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<Fertile Magic>

by <Growing Desires>

Chapter 1

“Ugh... How is this possible...” I grunted.

“What?” My elder sister Hazel replied.

“We are powerful magical beings; we can make almost anything happen and yet.” I gesture to the deep wooded area they were in. “We have to stay here and do chores. Why can’t we just use magic to do this for us?”

“Rose... You know the answer.”

“Yeah, blah blah, can’t use magic to clean. The forest provides magic so we can’t use it to clean.” I roll my eyes at her.

“Rose, I know you are still young, but I think even by now most fairies are more understanding of how this all works.”

“Don’t lecture me sis.”

“You’ve gone through your speciality ritual and yet you still act like a youngling.” Hazel said with a disappointed tone. “It’s about time you grow up.”

“I’m two hundred and nine...”

“Then act like it, you’d think nine years would be enough to understand the role your speciality

plays, yet here you are complaining about cleaning up.” Hazel had lost patience at this point.

“My speciality is fertility, specifically human fertility. How am I supposed to use my speciality here in the middle of nowhere?” I snapped at her.

“Arrrgghh! You infuriate me sister I ought to-”

Suddenly Mum appeared, her gigantic wings heralding a wave of magic dust over the forest.

“Hazel, that is enough, you know Rose is struggling with her speciality.” She hushed Hazel.

“Ha!” I laughed.

“Don’t think that gets you off the hook, you need to learn to see the bigger picture, you have to understand what we do here is so vitality important to everyone, not just yourself.” Mum gestured to the trees that needed tending too.

“But-”

“No buts, you clean up that patch and then we can talk about how to best use your magic.”

I nodded. “Sorry. I’ll get right on it.”

Hazel punched my arm slyly. “You are a pain in the wing.” She said before flying in the opposite direction to where I needed to go.

Thank goodness she’s gone. If I do a good job, maybe Mum will really help me this time.

I spent the next few days cleaning up my side of the forest, as a fairy we didn’t need rest, the magic of the grove empowered us to work throughout. We were so small that even the small patch I was assigned took me a long time. It was the hardest I had worked in a long time if I was telling the truth. Finally, it was done. The magic spells I had learnt as a youngling had all been performed, every single root and stem empowered, each leaf amplified with my magic. I looked over the patch and saw how the green in the foliage seemed greener.

As if on cue, Mum descended from the sky. Her fluttering wings were so regal looking, as fairies age, their wings become more powerful and majestic, but my mum was also a very important fairy in our culture, she had done so much good that she had earned extra special magic from the great tree for her

efforts.

One day I hope to have wings like that.

“Good Job Rose, you’ve done good work here, I can tell.” She placed a hand on my shoulder and smiled proudly at what I had done.

“So...” I started.

“So, what Rose?”

“Are we going to... You know... Talk about my specialty...”

“Rose. I must admit, I only said that to get you to work hard. I knew you had this in you, I knew you could do a much better job than most of the fairies in this forest. I can’t give you the answer that you want, simply because if I did, you’d not learn and therefore you wouldn’t inherit the strength from the earth that you need to become stronger. I am sorry to have deceived you.” She then pointed to the forest. “But the forest appreciates your work, I can already tell that you have gained some strength from this work. You keep this up and maybe you’ll have wings like me one day.” She beamed at me.

I was seething. I had been tricked, by my own mother.

“Thank you, Mum.” I said between gritted teeth.

“Good girl, I need to see your sister, why don’t you start over there next?” She pointed to a much larger and denser plot of land.

“Sure.”

I watched her fly away and only when I thought she was far enough away did I fly as fast as I could up. The wind whooshing between my ears, as I passed the tree line I was hit with a crosswind, I was so angry that it didn’t even deter me, I just pushed through. Fairies generally can’t fly too high because of their wings being so weak. Nobody told me that until I was already half matured. I was born with naturally strong wings, Mum always told me that it was from Dad, but I didn’t really care, I just loved to fly.

Looking down I could see the forest was becoming much farther away, I had never been this

high, I had never tried. Still climbing I looked around the horizon and noticed something I had never seen before. Lights, buildings, activity.

Humans?

