

Tails Never Fails

Story by Pennsylvania Kite Weather

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The early summer kept the sun suspended longer and longer over the hilly, tree-lined route that cut southwest to northeast around the base of the great white mountain of Sedin that rose above the rest of the realm. The roads, having thawed, meant Fielun's tavern and inn was getting busier.

The rustic oaken structure's engraved iron sign swung with a squeak above the rustling wind. As the afternoon light was just beginning to tinge orange, the entrance was opened by a white-haired, cat-eared man in a brown and blue tunic. He shuffled his way unsurely into the bustling interior lodging adventuring parties of all alignments, races and creeds.

Fielun the barkeep, an aging, balding man with small spectacles and build, noticed the newcomer and beckoned him over to the shelves with fine and warming drinks around.

Near them at a table, sitting across a pale-skinned elf crossing her shapely, smooth, pixyish legs — all without rumpling her woodland-green loincloth — was a burly green orc whose jutting lower jaw chomped messily around a leg of mutton. A beefy, white-furred centaress laid on her stomach before another table against a wall lined with animal mounts. Cloaked ruffians, gallant bearded knights, merry and cleavage-showing barmaids...

All were settling into the evening — until another party's leader *whammed* in the door and let in a brisk breeze that turned every head.

Agatha led the quartet; a sturdy swordswoman a little over five feet, with a dashing-looking cutlass and an eyepatch over her left socket. One could mistake her for a coast-pillaging swashbuckler if her many spoils hadn't occurred solely on foot.

She was blessed with dark brown hair that still shimmered a few strands of a glossy white in the right light, tan skin beautifully distributing even darker, youthful facial freckles for a thirty year-old, and where she had little in the bust beneath her lone breastplate to show off her abdominals, her leather-and-wyrmscale woven bottoms were crammed with pear hips. She was very lucky.

And she had gained plenty of renown and wealth as a youth betting on horse and dog races from the city she originated from, far from here. Whenever Agatha ventured into a considered-empty dungeon, she seemed to find a bit more treasure that was missed.

Amassing more notoriety and paying off her own bounties as she went, her spoils enlisted the protective and power-boosting services of a wise, old, hunched wizard in a drab-blue hooded robe who was following her in.

A skinny, shifty young man in a garish red vest and breeches, with a bard's puffy feathered cap and blond curly hair, sidled in without much presence, clutching his enchanted wooden flute before his sternum like a sword handle — a gift from the generous woman.

And the largest man with the horned helmet bumped the crown of his head off the doorframe with no reaction; a thrall, only recently resurrected from a tomb, complete with ancient black armor, eyes and skin pale, broad jaw slack, battleaxe on his back, and under a spell with the onyx jewel in the mouth of the gold skull comprising her large, single earring.

Every head in Fielun's tavern was compelled to turn away and try to rabble on amongst themselves.



Agatha chuckled to herself, raising her voice to no one in particular. “A lively place.” She glanced over her shoulder with her hazel eye as she sauntered in. “You lot. Find a table. I’m going fishing for rumors.”

The bladeswoman came up behind the half-feline novice mercenary who had been chattering pleasantly with the owner and lightly pulled his silky tail. He yelped softly and straightened his back, turning his fetching features with a fierce blush.

“Ooooh, a kitty,” Agatha purred. “Is it true only about one in ten of your kind are men?”

The other could only nod, even though peering down at the formidable woman.

“Sounds like my kind of odds,” she replied, slipping onto the high stool and touching his leg with her padded knee. She grasped the top of his virgin drink and slid it away smoothly a couple yards down the polished wood surface. “But why don’t you go drink your milk over there?”

Pouting, he went away.

Fielun was a soft-spoken man. “I’ve heard of you. Why are you around here near Mt. Sedin?”

Agatha chuckled. “I’ve already done what I came to this region for.” A piece of gold clacked onto the bar counter from her hip pouch. “Your most expensive ale, please. And the finest room for me, and two beds for my men.” She smirked as Fielun glanced at the markings on the coin’s face and checked that it was indeed one of the most valuable in circulation.

