

Anie awoke to the sound of chirping birds, the dawn lighting the walls of her palace, and with her arms wrapped around the shoulders of her most recent conquest and her new personal assistant, Carissa of Nalenor. The opulent bed they shared was magically the most comfortable temperature and the fae she held close still smelled of the pair's aggressively sensual evening.

She lifted herself from her reclined position against her fortress of pillows and let her massive bust shift around the two of them. A queen among her people because of her magical prowess, Aine was also a physical wonder. With her height approaching four whole feet, she was remarkably tall for a pixie.

What was more remarkable however, was her bust line. Her vast breasts, filled with great amounts of mana, stretched past her hips and currently filled her lap around the other faerie. The sheer volume of magic at her disposal swelled them into much rounder shapes than gravity should have permitted. Their wide curves surpassed her shoulders and peaked nearly beyond her grasp with puffy areolae that hid thick nipples.

They truly were the endowments of faerie royalty.

"Carissa dear, are you awake?"

"Mmm, yes, my queen," she said stretching against Aine. Her newly enlarged bust rose under the blanket like twin moons, but she seemed to not notice in her half-awake haze. The mint green-haired fae was the youngest from an old family, but she already showed great promise if her growth from sharing the queen's bed for the first time we any indication of her ability to channel mana.

With Carissa bent upwards, Aine could merely lean over to to stare at her face. Her blue-green eyes seemed to sparkle like a mountain stream as the sunlight hit them through the gaps in Aine's mass of silver curls. The expression on her round face turned from dreamy

contentment to surprise as she realized just how close they were. Her eyes widened and a blush crept over her olive skin. She scooted out of Aine's lap until they were not touching.

The young faerie pulled the blanket up to her narrow nose, as if she could be embarrassed after everything they did last night. The significant increase in her endowments seemed to continue to go unnoticed. "W-w-what can I do for you, my lady?"

Aine wanted to comfort her.

Aine wanted to congratulate her.

Aine wanted to feel her again.

Aine wanted to see how far her new prospect would go.

Before all that, Aine had some explaining to do.

Wrapped in a blanket of bosom, the young faerie had grown considerably while exposed to direct skin contact with her queen. While still nowhere near Aine's measurements, her bust tripling in volume overnight from bumps to much more than handfuls was quite a feat regardless--especially since Carissa was barely three feet tall.

"Did you sleep well?" Aine asked, crawling on hands and knees to shrink the gap once more. The feeling of her areolae dragging on the bed made her suppress a moan. Hearing that, Carissa's worried expression wavered and the hunger from last night sparked in her eyes. By the stars above, this one was a gift.

"Yes, very much so," Carissa said as she leaned into her queen and nuzzled her neck. "Your presence was very comforting after being on the road."

"Good." She pecked the other fae on the cheek and then pushed her down with a kiss. Carissa put her arms around her queen. Her fingers started to dig into Aine's back, no doubt from the feeling of magic flowing into her. The Boob Queen relished the feeling of rising heat as

her energy began to stir. Carissa still tasted of glit after last night's passions and the tang sent a shiver down Aine's spine. The young fae's lips began to plump as her body started to absorb mana.

Not wanting things to go too far without explanation, she sat back and then climbed out of bed. Her ruby-red wings fluttered to life as the spell to tuck them away dissipated.

Carissa sat up and Aine could tell it was then the younger fae realized just how big she had gotten. Her gaze shot down as her hands dropped the blanket to grope in disbelief at her new bust line. Then her composure returned and she pulled the blanket around her once more. "I have a question, my lady. Perhaps two even."

"Certainly, love. What is it?"

"How did you," she glanced between them, her gaze moving from Aine's bust to her own. "Well, how did you grow to be so well endowed?"

