

## Big Dreams, Little Body

The night air was refreshing outside Garlin's window. Though the countryside was quiet, he knew a day full of fulfilling the king's wishes would soon be upon him. There seemed to be no end to the old wizard's responsibilities. As one of the realm's most powerful mages, many duties fell to him when they proved unsurmountable to knights or soldiers.

"If I hear one more complaint about pixie-infested crops..." Garlin grumbled while removing his cloak. He wanted to yell out of his window to the sleeping city below, but he maintained his composure. "You don't need magic to get rid of them! All you need is a club and a free afternoon."

The exhausted wizard rubbed his eyes and approached his bed. He stashed his long beard safely inside his nightgown. With a quick huff, he extinguished a candle and threw his chambers into moon-lit darkness. Even his scratchy bedding was comforting after a day of toiling.

Garlin closed his eyes. Sleep would come for him soon enough. Breathing deep, he let his mind wander to dreams of a relaxing hot spring and naked elves massaging his tired hands.

*SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH*

A scraping sound pulled him from sleep's grasp. Opening one eye, he scanned the room and found nothing out of the ordinary.

"Bloody rats... I'll conjure a cat tomorrow."

He closed his eyes once more and sighed.

*SCRATCH SCRATCH*

"Ngh!"

The sound was distinct this time. Dull and low, followed by what sounded like a labored grunt. Garlin thought it could be two servants enjoying some private time in the hallway outside his door. If they continued to make so much noise, he would be forced to make them inseparable.

*SCRATCH SCRATCH!*

"Ngh!"

*THUD*

A clattering sound across the room proved to be the final straw. Casting a flame to his candle, Garlin sat up in a rage.

"What in blazes is--"

It moved faster than he was prepared for. Scrambling across his chambers and onto his bed, Garlin was shocked to see a goblin assault his reclined form.

"H-Hey! Hey, ge--"

"Shut up!"

The goblin stood on his stomach and grabbed Garlin's beard, pulling him up. In the candlelight, he could now make out the creature's features. She stood no taller than a toddler but was aged with weathered green skin and battle scars. Rags made from animal pelts covered her

nakedness in a two-piece, though they did little in terms of modesty. A spiked wooden club was clutched in one hand. Years of dried blood caked its surface.

*“Make me bigger!!”* the she-goblin screeched.

“W-What? What are you--*NGH!*”

She pulled Garlin’s beard again before releasing. Looking down, she grabbed her chest with a single small hand. *“My chest!! Make it bigger, wizard!”*

Garlin stared in disbelief. For a moment he considered the possibility that he could be dreaming.

The goblin’s chest was nonexistent and boyish. Flat breasts sat below a tattered strip of cloth. Not usually considered sensual creatures, goblins were known to be rigid and twiggy. Few females were ever blessed enough to find themselves developing feminine features aside from those necessary for procreation. Those that did were often pampered and regarded as physical treasures within the tribe and were free from barbaric duties such as fighting or labor.

Garlin blinked. “You... You want me to make your chest grow...?”

*“Make it grow!!”* she growled, clutching at what wasn’t there. *“Bigger!!”*

“But--”

*“Skee loved me until Karra showed up!! Karra used to be small like me!! Now she’s big!!”* Envy and jealousy burned within the goblin’s eyes. *“I want to be big!! Make me big like Karra!!”*

“I-I-I don’t know who or what you’re talking about!” Garlin wanted to retaliate, but goblins were known for their speed. They were like vicious animals with human-like intelligence. It wasn’t likely he could cast an aggressive spell before she managed to swing her club. Based on its rusty color, he knew she had the skill to use such a weapon.

*“BIGGER!! Bigger chest for Nacra now!!!”* she screamed.

Garlin of course knew such spells. At wizarding school, body modification was among one of the first realms of magic that students explored. He certainly wasn’t above granting a noble’s request to perform certain enhancements to his wife or mistress if the price was right. Somehow he didn’t think this goblin had the means to pay, however.

She raised her club. *“Now, wizard!!”*

“Ok, ok!!” If it would mean getting rid of her and getting back to bed, Garlin was willing to try anything. “Nacra, was it?”

*“Yes. I am Nacra, and I want bigger chest.”*

“Can you stand back...?”

Grumbling, she took several steps back until she stood between his legs. Garlin raised a hand and focused on her boyish chest. “Just hold still and I’ll see what I can do.” Speaking low, he muttered, *“Ubera facere maior...”*

*“Ah!”*

Nacra gasped when a dull glow enveloped her torso. The sight made her drop the club, a relief for Garlin as he lowered his hand to let the spell play out.