Like a moth to a flame, I flew towards the buildings. I had learnt about humans growing up and they always intrigued me. I wanted to meet them, to see their world but it was always left for books. Fairies never really left the grove and all magic that affected the world was generally cast from the woods. I wasn't the first fairy to gain a human power, but I was yet to even meet my subjects, this was the norm, in my lifetime there had only been stories in the past about other elders meeting them, from the previous generation to me it was decided that fairies would not meddle directly with humans. This seemed antithetical to the powers that some of us were still gaining.

They were this close the whole time. Does Mum know...

The descent was easy and relaxing, my excitement was rising at how easy this all seemed. As I got closer, I could hear them. Human voices. I was reading their minds, it was loud at first but as most of their brain activity was low, it was manageable. I listened to thousands of voices at once and drew from their thoughts and memories. It was like I was being filled with knowledge. I had seemingly landed myself onto a place of education, they called it a "University". Most of the people here were considered young, just broaching into their adulthood proper. There was a place on the far side of this campus which was loud. It drew me closer, my wings were still holding strong, so I continued to glide over to the loud house.

I could still feel the magic of the grove coursing through my veins.

Strange... I was always told it wouldn't work this far out...

It almost felt more powerful as I approached this house. I thought about landing and seeing what I could do with this increased power. I wanted to see this world from the point of view of a human, so I first cast a seeing spell, I found my vision changed to that of a human as I projected my sight into a host.

Gosh they are so tall...

There was no strain on my magic by doing this spell, usually this would be something that would hinder me.

What was going on... What were they keeping from me back in the forest...

I stopped channelling and returned to my small fairy body. I was barely the size of a bug compared to these giants. I wanted to see more but I risked being crushed.

If only I could be human sized.

That was it!

I concentrated hard and focused my will and felt the power surge through me.

It's working!

I suddenly shot up, from my small point of view, thousands of feet in the matter of seconds. My body exploded in size, I was now standing about the average height of a human, it certainly looked the same point of view as when I was casting that seeing spell.

However, I still didn't look the part. I still looked like a fairy. My long wings would've made me stand out immediately, if not for the fact I was naked, my clothes having been destroyed in my growth. I focused once more and felt my body continue to change. My wings disappeared, my body was no longer cold, clothes had formed over my body. I looked like what I thought an average human female looked like. I caught my reflection in a window, and I felt strangely proud of what I had made of myself.

"She's so hot... Her tits are massive".

I heard a voice echo in my head, it was very loud, like it was calling to me or I was attuned to it. It was someone who was aroused. I don't know how I knew, but it was something that I just knew.

"I love that dress, it's so low cut..." The voice continued on.

I had a strange feeling overcome me, my breathing quickened, and I felt a surge of power. I could feel this voice's arousal, it was empowering me.

As quickly as it stood out, it was gone.

I needed to evoke more of that reaction. I closed my eyes and focused hard, scanning the area

for more voices like this one. I came up empty, but I was able to see some memories of what people found arousing. I could feel my body morphing, my clothes shifting on my skin. The warm sensation spread throughout my body, my hips grew wider, my legs were no longer dainty sticks, but they had a more feminine look about them, my stomach remained thin and toned and my face changed to be more pleasurable to men. My lips plumped up and my eyes looked more seductive. The biggest change, or changes happened on my chest.

Fairies didn't really have breasts, we as a species didn't have any need for them, despite looking so human like ourselves. I could feel the weight pulling at my chest, my breasts were heavy and filling by the second. The sensation was strange, my skin felt like it was stretching. It was making me feel emotions I had yet to experience in the last two hundred years. I gave them a squeeze and gasped at the feeling of my melons on my chest.

So squishy but firm... How strange...

I strut around for a few seconds to test my new body. The weight was difficult to adjust to but the bounce in my step was a good sensation. I looked at myself in the window again and saw my curvy body, I looked ready to bear a child, my womanly hips were stretching my dress which caused it to rise and expose the lower curve of my thick bum. My tits were huge, as big as my head, the low-cut top I had formed revealed the entirety of my cleavage. My breasts were so perky that they did not require a bra.

I look like a fertility Goddess.

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