"It is a long story," Aine started, sitting down in an armchair next to the bed. Her tits rested on the wide padded arms of the chair and she folded her hands over them, resting her chin on her bridged fingers. "It begins with a foolish mortal who thought me a goddess. Turns out, you only need a little devotion to become something more than yourself. As he brought friends to worship my body and offer themselves to me, my power grew--as did my bosom. I sometimes wish I had known things would go this far, but no sense fretting about decisions centuries old. Now that so many the world over believe in the Boob Fairy, I am buoyed by their....perhaps misguided devotion into the realm of demi-divinity."

Carissa let the blanket fall from her own shelf of boob once more. "So how did this happen then? I have no one who worships me."

“Oh, but you do, love. I worship you,” Aine said, reaching out to put her hand on the fae. “Just as I have worshiped all who help me live up to being the goddess people believe me to be.”

“But how did I grow right now? What made this happen?”

She caressed the young fae’s chin. “Direct touch from me can lead to my power leaching into others. Considering how much you touched me last night, it was a given you were going to grow. The question I wanted answered was how much.”

“Was last night a test then?” Her shoulders slumped. “It felt so passionate. So warm...”

“It was a mixture of both, love. I’ll admit after you showed your talent with your tongue I was far more interested in pleasure.”

“So how does this lead to you being the Boob Faerie?”

“I exude a lighter version of the blessing in my dust. As do all I have blessed. Our dust seeds potential in mortals, it lets them grow to their full potential in other ways than just a healthy rack.”

“So I can gift this blessing to others as you do?”

“You can, yes, and so much more. Once the world sees you, there will be others who worship you. Your body will convert that devotion into mana. That mana will seep into your dust and let you work magics far beyond--!”

Suddenly, the younger fae rose on the bed and pushed her lips to Aine’s.

The Queen of Boobs was surprised and then excited. She pressed back against her lover, her tongue caressing the other’s. This time the magic flowed freely, eagerly even as Carissa opened herself up to Aine. She pulled them tighter. Their boobs rubbed together, the soft contours bending around each other. Aine could feel them pulsing as bits of her power found a

new home. The young fae's tits spread in all directions as more and more mana filled them. It was not long before Aine felt them begin to push against her stomach as they swelled inexorably.

Finally, Carissa sat back. Her eyes were closed as she absently massaged her considerably larger assets. They hung nearly to her lap. Her breathing hastened and she collapsed back into the pile of pillows. Moans began to rise from her throat. A flush spread over her olive skin as sweat began to bead on her forehead. Her hips began to thrust, but her hands did not move to her center as she continued to work her massive tits.

Through all of this, Aine waited patiently, reveling in the younger fae's enjoyment until she finally shouted and collapsed backwards into the mass of pillows at the head of the bed.

"So then, love, what does our day look like?" she asked when Carissa finally seemed to have come down from her orgasmic high.

Carissa reached for her phone, one of the best things humans had invented, and looked at the itinerary she had laid out for Aine. "There are two hundred slated to receive a blessing today."

"Any with intensity eight or more?"

"I don't think--no, wait, there's two," she said scrolling down before looking up. "Will you be taking care of them?"

"I will. I love to bless the lucky ones personally."

"How does..."

"How does what?"

"How does this all get figured out?"

“Genetics mostly, but sometimes we listen to the appeals of mortals. One of the two is such a case, if I’m not mistaken.”

“Will you be leaving right away...?”

Aine pushed Carissa back into bed. “I’m sure I can leave you with a parting gift before I go...”

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Clara Austin was, by most standards, a typical college co-ed. She worked a job around classes. She tutored in her best subject. She wanted to have fun. She wanted to have a reasonable job after graduating. She wanted people to respect that she was smarter than she looked.

So she put in long hours to prove she was more than just a pretty face--and she was very pretty, in that punk princess kind of way. Her severely short electric blue hair, bevy of earrings, and fit build that said ‘I can fight you, really’ made her look like a time traveling Sex Pistols fan. Her generous ass and thick thighs made her look dynamite in shorts and leggings.

