

Aine stood on her balcony looking out over the Fair Shores, but the warmth of eternal spring could not make up for the chill tingling she felt in her fingers and toes. It had been days since she had visited the human world, but her mana had yet to completely recover from her encounters with Jadine and Clara. Something which was very unusual.

Thankfully, even at half strength she was still far stronger at magic than most of those around her. Which meant there was still more than enough power at her disposal to ensure that nothing was noticeably amiss, but she could feel something was wrong. The sense of being worshiped no longer completely infused her essence. It was as if she were sharing her throne and someone else was also the Queen of Boobs now.

Whoever the culprit was, at least Jadine's zealous devotion to the faerie queen was an unwavering source of power that surged like an overflowing river. The worship went above and beyond the requirements she had placed on the woman in exchange for growing far beyond mortal sizes. The massively busty woman constantly thought about Aine.

The Queen of Boobs was Jadine's first thought in the shower as the water streamed over her expansive, torso-length bosom and her fingers began to toy with her body. In class and at work, whenever she let her mind wander Jadine found herself lost in experiencing that moment they had shared. Even while in bed with Clara, Jadine was dreaming about having sex with Aine as well.

As wonderful as that was, Jadine's desire had swelled along with her bust line and Aine was actually a little fearful of being around the human again lest they end up alone once more and she was convinced to give up even more. She was unsure if she would be able to say no. As much as the massively busty woman daydreamed about those ten minutes of heaven, Aine relived them even more often. She could still feel Jadine's lips on her skin and her wanting

hands on her back. Which is why she had formulated a plan and called for Carissa. It was time for the Queen of Boobs to take the situation in hand.

The royal faerie turned at the sound of someone entering her chambers and found herself faced with her new handmaiden and her even larger, curlier mane of mint green hair. At this moment, she wore a frilly dress which buttoned down the front. From her waist up the top was open, displaying a lengthy expanse of olive cleavage and even a hint of light brown areolae as the cloth pressed a slight crease in her prominent bosom. The visual was a little manipulated because of her outfit, but her tear drop-shaped breasts probably hung between her waist and navel.

Much like Jadine and Clara, Carissa had grown considerably from being in close proximity to Aine. Even though they had not slept together for the past few nights, the transformation from a few days ago had continued to progress as her own facilities for storing mana began to work. If her growth continued, it would not be long before she rivaled Aine in size. Not just in bust, but also stature.

Once barely three feet tall, the young fae with eyes the blue-green of a mountain stream was now almost even with Aine's shoulder. Almost more surprising that her height and bust, was the staggering amount her hair had grown in the past few days. The brilliant green tresses swept to the floor now, falling like a cape around her. It was only due to the tight, double helix curls of her twin tails that she kept from tripping herself up.

"I am somewhat surprised and relieved that you summoned me, my lady," she said while giving a curtsy which made her bust wiggle dramatically. "I had thought my long absence from your side was through some fault of mine after I was so forward during our morning together."

"No no, nothing like that, my lovely. I have just been...occupied."

“Oh?” There was a hint of steel in her voice. “How has my lady been occupied if not taking care of the work I keep for her?”

Aine crossed the room to stand over Carissa. “I do have more responsibility in the world than just making breasts swell, my dear. Trust when I say that I was doing something of great importance. Now, how do you feel about living in the human world?”

The roulette of expressions from hopeful to aghast to incredulous almost swayed Aine from continuing with her plan. Carissa was probably not the best choice for this as far as experience went, but she was also the best for the job in a host of other ways--especially if things went well. “I am not sure I understand. Am I being exiled? What--”

“No, that is not what I happening,” Aine snapped to interrupt her. “I am asking if you would accompany me.”

“To the human world?” Her impassive expression turned to irritation as her brow furrowed. “Wait, is this about those two women you blessed?”

Aine raised an eyebrow at the second hint of defiance. She had chosen Carissa as a her new handmaiden for her fire, but that heat might just backfire here. “It is, they are presently very important.”