Facing up, it was the stoic head of a buck with winding antlers like inverted tree roots, and face-down, a doe lying down in a hilly meadow.

When a tall glass of orangish-brown alcohol was poured for her, Agatha promptly sampled it with three mouth-filling gulps. Her eye peered open again after clunking it down to find Fielun’s brow still furrowed.

“So?” he asked impatiently.

“Oh, eh, I’m just looking for rumors on where to head next.” She jerked something else out of her pouch on a dark-green, fraying cord. “Maybe I pawn off this treasure along the way...”

It was a large wafer carved of jade with gold indiscernible symbols, glowing an eerie moss color with the pressure of her digits. The wind amulet, belonging to the fox-eared emissary of the goddess, who was said to have shaped the world and bestowed her powers to five immortals.

Fielun’s reaction was predictable. “Y-Y-You h-how? Made it to the summit? Took the treasure of Nimbus?”

Agatha finished downing another third of her drink. “What, getting past the blizzards? It was nothing really to the dead guy,” she indicated her thrall. “It’s clear as day up there now, soon as we snagged it from the shrine. I suppose I could’ve used my wizard mate’s magic to blow up the cairn beyond it. That big pile of stones — they say blocks the hole that goes all the way to the center of the earth... I’m sure *something’s* at the bottom, but I’m fortunate, not foolish. I can leave that to somebody else.”

Palming the amulet, she crossed her arms behind her head and leaned back. “What can I say? You sometimes don’t need luck when you can just brute-force things.”

The barkeep glanced around and witnessed nobody else looking or appearing to overhear. Still, he kept his voice low as he sidled away. “Never in hundreds of years has anyone, residin’ or journeyin’, even



dared take what's under the kitsune's protection. You're *cursed*. Finish your drink and I want each of you dastards you're with to leave my—"

Whooooosh! A sharp, whistling wind blew the entrance open and the slab fluttered on its hinges like a flag. Sidestepping through the gap, to everyone's surprised gaze, was a tall lady whose snow-white fox ears grazed the top of the frame.

The silver-haired kitsune wore a white kimono with underlayer accents of sky blue. The loose long sleeves contrasted with the tight fit to the core of her lean body. The outfit opened in a V that bowed outwards from the weight of her nearly perfect chest; verging the size of her head, they were the voluminous raindrops that could've formed from the tangle of clouds that were actually her nine fluffy tails. Each were half her length, practically bunched together like they were jostling for space to unfurl their velvety hairs.

Her hair was just above shoulder-length to avoid touching her gold-furred collar. Threaded in those fibers were bronze beads and a thin silver chain completing the wreath 'round her neck. Between all that was a large white tuft of chest fluff that rose to nearly her chin like a jabot; a dense, spiky, disorderly collection like stuffed animal guts that were tucked like the base of a fan between her enormous bust.

Agatha heard Fielun's hushed voice. "Nim...!"

After the brief silence, the newcomer's regal aura and her neutral expression broke with a charming laugh. She waved a hand high. "Hiiii, everyone! I'm just here to have some mortal grub and play some games. You can just ignore me!" She skipped around on her bare, lean legs and rectangular red sandals.

Conversations tried to restart as she flitted from the dice to the food; an attention span as delicate and fleeting as a dandelion swayed by the breeze. The air was seeming to stir in here.

Agatha hunched over the amulet bundled in her lap between her thighs as — instead of stashing it — she calmly put another coin from her pouch on the counter. "That's the mountain's guardian, huh?" As she ran her hands over her exposed biceps to warm them up, she too stared at the newcomer. Her eyes were sucked into the willowy, wily woman's breasts; from a distance, it seemed safe to.

That and the seemingly kitten-soft fur that obscured only a fraction of the quivering cleavage as Nim capered about, bending over to engage with another group of baffled, seated guests. "She seems pretty friendly," Agatha had to remark.