In the same way that jerks on a college campus would believe a girl trapped behind a service counter was there for their amusement was no surprise, she attracted attention most places she went. People, guys and girls alike, would not shut up about how pretty she was when trying to make small talk, especially while she scooped out ice cream. Some of her interactions were less pleasant however and a few of them were outright spiteful. At least once a shift, she was spanked or groped when cleaning tables and then called a bitch when she stuck up for herself.

While these were aggravations, she had to admit she was well off in comparison to her coworkers who were also different, but in other ways. Zeni, who was usually on shift with her, endured loaded questions and snide comments about her hijab with the patience of a saint.

Jenn, who was two years on HRT and fairly stealth was regularly misgendered seemingly on purpose.

The only one out of them whose appearance did not garner such harassment was Jadine and Clare had her suspicions that was due to how overwhelmingly busty she was. Sure, some people would come in and moo or make jokes about the ice cream being made with breastmilk when the exceedingly well endowed woman was on staff, but tips were always much higher on days she worked and the overall harassment was down, probably because all the jerks were trying to be on their best behavior to get into her pants.

Today was no exception as the two of them worked the afternoon shift on the day of a home baseball game. No less than thirty guys had asked Jadine out as she handed them their ice cream. The tip jar was crammed, most notably they had gotten three twenties with phone numbers scrawled on them and a couple of tens as well. They were fortunately were in the stand at the stadium, so there were no tables to bus and no chances for some asshole to cop a feel, but it did mean she was in prolonged close proximity to Jadine and her humongous tiddies.

Despite how much she griped about Jadine, she was actually a little bit envious of her. Hell, she found Jadine pretty hot if she was being honest. It was just...she had never asked a girl out. Well, there was that one time, but the experience had gone so poorly that she had sworn the idea off entirely. It did not stop her from looking however.

Clara was bent over a box of supplies when Jadine waved her hand to get her attention. "Hey, Zeni should be here in a bit. Do you want to take a break first?"

"Yeah, sounds good."

A few minutes later she was sitting on a bench outside the stadium chowing down on a burger and shake. As she did, she was idly trying to visualize herself with boobs that rivaled Jadine's. If she was honest, she did it more than she probably should have. There was just

something...enchanted about those hugely, massive tits. They looked so soft, so warm, it made her just want to cuddle with Jadine and rest her head on them.

To take her mind off her coworker and things that would never happen, she switched to watching the crowd. After a few minutes, she had finished eating, as was about to get up, when she felt someone sit down at the other end of the bench. Curious, she turned to look and found herself quite close to a woman, who could not be much older than her, with tits so big she was resting her arms on them while staring intently at her phone.

Dressed in a camisole that miraculously contained a bust line that rivaled beach balls, the platinum blonde was probably showing more bronzed skin in her clothes than Clara did when she was naked. There was no way the near perfect orbs were not the result of extensive surgery. Or Magic.

Even as she caught herself staring, Clara could not pull her gaze away. There was a momentary flash of the sensations that burying her face in that near endless cleavage would cause. She could almost feel the taut flesh melding around her face. She felt herself scoot closer and could have sworn the woman smelled like warm chocolate. The woman kept muttering about routes and timing so Clara could not help herself from speaking up.

“Miss? Are you looking for something?”

The woman turned to face her and Clara almost said a prayer to thank whomever for making her bisexual. She felt like that wolf from the old cartoons for a moment, her mind seeming to grind to a halt as she took in the woman’s face. From the way her hair fell over one other eye to the gentle curve of her cheek and jawline to her particularly fat bottom lip, she was everything Clara had ever idolized.

“Actually, I may have found what I was looking for,” she said before her lips curved into a smile.

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Aine knew she had locations to scout to deliver her blessings, but something about this mortal pulled on her. Maybe it was from how much her appetite had been stoked by Carissa. Maybe it was something about the genuine feelings of concern radiating from the mortal. It might have even just been the oppressive southern summer heat. Whatever the reason, the Queen of Boobs was entranced.

