

Elisa and her mother, Amber, had embarked on a trip to the mall, which buzzed with activity as they ventured from shop to shop, her mother's eyes alight with a mixture of maternal fondness and curiosity.

Elisa's mother had picked out a few outfits she thought would look splendid on Elisa, guiding her daughter's choices. Handing the clothes to Elisa, she encouraged her to try them on in the changing room. Elisa stepped into the changing room, hanging up the clothes given to her on the rack inside the booth.

As she was about to remove her outfit, however, something inside the booth caught her eye. On the right wall of the changing room, was a beautifully painted image of the full moon amongst a beautiful forest. Elisa would've questioned why someone would've done this to the side of a changing room of all things, but she found herself unable to do anything other than stare at it, transfixed by the painted imagery and seemingly having it resonate with her.

Suddenly, Elisa doubled over, grabbing her sides as her body became overwhelmed by the feeling that was a mixture of pain and pleasure that she had felt during her first transformation those 4 days ago, beginning to grunt and moan quietly. She stepped backwards, leaning back against the wall. The 10 year old began panting heavily as she struggled to catch her breath. Then, the sensation started to overwhelm her. "No, no ,no, I'm going to change again!" Elisa thought, her heart beginning to race. The 10 year old began moaning and groaning, her breathing becoming ragged and labored. Her hands flew up to her face, covering her eyes. "No, not here! Not now!" she cried out. She tried to fight the transformation, but it was no use.

The girl let out a long, low moan as her body began to change. Elisa's body once again stretched and lengthened, her bones popping and cracking. She could feel her muscles and joints straining as her limbs grew and her torso elongated. Tears began to run down her cheeks as she gritted her teeth and clenched her fists, desperately trying to keep from moaning to little avail.

Her thighs started to widen, her buttocks began to swell, growing massive and pushing against the wall. Her waist grew thin and her hips expanded, her body taking on a shape that was both slim and curvy.

Outside the changing room, her mother's attention was suddenly diverted by the unmistakable sounds emanating from within—the muffled moans and sighs that seemed to grow in intensity. Concern and curiosity mingled within her, and her motherly instincts kicked in. "Elisa?" Her mother called out, her voice a mixture of worry and confusion. She pressed her ear against the door, straining to hear the sounds more clearly.

"Oh god..." Elisa whimpered, her ass now massive, turning her pants into shorts once again, as she subconsciously waded her hips from side to side in ecstasy, her now massive ass jiggling as she did so. "Oh, god, no... i-it's happening again," the 10 year old groaned, her voice changing as her vocal cords elongated, taking on a sultry tone.

Elisa's heart raced, the sensual pleasure of her transformation amplifying with each change. She couldn't control the moans that escaped her lips, the sensations surging through her overwhelming her senses, especially the sensations coming from her chest.

"I-I-I'm... oh god... not again..."

"Elisa?"

Her mother's voice was a distant sound to the young girl. Elisa's breasts began to swell, stretching her top until it was practically bursting at the seams. They continued to expand, filling the bodice of her shirt, pressing against the fabric, their weight causing her back to arch.

Elisa's nipples began to harden, and her breasts tingled, growing even larger. The young girl's face flushed, her cheeks glowing a rosy red. Her breath caught in her throat, and she gasped, her voice quivering.

"Oh god, they're growing..."

Her eyes squeezed shut, her entire body wracked with pleasure.

Fearing for her daughter, Amber desperately banged against the door, desperate to get in.

"Elisa! Elisa, what's going on?!"

The former 10 year old could only muster a "Mom... don't come in..." as her hair began to grow, lengthening and thickening, flowing down her back in golden waves.

Her face matured, her cheekbones becoming more prominent, her eyes growing larger and more alluring, her lips becoming plump and inviting.

"Ohhhh....."

Then, everything went black for Elisa, Diana now in control once again for the first time since that faithful night.

She smirked, her lips curled seductively, her voice smooth and sultry. She could feel the power of the moon coursing through her veins, and her body pulsed with energy.

"Elisa, are you ok?!" Amber called, worried sick for her own daughter. Diana smirked sensually. "I'm ok, mom. In fact..." Diana unlocked the door, Amber in shock at the bombshell standing before her. "...I've never felt better." Amber could barely speak, her jaw agape and her eyes wide with disbelief. "E-Elisa...?"