Carissa huffed. “I don’t know how two mortals can be more important that the whole world. Is that why you have been neglecting your duties? Have you been spending all your mana on those two?”

“Yes, that is why.” That was a lie, she had avoided doing any more blessings out of fear that her lessened powers would be discovered and her followers would lose faith. If every boob faerie stopped believing in her before she solved the issue of her goddesshood, it could spell disaster. “Though you cannot say that you have not also been getting your fill of mana from me.

How much have you grown since you shared my bed? Are you assets not ever larger as your heart desires?"

Carissa blushed and stammered. "I suppose that is true."

"I am doing more than just focusing on those two, I am nurturing the first instance of a twelve intensity."

"A twelve intensity? You mean..."

"Yes, I am working on creating someone who will surpass me. She will be a monument to my power, a testament to my skill. Carissa love, I am crafting truly sublime art and I need you to help me. Will you do it?"

"Of course, my lady," she said after a moment's hesitation. "When do we leave?"

"Soon, but first, I must do something..." She lifted Carissa's face by the chin and kissed her tenderly on the lips. Carissa's hands came up to hold Aine's shoulders. The two fae stood locked in their embrace long enough from Aine's neck to start cramping from being flexed. Finally though, she felt the spell she had been working on for the last five hours come to a head. With a hiccup she passed a portion of her goddesshood into her handmaiden. It was only a tenth of what had been, but it was enough to fuel the transformation which had begun when they shared a bed.

Aine stepped back to admire the new demigoddess to whom she was entrusting a great deal. Sigils of mint green bloomed on her thighs, stomach, and upper arms. Her lengthy hair grew even more so. Her frame crept towards being the same height as Aine and then stretched even a little more. Carissa's boobs remained unchanged in volume, but the rest of her made up for it as her svelte lower body swelled and developed into something the Butt Faerie would be proud of.

Her hips, thighs, and calves pumped larger and wider and thicker, the divine growth swelling everything below her waist. The curve of hips was almost even with her bust now, then they surpassed that to make her ass the widest part of her. She turned around to show Aine and the faerie queen could not help but feel Clara's amazing ass had just been surpassed. Carissa's caboose rose from the small of her back and the curve peaked so far behind her that she had to squeeze her shoulders together to bring her arms far enough back to reach it with her hands.

"Mmmm...My lady is too kind," Carissa said as she sank her fingers into her new, thicker and more powerful butt, gasping as it jumped even larger in her grasp. "This power...it's...it's astonishing."

"It is merely a seed to carry you in the human world," she said, downplaying what she had just given up as much as possible. "As mortals come to revere you, that seed will take root and the power will become your own. This is my gift to you, my chosen."

"I am honored, my lady."

"Now come, we have much to do."

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It had been a week since Clara's life had gone from discontentment and loneliness to satisfaction and being in a loving, fulfilling relationship. Jadine was turning out to be a great match not in just their physical interests, but their personal ones as well. Most evenings had turned into both women reading as they traded books back and forth from their collections. Jadine would lay on her stomach, her body supported by her beanbag sized endowments while Clara leaned back against the great, soft curves until they got ready for bed or other things.

Their connection was developing into a fierce kind of domesticity. The kind of attachment that looked like the result of being together for years. When they had not worked together the past two days, the other had made sure to bring food. They had run a number of errands for

each other, making life feel a little more managed. Every night they had laid in bed snuggling and talking until they passed out with Jadine wrapped around Clara. It felt like everyday grew their connection by leaps and bounds, as if each hour together was worth a year.

Clara herself was growing slowly, just like she had wished. Her boobs were on the verge of overflowing the bras she had bought the morning after Aine had had bumped her from barely there to a size she found out was 36B. Hedging her bets on fast she would grow, she only picked up one of the correct size and went for a couple intended for a 36C bust as well as one with a 36D tag.