“Were you looking for me?” The woman asked nervously, obviously sure that someone of Aine’s greatness would not have talked to her for no reason. Not that she knew she was talking to a Faerie Queen, Aine’s human disguise was fool-proof. If anything, being more than six feet tall sort of balanced out her divinely absurd endowments by making them merely come down to her stomach.

Not wanting to give herself away just yet, Aine glanced around for something else to be looking for and noticed the emblem of an ice cream shop on the woman’s shirt. “I was talking about your shirt.”

“My shirt? Oh! The ice cream place. Yeah I work there.” The mortal continued to talk about the place she worked at before moving on to other topics. Her points wandered, sure, but she had a good voice for speaking. Her demeanor was easy and free, despite the edge to her thoughts about certain matters--typically relationships in general.

“I just feel stuck, you know? I can’t stand guys my age, dating older men feels creepy, and well, I don’t have the best track record with other ladies.”

“How is that? You seem a fine enough partner.”

“I asked someone out in High School, but it turned out they were just looking for an excuse to be shitty. She and her friends bullied me for months until I was done with it and decked one of ‘em. They left me alone after that.”

“It sounds more like you have trouble trusting people than finding someone compatible.”

“Yeah...Well, it’s been fun. Let me treat you since you sat here and listened to me rant for twenty minutes?”

“Sure.”

It was then, when the woman stood up that Aine passed the point of no return. Never before had she seen such a sexy butt. The way her jeans clung to her curves was almost magical. She was being greedy, she knew that, but she wanted this mortal. Even if just for a night, she wanted to feel her body against her own.

“Miss?”

Aine blinked and actually blushed as she realized she had been staring at a mortal’s ass with such apparent want. “Sorry, spaced out for a moment there. Must be the heat.”

With a flick of her wrist, Aine summoned a wide brimmed hat and put it on. Its shadow just barely reached to the edge of her exposed skin, but at least the sun was not beating down on her so much.

“If you’re feeling light headed, I can get you some water, too.”

“That...that would be lovely. I’m sorry, I don’t think I caught your name. I’m Aine.”

“Clara,” the woman said, offering her hand.

Aine took it and found herself being led through the milling people to the employee entrance. She wobbled uncontrollably as they stomped up the ramps, but her mind was far more occupied with how her companion moved. They finally stopped at a booth with a logo that matched the one on Clara’s shirt.

“Here we are. Take a look at the flavors while I grab you a water.”

“Sure,” Aine said, looking at the menu with curiosity. It was not like she had never eaten ice cream, but the variety of flavors was almost overwhelming. They all sounded so good and she wanted to try all of them. In her mind, the faerie could see herself eating scoop after scoop. The feeling of the cream melting in her mouth was almost tangible. So much so she wiped the corner of her mouth.

Her fantasy deepened. She was reclined in a freestanding tub. Carissa was standing over her to the left, Clara was to the right. Each had a bucket in one hand and a scoop in the other. They took turns scooping ice cream onto her, letting it slide over her skin and down her cleavage. Scoop after scoop melted against her, slowly filling the tub with chilled cream. Then they were licking her, their bodies becoming wet with cream as they rubbed against her.

It was not until she felt a tap on her forehead that she realized she was seated and panting. Her face and chest were hot. Clara was bent over, a concerned look on her face. The woman’s hand was cool against her skin.

“I should really take her somewhere,” she said to someone else. Someone Aine could feel her blessing upon. Glancing at the other woman, she remembered her face from several years ago. She had certainly grown into her ten rating.

“I’m sure she can take care of herself, we need you here.”

“Miss?” Aine called out. Both Clara and the blessed one walked over. “Not you, hun, your manager.”

Clara looked betrayed for a moment, then her gaze flicked between the overwhelming amount of boob on either side of her. Aine could almost taste her jealousy. She was definitely one of the mortals she was supposed to find.