"Not quite."

Amber blinked rapidly, her mind trying to comprehend what was happening. The woman before her was definitely not her daughter, yet she could see traces of her daughter's features in the woman's face.

"Who... who are you?"

"I'm Diana," Diana explained. "Whenever Elisa looks at the full moon, she transforms into me, and I'm in control."

"But... how?"

"I don't know," Diana said, shaking her head. "All I know is that whenever Elisa transforms, her body becomes mine. Still though, I didn't know that simply an image of the full moon could trigger my transformation...." she said, looking back towards the painting on the wall of the changing room.

"You're..."

"Yes, your daughter is still here," Diana replied, smirking seductively. "And right now, I'm in control of her body..." she said, running her hands over her curvaceous form.

Amber could only watch in awe, her eyes following the woman's hands as they roamed over what was once her young daughter's body, now replaced with the sensual curves of a mature woman.

A mixture of fear and fascination held Amber captive, her senses consumed by Diana's magnetic presence.

Suddenly, Diana leaned forward, capturing her mother's lips in a searing kiss. Amber's eyes widened, her brain short-circuiting. She couldn't believe what was happening, yet her body responded without hesitation, her lips parting and her tongue dancing with Diana's. Diana pulled away, her eyes gleaming with lust.

"Wanna have some fun?" she asked, her voice low and husky.

Amber gasped, her skin prickling with anticipation.

"We shouldn't... I can't... This is wrong," she breathed, her body betraying her words. "I shouldn't be feeling like this... you're my daughter!"

"Elisa was your daughter," Diana replied, her fingers trailing along her mother's collarbone. "But I'm not Elisa, am I?" she cooed, her breath hot on Amber's neck.

"Oh, god..."

Diana chuckled, the sound low and seductive.

"Just give in to me," she murmured, her hands caressing Amber's body. "I promise, you'll love every second of it."

Amber trembled, her body responding to Diana's touch.

"Yes... yes, please..." she breathed, her voice a mixture of need and desperation.

Diana grinned wickedly, her fingers ghosting over Amber's lips. "Good girl," she purred.

Diana pulled Amber into the changing room, kicking the door shut behind her.

Elisa awoke to find herself laying on a soft bed, a thin sheet covering her naked body. She sat up, her head pounding and her memory foggy. She rubbed her eyes, trying to clear her mind. A moment later, the events of the day before came flooding back to her.

Elisa was horrified, her face flushing as she recalled the encounter between her mother and Diana. "Oh, no," she said, her stomach twisting into knots. "Oh, no, no, no!"

She buried her face in her hands, her mind racing. "What have I done? What have I done?!" A soft knock on the door startled her, and she jumped. "Y-Yes?" she said, her voice trembling.

"Can I come in?" her mother asked.

Elisa quickly gathered the sheets around her, covering her bare body. "Yes," she replied, her voice barely audible.

Amber slowly opened the door, a look of concern etched on her face. She walked over to the bed, sitting down beside her daughter.

"Are you okay?" she asked softly.

"No," Elisa replied, her voice wavering.

"Oh, honey," her mother soothed, reaching out to stroke her hair.

"I'm sorry," Elisa whispered, tears welling up in her eyes.

"It's not your fault," her mother assured her.

"But I can't control myself when I'm Diana!" Elisa exclaimed. "I lose control and then... and then... I do things I shouldn't..."

"I know," her mother said gently. "But it's not your fault, honey. I shouldn't have given in to Diana like that... You're my daughter, and I did something inexcusable."

"But I was the one who..." Elisa trailed off, unable to finish the sentence.

"It's not your fault," her mother repeated, pulling her into a tight embrace.

"I'm so sorry," Elisa sobbed, her body trembling.

"It's okay, baby. It's okay," her mother soothed, rubbing her back. "We'll figure this out together, I promise."

Elisa clung to her mother, burying her face in her shoulder.

"I don't know what's happening to me," she whimpered.

"We'll figure it out," her mother reassured her. "I promise."

They sat like that for a long time, Elisa's sobs eventually subsiding. As she pulled away from her mother's embrace, she looked into her eyes and saw nothing but love and acceptance.

"I'm scared, mom," she whispered.

"I know," her mother replied. "But I'm here for you, Elisa. No matter what."

Little did they know, however, Elisa's curse was about to get even more out of hand...