The C's now fit just a hair too snugly, but the D cup was a bit too roomy at the same time. It was only a matter of time until 36D was the correct size and then it too would also grow small. Her boobs were not the only thing growing either. She had hardly noticed, but her pants had undeniably gotten tighter in the hips and thighs. That sort of growth was a bonus, she loved her ass and if it grew larger, well, that would mean there was more of it. All in all things were exciting and thrilling for her, but the anticipation was getting to the point that she wished she was growing just a little faster. Even so, she was going to have to go shopping soon. Jadine should have had the afternoon off as well, it would be nice to go out and do something together.

Stepping off the elevator onto their floor, something seemed off. Had there always been six doors in their wing to the left? Surely there had been, doors did not simply just appear in the walls of buildings constructed in the fifties. Yet, as she walked closer, there was indeed a door where there had once been wall, one that was very obviously not the same as the others. Maybe someone had decorated and covered the door in decals that looked like ornate carvings?

Just as she reached towards the wood to touch it, the door swung open and Clara found herself groping a relatively short woman with impossibly large, round, and firm tits through a sundress so thin it might as well have been sewn from tissue paper.

“Clara dear,” said a warm voice that dripped with honeyed sweetness. “A hug would have sufficed for a greeting.”

“Aine?!” Clara was shocked as her gaze flicked up to the the faerie queen’s silver-green eyes.

“Of course,” the faerie queen said with a flip of her platinum blonde curls as she slowly sized up to her human height of nearly six feet. “I said that I would visit, did I not?”

“Sure,” Clara began, her neck craning slightly to look up past Aine’s bust. “But I expected--”

“That I would come in and sign the visitor log like some grungy mortal? Ha! Oh, sorry,” she said as Clara felt her face tighten. “I’ve been home for the better part of the week since we last spoke and old habits are easy to fall into when you are as old as I am.”

“Right...So why a room in the dorm then? Why not a penthouse suite?”

“So that my visit does not seem out of place, of course. I now live here just as much as you do. As far as anyone cares, I am free to come and go as I please.”

She tried to peer around Aine’s well tanned and toned arms into the room behind her, but the faerie kept moving so that her expansive boobs remained the focus of Clara’s gaze.

Aggravated, Clara glanced up at the queen who did not even seem to notice she had been swaying. “Isn’t a room like mine a bit...low for you?”

“Oh heavens yes, but I’ve made some changes.”

“Like what, exactly?”

“Oh, yes, where are my manners? Won’t you come in, Clara dear? I shall show you around.”

Stepping through the door made her skin tingle, she felt her bust twitch as it reacted to something in the air. In fact, she could feel her growth accelerating. The renewed sensation of her hastened growth from that weekend brought a gasp to her lips as the already slightly undersized bra was quickly becoming much too small.

If Aine noticed the effect her room was having, she made no mention of it as she stepped back and raised an arm to sweep over a space which was three times larger than what Clara shared with Jadine. The space was littered with ornate furniture and much of the floor space was dominated by a great four-post bed.

There was also a standing tub off to one side. It was currently occupied by another diminutive, hyper endowed woman who was reclined against the stretched curve. As the mystery faerie relaxed back into the purple-pink bathwater, the top of her considerable bust bobbed in the water, hinting at just how well endowed she was. Almost more stunning than her probable measurements however, was the beehive of an up-do she was sporting.

The tangle of bright, minty green hair, combs, and clips outmatched the distance from her elbow to fingertips as she stretched with a contented yawn. Her olive skin contrasted with the hair not only on her head but at her brow as well, making the color of both pop even more.

“Clara, I want you to meet my handmaiden, Carissa of Nalenor. She is for all intents my second in command. There is nothing that happens that she does not have a hand in.”