“Oh, okay,” she said finally before returning to the stall.

Her manager's stance was obviously aggressive, as if she was trying to contest being so outsized. Aine could tell the young woman was not used to being smaller than someone else.

"So what's this all--"

"Do you recognize me, young lady?" Aine asked, all traces of her feigned exhaustion vanishing.

"Sort of," she said, her stance relaxing. "It's like a dream. Are you someone famous?"

"Something like that. Come," she patted the bench next to her. "Sit for a moment. I want to talk to you."

"I'd rather stand." Although she did move closer.

"I won't bite miss..." Aine trailed off, hoping Clara's manager would pick up on the hint.

"Jadine," she said. "My name's Jadine."

"Ahah! I knew I recognized you. March third four years ago you started to grow like crazy, right?"

A blush crept over Jadine's face. "You're really starting to creep me out, lady."

"Am I right or not?"

A few seconds passed before she responded. "More or less, but how...how do you know that?"

"Because I was there. I gave you that wonderful figure and the body to handle them. Haven't you ever noticed that you don't feel strained by their weight? Haven't you ever felt like you were blessed?"

"I...who are you? What do you want with Clara?"

"I'm the Boob Faerie and I need to talk with that young lady. I am however, in a hurry so I have a proposition for you. You let her off shift now and in exchange, I'll double your size."

“Double?” She glanced over her shoulder at the booth. “Make it triple?”

Aine put a finger to her chin as she thought a moment. Tripling this woman’s bust would mean a mortal would rival her in size, but that was hardly an issue. If anything, it was a point in her favor since Jadine could provide a considerable amount of devotion. In fact, she could require it. However, it also meant that she only had enough dust to bump Clara up a little.

Actually...that was perfect. Then she would have an excuse to linger. As for the other person who was supposed to be blessed, she would make it up to them somehow. The Butt Faerie owed her a favor or two.

“You can have triple the size, but if you do, you my name will always be on your lips when you pleasure yourself.”

“Having a goddess like you on my mind will only make me feel better.”

“It’s a deal then?” Aine extended her hand. Jadine could not shake on it fast enough. “Why don’t we go somewhere private?”

“There’s an employee bathroom. It has a door lock.”

“That will do nicely.”

Alone in the surprisingly clean bathroom, Aine summoned her wings and fluttered them like mad, covering Jadine in her dust. The glowing motes vanished quickly leaving no sign anything out of the ordinary had happened.

Then there was an audible gurgle. Jadine’s collar began to stretch as her bust shifted under her already strained shirt. The edge of her bra became visible as her tits began to overflow what Aine knew to be a 40F.

She was still holding Jadine’s hand. Partially so she felt the woman’s pulse begin to race, but also to ensure she really did get triple the size. She wiggled her fingers against the mortals

and felt part of her disguise fall away. At the same time, Jadine bit her lip to half stifle a deep moan. No doubt the sensation of getting blessed not just for a second time, but also by direct contact, was overwhelming for a mortal.

With two sources of growth potential working on them, Jadine's measurements grew even faster. As her bust passed 40H, the straps pulled tight to stand out against the cloth. Her boobs already looked like they were bigger than her head, but this was barely anything. Flesh with nowhere else to go swelled out of her collar, inflating her cleavage by inches every few seconds.

Aine watched with barely contained lust as Jadine's stiff nipples peeked out of the cups of her balconette. Like her tits as a whole, they were growing in their own way. Breath by breath the pair of nubs expanded, growing thicker and more prominent. At the same time, the growing woman's areolae were changing as well. The sensitive skin spread outwards, even faster than the natural rate of expansion from her growth. Pressed against her shirt, the bumps spread over them were growing increasingly noticeable as their density increased.