*STRRRRTCH*

A sound of developing flesh came from her body. Her brown eyes widened when pressure struck behind her nipples. Watching with greed, she witnessed two gentle slopes rise from her front. Her nipples pushed into her rags as flesh lifted them away and she neared the size of apple halves.

“*Nacra is growing!!*” she cheered with delight, baring a sharp-toothed smile.

*STRRRRTCH*

It continued. Her breasts swelled, finding the confines of her rags snug. Flesh pushed together into petite cleavage. Her bust resembled two plump orange halves: a decent size for such a small creature.

The glow around her chest faded. As it diminished, so too did her development. Nacra’s toothy grin turned to a frown when her clothes did not grow any tighter. She grabbed them in anger, squeezing as if to make them continue growing.

Angry eyes flashed at Garlin.

“*Why did Nacra stop growing?!*”

“Huh?”

“*I said I want them big!! BIG!!*”

“T-Those are big!! For a goblin, at least!! I’ve never seen any goblins with bigger--”

“*BIG!!! BIGGER, WIZARD!! I WANT MY CHEST BIGGER!! BIGGEST!!! NACRA MUST BE BIGGEST!! RIGHT NOW I’M SMALLER THAN KARRA!!*”

Her screeching echoed around the chamber. If she continued, guards might rush to investigate. Such a commotion might spur the creature into attacking, something Garlin wished dearly to avoid when she was within such close range.

Nacra climbed onto Garlin’s chest and bore down. Rancid breath flowed over his face when she growled. “*Bigger, now.*”

“F-Fine! Fine!! Whatever you want!!”

The goblin stood back once more but continued to stand over Garlin. In the back of his mind, he imagined making her so big she could no longer walk, let alone attack. He couldn’t bring himself to sentence the goblin to such a fate however, not when it was clear she was simply overwhelmed by love and envy.

“I’ll make them bigger...” he said, holding out his hand. Garlin began the spell again, intending to triple the goblin’s size. “*Ubera fa--*”

Nacra grabbed his hand suddenly, thrusting his palm against her new breasts. “*WITH FEELING!!!*”

“*--f-f-facera maior!!!*” Garlin yelled in fright, feeling her rough skin against his.

His pulse quickened. A massive amount of energy had left him upon the unstable casting. Garlin tore his hand away when Nacra’s chest glowed like a sun.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

A deep rumble came from her body. Nacra looked perplexed and cocked her head, cupping her breasts as they grew hot. “*Hmm?*”

“Oh no.”

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

The goblin’s chest puffed in anger. Flooded with magic, it began growing at an obscene rate. Green skin filled out and heaved into her tattered garment. Within seconds, her bust blossomed to a size capable of overwhelming her hands.

“*Ha! That’s better!*” Nacra laughed, seeing her bust pushed her palms away.

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!*

Garlin wanted to back away but his head was already against the wall. The goblin was expanding far faster than he was comfortable with. The strain of such growth was obvious on her face even as she grinned and laughed in victory.

*SHRRRIIP!!*

A delighted cry echoed, “*Too big for my top!!! Nacra is too big for her top!*”

Nacra stepped back and arched her chest forward in pride.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

It bloated in heaving waves. Tight, green skin stretched outward in soft mounds crammed into the tortured cloth. Rips opened along the crude stitching. The dark green of her nipples peeked around the crumpling cloth.

“*Nacra is bigger than Karra now!!! Nacra is bigger than whole tribe!!*” Her eyes glowed as she stared over her rising cleavage. “*Nacra is bigger than--*”

*SHRIIIIIIP!!!!*

*FWOMPH!!*

“*Ngh!*”

Her top burst open. Two breasts larger than Garlin’s head fell free like ripened fruits. Their masses smacked against her body with enough force to almost bring her down.

“*H-Heavy!*” she grunted, cradling them tenderly. Loving eyes gazed down at the globes that had come to double her body weight. “*N-Nacra is bigger than some humans!!*” A tinge of trepidation laced her words.

*SSTRRRRRRTCH!!*

“*N-Nngh...!*”

They stretched bigger. Flesh bulged around her arms when she tried to gather them. Skin squished around her shoulders and hips when she hugged them to her body. Her eyes shifted into worry when their weight continued to increase.