“And there are things which I do that My Lady Aine never even touches,” the other faerie said. Her voice was like spring, warm and vibrant and full of energy. She hauled herself up and Clara held her breath as she drank in Carissa’s naked form. A plethora of how questions crossed her mind. How did this keep happening to her? How could she be so fortunate?



Clara's eyes were drawn down as more of the faerie appeared. She could not help notice Carissa had a cute tuft of equally bright pubic hair to match the rest of her. Then it hit her how thick Aine's handmaiden was. While this was the second faerie she had even seen, they were usually portrayed as lithe. Carissa was anything but.

Her hips with their glowing tattoos flared wider than her prodigious bust line, which itself was more than she could wrap an arm around as she steadied herself to climb out of the tub. Her thighs were probably bigger around than Clara could grasp with both hands. And her calves! They were out of this world. On top of all that, Carissa was almost a comparatively normal height. She must have been a giant for a faerie.

"I assume this is Clara then. Your current project, yes?"

The positive buzz she was feeling for Carissa deflated at once, but Aine actually spoke to her kin before Clara could open her mouth.

"Now now, love, I have already explained that Clara and Jadine are more than mortals now. Just the same as you are more than just fae, or have you forgotten my gift?"

The husky femme faerie slumped like a chastised puppy. Then she began to laugh, pulling the combs and pins out of her hair. "She carries your gift as well, my lady? Well then, I wonder if she is worthy of it?"

Cascades of minty locks fell in sheets around her, kinking up into rolling waves of bright green that spread out from her head. There were glimmers and sparks as she swept much of her hair up into tails just behind her pointed ears. When she clipped silver bands around the bunches, the hair caught in them began to twitch and twist until it looked like she had a pair of helices hanging from the back of her head. Pulling them forward like a sash, they draped over her chest.

Not even bothering with a towel, she strode towards Clara and Aine with a confidence that felt like locker room swagger. Caught up in her forward motion, her hair slipped behind her hips, to make it look like she was wearing some kind of very daring swimwear.

Unsure what to expect, Clara stepped back. Even though the faerie barely came up to her chest, her small body bristled with menace. Carissa put a hand on the wall to separate her from Aine. Feeling cornered, she stepped around her. Clara's back was now to the open room. Feeling a little safer, she stepped forwards. "I thought your queen said for us to be friends."

"Oh, we shall be friends, I'm sure," the faerie said as she began to walk towards Clara again. "I just want to see what my lady sees in you to have given a mortal such powerful magic."

Glancing to Aine, Clara tried to figure out what to do. When the faerie queen simply smiled serenely, she knew she was on her own for this. Keeping her spacing from Carissa, she stepped back as the fae advanced. With each movement, she was more and more aware of her own increasing bust. The wobble on her chest was growing more and more powerful with each passing minute. Her clothes as a whole felt like they were shrinking.

Distracted by her growth, Clara had forgotten about the tub. When she bumped into it, Carissa's face lit up. The faerie dove towards her. They collided with a wet thwack and then Clara felt herself tumbling backwards. She grabbed hold of Carissa's hair out of reflex and pulled the faerie back with her. They hit the tub at the same time, the water rushing up around them.

Beneath the surface, the tub was far larger than it appeared. Completely submerged somehow, Clara swam up towards the light only to find herself not in Aine's room, but outside. Where she was looked like a spring, but unlike any she had ever seen. Though the air was warm like springtime, the shoreline was white as if blanketed in snow. No, not quite snow. Snow did not shimmer with a rainbow light the way this dusting did.

Glancing around, there were cliffs of purple rock on two sides with waterfalls cascading down their step-like surfaces to dump purple-pink water into the basin Clara found herself in. The misty air was filled with rainbows as twin suns shone through bright yellow clouds. Just where was this?

Carissa broke through the water some distance to the left, her hair floating around her like a web. Her olive skin seemed to glow in the alien light. There was a flash and then she was rising out of the water borne on vast, mint green wings. She floated towards Clara, half out of the water. Her soaking wet hair trailed like a cape.