Jadine was gasping by now, her eyes were unfocused. She was rubbing her legs against each other, the sound of squelching just audible over the gurgling of her expansion. She had to be a 40J now, perhaps more. Her grip had weakened and Aine moved to let go when suddenly the woman grabbed her by the wrist and forced her hand under her shirt.

For Aine, even brushing Jadine's boob with her bare hand set off an explosion of warmth which traveled up her arm to her own bosom and made her gasp. The growing woman jerked her shirt up and over her head, letting her swollen bust spill out. Watching them grow like balloons being filled with water made the Queen of Boobs shudder. She pushed her hand to one, the curve giving slightly under under her touch. Even after just a second, they had to be 40K judging from how they were barely held in check by a bra much too small for them.

"Ugh, need to get this off!"

“I’ll help you,” Aine said, reaching around to the clasps. It did not occur to her that they would collide or that it would feel so good to have someone nearly the same size as her in her arms. There was a grinding sensation against her forearms. Feeling a surge of strength, she jerked on the band and pulled some of the eyelets out of the seams. The already great pressure from Jadine’s growth, along with her getting just a little broader, snapped it the rest of the way.

Freed from their constraints, the mortal’s tear drop-shaped boobs hung nearly to her waist, their volume easily rivaled melons. She hefted them, her eyes going wide as she realized the reality of her situation. “They’re still not big enough...please...I’ll do anything if you’ll just make it so I grow more!”

She leaned into Aine in an embrace of super soft skin. The fae could feel herself heating up as she sank into the 42K embrace. All of a sudden her body shuddered as an unexpected orgasm rushed up her spine. In that state of mind, there was little she would not do for her partner.

Half out of her mind from the surprising amount of pleasure, Aine undid the spell on her other hand and reached out with it as well. The rush of energy as mana flowed from her into the mortal was almost as intense as her lovemaking with Carissa that morning.

Jadine’s growth resumed, the curve of her boobs rapidly growing more absurd. It was not long before they surpassed both her waist and shoulders. Her areolae were growing bigger than Aine’s palms. Their bumpy surface was like a deeply pink crushed velvet. Her nipples were easily as thick as a quarter at their base and they curved into domes nearly three inches long. Jadine was probably a 42M at this point. Much more than triple her size a few minutes ago.

“Are you satisfied now, mortal?”

“Please,” she begged as she ran her hands over them. “Just a little more?”

Feeling challenged, Aine pulled off her own top, the spell breaking further. She pulled the other woman close, making as much of their skin touch as possible. The pair hummed from the level of mana being transferred. With each breath, it felt like Jadine added another couple inches to her bust.

It was only a few seconds later that Aine's magic sputtered and the effect faded. By then Jadine's torso had come to be dominated by her tits, which were in turn dominated by her areolae. They were so vast she could barely contain them in her arms and the dark pink circles flowed over both above and below. That was not all that had changed though, Aine could feel a strong attraction emanating from the mortal. Something even stronger than devotion.

"How do you feel, Jadine?"

"I...I'm so happy right now. Thank you, my lady. Truly. I love them. I love...I love you. I love you and I don't even know your name."

"Aine, but you can call me Lady Aine."

"Yes, Lady Aine."

"Now, can I please have Clara for the evening?"

"As you will it, my lady."

"And I do. So, let us return." Aine created Jadine a bra and top for her new measurements. Even going so far as to make her wardrobe at home morph to also match. It was the least she could do for her new zealot. She pulled her shirt back down over her rack and restored the frayed parts of her disguise. That seemed to lessen the trance-like state Jadine was in and by time they returned to the booth, she was perfectly normal.

"There you...are...wow." Clara seemed at a loss for words when she saw Jadine. Her eyes narrowed as her gaze flicked between the two impossibly endowed women. "Did you...?"

“I did.” Aine said, a grin spreading over her face. “And I can do the same for you, if you want.”

Clara paused and then nodded enthusiastically. “Maybe not that big, but some extra up top would be nice.”

“Oh, we can make that happen. That is definitely something that can happen.”