“*They...They’re still growing??*”

She surpassed most human women in size. Dominating her body as massive watermelons, Nacra struggled to stay upright. She stumbled backward on wobbly knees. Her legs started to buckle.

*“N-Nacra is big enough now!!”* she struggled to say. Looking over her glowing cleavage, she cried, *“Big enough!!! Big enough, wizard!!!”*

Garlin didn’t know what to say. The spell had been cast and he had been startled when he cast it. There was no stopping it at this point, and there was no telling how big she was going to grow, nor how much her body could handle.

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*“Ah!!! N-N-Nacra is big enough!!!”*

Flesh pushed her arms open. Dark green nipples throbbed against her arms like apples. She stumbled back in fear of her own body and collided with the bed’s footboard.

*“A-Ah!!”*

*THUD!!!!*

*BWOOOMP*

She vanished from Garlin’s sight, soon to be followed by a pillowy smacking of flesh against his stone floor.

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*“Nngh!!! NNNNGH!!! TOO BIG!!! Make them stop, you damn wizard!!!”* The room was filled with the sound of panicking feet scraping across the ground as if dragging a heavy load.

*“I can’t!!! You messed up my spell!!!! There’s no way to--”*

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

Garlin’s words caught in his throat when he saw two green mountains rising into view.

*“Aahh!! N-NACRA IS TOO BIG!!!”*

She’d been stranded. Making her way toward the window, Nacra had fallen onto her breasts. They grew beneath her, lifting her atop their globular forms as a helpless doll. Facing away from Garlin, he found himself staring up her loincloth as she struggled atop the burgeoning green mounds. It was far more goblin anatomy than he ever cared to see again.

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*“TOO BIG!!! CHEST IS TOO BIG!!!”*

Her growth was accelerating. With each breast as wide as Garlin was tall, she was starting to dominate his chambers. Green flesh inched across the floor. A table and chair creaked when they were pushed against the wall. Recoiling, he saw the undersides of her breasts push against his footboard.

*“MAKE THEM STOP!!! MAKE THEM STOP!!!”* Nacra demanded from above, several feet higher than Garlin. She thrashed in roiling anger, sending ripples across her skin.

*CREEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!*

The wizard couldn't be certain if he'd just heard his bed or her body groan with stress.

*"NNGH!!! NNNNGH!!!! NACRA DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS!!!! NACRA DIDN'T WANT TO BE THIS BIG!!!! YOU TRICKED NACRA!!! YOU TRICKED NACRA!!!!"*

"I didn't!!! I-I didn't!! You--"

*CREEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!*

*"NGH!!! CHEST TOO BIG!!!! CHEST TOO BIG!!!! HOW IS NACRA GOING TO GET HOME?!"*

*CREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!*

The end was nigh. Garlin's room was becoming engulfed in her mass. Almost reaching the ceiling, he saw he start to press against the walls. The moonlight vanished as a nipple grew into a window and wedged itself firm.

*CRACK!!!!*

The bed buckled beneath him when it bent in half. It was time to go. Jumping up, Garlin raced for the door while crawling over the sloping mass of the goblin's chest.

*STRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!*

*"DON'T LEAVE NACRA!! YOU HAVE TO HELP NACRA!! YOU DID THIS!!"*

He ignored the helpless goblin and pulled the door open against her flesh. It allowed just enough space for him to escape before it slammed shut behind him.

*RRMMMMBBBLLLL*

A dull groan emanated from behind the thick wood. Sweating, he started down the hallway feeling as if he were still in a dream. He couldn't think about the all-consuming mountain of goblin tit hidden behind his door. By now she was probably being pushed against the ceiling.

A soldier approached around a corner on his nightly rounds. "Master Garlin! Up so late?" he greeted.

*RRRRMMMMBBBLLLL*

*CREEEEEAAAAAAAK*

"Just... Uh... Out for a stroll... Couldn't sleep!" Garlin struggled to explain as his chambers echoed behind him.

"Hope you find rest, sir. You certainly deserve it after--"

*CRRRREEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAA--CRASH!!!!*

The wall and door shattered down the hall, followed by a massive avalanche of green flesh pouring into the opening.

*"DAMN WIZARD!!!! DAMN WIZARD TRICKED NACRA!!!!"*

The guard's eyes bulged in confusion. "S-Sir, what is--"

Not looking back, Garlin interrupted, "Can you let the king know I won't be around tomorrow? I-I think I'll be going on vacation..."