“What happened?” She asked of the fae. “Where are we?”

“You find yourself on the Fair Shores,” Carissa said with a sweep of her arm. “The blessed realm of my kin and kindred. It is usually beyond the reach of mortals like yourself and yet, here you are. Perhaps this, more than anything, proves Aine’s assertion.”

About to ask what that meant, Clara could feel her clothes disintegrating as her body began to throb. Something about the water was affecting her. “Just what am I soaked in?”

“Pure mana,” Carissa responded. “The liquid essence of magic itself.”

“And you were just bathing in it?!”

“Sure, a mana bath is just the best for the skin,” the faerie said as she rubbed a hand over her smooth forearm, her skin shimmering like she was covered in glitter.

The throbbing was getting stronger and Clara’s pulse was pounding so hard it felt like something was trying to escape from within. She could feel herself growing even more, but with her body supported by the liquid she could not tell how much.

“Okay, well, fascinating at that is, mind helping me out?”

The fae rolled her eyes, but she did offer a comparatively tiny hand as she rose a little further from the water so that the mana only lapped at her ankles.

Grabbing hold, Clara felt herself instantly become lighter. It was just like Peter Pan, only Tinkerbell was much, much larger. Once lifted from the mana, she found herself not only naked, but visibly growing. So much so that Carissa's levitation began to wobble as they got closer to the edge of the pool. Just inches from the obviously crafted edge, they both dropped into drink once more.

Clara heard a thunk under the water and Carissa went limp against her. The faerie began to sink and Clara hooked an arm under her bust. Pulling with her other arm, her fingers found the stone wall, but she could not lift both of them out of the water. If only the faerie was a little lighter.

There was an audible clap and suddenly she could feel warmth seeping from Carissa into her. She moaned at the feeling of her boobs pressing into the faerie's back as they swelled like crazy. Her butt was growing as well, pushing her away from the wall as her backside almost doubled in size. Whatever was happening, it let her haul Carissa out of the pool and then climb out herself.

Getting to her feet, Clara felt even taller and much heavier. Her center of gravity was drastically different and glancing down she knew why. Sprouting from her chest were overstuffed tits so round they made Aine's look natural. She might as well have replaced her boobs with some kind of large ball from how firm they were against her chest. That was not all that had changed however, everything about jiggled in a way she had only dreamed of.

Carissa's prone form was settled against mid-calf and the fae did not seem like she was moving. Kneeling down and rolling her over, the faerie was much thinner than she had been. Clara's hand went to her stomach and felt a thickness that she had never had before. Had she...absorbed a lot of the fae's body modifying mana somehow? Not sure what else to do, she began to do CPR.

A moment later, Carissa gasped, gagged, and coughed up fluid. She rolled over to continue gasping and the moment her skin lost contact with Clara's, there was a zap and her body was back to how it had been.

For her part, Clara was bustier and curvier, but not nearly to the extreme she had been. She probably would be just a bit too big for her new bras now which meant going shopping braless for the first time since she started her second puberty.

After a moment of sputtering, Carissa turned back to face her. "Thank you for saving me, mortal. I...apologize for my behavior earlier. It's no excuse, but court is a cut throat place as much as Aine denies it and on reflex I reacted to you the way I would any other rival. I know now that might have been a miscalculation."

"What makes you say that? This seems a sudden change of heart."

"I can feel it in the impression you left on my energy. You are a kind soul, Clara and I hope you will consider me an ally in the future." She held out her hand, but Clara pulled her into a hug instead. As they touched, there was another feeling of mana flowing between them and they jumped apart with a shared squeak.

"Have you always been able to do that?"

Clara shook her head. "This is the first time, otherwise I don't know what would have happened to Aine when she was in direct contact with my skin...it's a long story."

"Might as well tell me, it's going to be a little while before I feel stable enough to get us back to your world."

"Sure. It all started..." (4347)