating!"

"You cheated too!" Merula shot back. "And now look at me!"

Vanessa had a perfect view of it, and of herself. Agent was only vaguely paying attention himself, as he was busy lifting wrappings before he caught the eye of one, became startled, and immediately dashed for the counter with it.

The two witches would have gotten up to either flee or to attack each other, but their legs were starting to thicken and fuse together, flattening into a flat surface below them. Their hands, too, were shriveling, looking more like vegetables by the second. Just under that, their breasts and upper stomach were

turning red and rubbery, some tomato juice dripping lightly. Just under that, a layer of sticky cheese, interrupted by a pair of pickles coated in sauce. Right where their stomachs had originally been, rested the core part of their new bodies, a burger patty grilled to perfection, dripping with grease. The smell was quite intoxicating to the girls, despite their mounting rage. Even Vanessa would have eaten herself, she considered.

Most prominent of the changes were their heads, which were simultaneously squishing downwards and extending outwards to create a soft, plush bun shape to top them all off. Their hair and skin merged into one, baking into the proper wheat-based substance to hold them all together. Their eyes and general appearance remained, as did their mouths, but they were primarily for show rather than to appear unappetizing. They tried squirming, but the most they could do was jostle their condiments a little—and even that was dangerous, they realized, as neither were sure what would happen if they toppled over.

"This is all your fault!" both new burgers shouted at each other. Literal sandwiches, indeed.

Vanessa grumbled to herself, irritated about the lack of mobility and how her magic was temporarily blocked due to the spell's effects. She couldn't even turn her head. "Agent?" she asked, still miffed. "Come here and pick me up, alright?"

No immediate answer came, so she called again. "Agent?!"

"Hmm?" Agent approached idly, inspecting the girls. He stood in front of both of their visions so as to be noticed. "Sorry, I was just taking care of something important."

"What could possibly be more important than me?" Vanessa demanded. She then saw the strange paper in Agent's hands. "What's that?"

"Oh, this?" he asked. He lifted up the paper, a golden ticket. "While you two were feuding, you discarded the winning ticket on the back of the burger wrapper. Since neither of you have any understanding of money, and—" He gave a wry look to their burger shapes. "—And no real way of using it right now, I get a million dollars and a tour with five others through a burger factory apparently."

"That doesn't even make sense," Merula protested. "Whatever. Pick me up, peasant."

"No, pick ME up," Vanessa said. "And tell me I taste better than that upstuck brat."

"Ha!" Merula scoffed. "Hardly. I bet I taste delicious myself."

Agent scratched his head a bit, but in truth he was tired, mentally fatigued and just sick of their arguing in the first place. For once in his existence, he held the cards.

"Well, gee, I'd love to," Agent said. "But I have to cash this ticket in quickly. So I have to run."

"What?" Vanessa stammered. "Agent, you are not going to leave me here. Especially not with her."

"You'll be fine, probably," Agent shrugged. He was already backing away for the door. "Don't worry, I'm sure you two will be kept fresh."

Agent quickly ran outside with his prize, ignoring the yelling of the witches behind him. A little bit of karma, he supposed, as he held his paper. He'd probably pay for that later, but he could use a break.

That left both burgers to glare at each other, stewing in their rage and their ingredients.

"Raw meat," Vanessa sniped.

"Vegan option," Merula sniped back, a phrase that was somehow an insult from her bun-lips.

Still, at least they were the stars of the restaurant now, and served as viral marketing. Though as to their concerns of which of the two were more delicious, time would tell if someone stepped forward to put their dining duel to rest.