"You don't understand. She never does this... She's lookin' for mischief. Years ago, fellow came in for the first time — loud and materialistic. Blasphemed the goddess. Wanted to summit Sedin. Within minutes, *she arrived*."

Fielun's hand rested on hers for a moment and she jerked it away, but it got her single eye turned to see his dread. "She... She gambled his literal life away. Dropped him dead in the middle of my..." And then he swallowed hard, looked away and hurried down to another patron, just as Agatha noticed to her annoyance the man hadn't taken her payment for another drink.

Or that Nim had just stolen up beside her and placed herself right in between Agatha's perch and the adjacent seat. "Hhhiya.~" Her breath, escaping a mouth just inches away, tickled her right cheek. Not scented, not steamy — just the purest wisp of wind to ever caress her face.

"Wanna make a quick bet with me?" Nim asked eagerly. This close, her eyes were a dark yellowish — the aureate shade Agatha so passionately chased.



“...Sure. Yeah.”

Nim smoothly reached across Agatha and picked up the rare piece, admiring it aloft in her thumb and index finger. “I can grant you one wish. To obtain it, all you have to do is land one heads with this coin. However, any time it doesn’t, *I* get to do something I wish to *you*.”

In that brief spell, Nim turned the gold piece over, slowly, to show off the buck’s head and the doe in repose. “Weal, woe, what shall it be?”

Agatha looked down, further, purposefully, past Nim’s abyss. It reminded her that her thin metal chestplate had a bend more for form than necessity. She adjusted her eyepatch over the sightless socket she gained in a scrap — when she was lucky to have escaped with her life.

Ideas percolated in her head, like giant treasure chests crashing into a literal mountain of gold. After a pause, “Ok. I’ve decided on what I want.”

Then Nim paused, slack-jawed, and then her eyes narrowed to slats while she wore the thinnest smile Agatha ever saw.

“Ok!” The kitsune’s plates went open bright. “Let’s see who wins the bet...!”

Agatha sucked in her cheek and furrowed her brow as the coin pinged into the air and flipped innumerable times. It almost happened so fast, she couldn’t realize how important this one gamble could be on every aspect of her life.

Nim caught the gold coin and turned it over one last time to smack it upon the back of her opposite hand.

“Tails!” the fox yipped at the sight of the doe.

Agatha moved with the speed of sleight of hand, immediately scooping the amulet on her lap into her bottoms by her right inner thigh as she got out of her stool. She stuffed its cord in as she backed away smoothly like she was merely adjusting her waist.

Eyes were already upon her by virtue of interacting with the emissary. Brandishing her cutlass was out of the question. So was fleeing. She wasn’t a coward; she was ready.

The kitsune waved her hands reassuringly for the sake of everyone else. “Oh, you’ll be okay, promise! I’m just gonna grant my little wish...”

Nim gave her rear a little shake, and like a massive feather-white feather-duster, those fluffy tails of hers shook more vigorously. And *glowed*.

As soon as tiny, numerous streaks of an electric blue began to travel from the roots of their individual hairs to the tips, Agatha felt her chest compress. An uncomfortable heat, a trapping, a pressure... Like someone was pulling off her chestplate but she was hands-free *pushing* it.

The swordswoman’s hands groped at the metal barrier she wore as her top as a cushy, weightless pair of caramel bubbles ballooned beneath it. She let out a moan before she covered her mouth.

Fuller, filling tits squished against the cotton interior liner. The hard material covering her pectorals, and the pair of buckled leather straps resting on her toned shoulders each visibly strained. Agatha arched her back and wound up with her fists balled at her sides, feeling like a can being opened inside-out with tight, hollow, unfamiliar breasts.



Nim's brows rose to her bangs above her preening smile. "How do those windbags feel? Just some nice, pure air... Looks like I fixed a flat!"

There were a few chuckles in the quieted tavern. Patrons were standing up and forming a half-circle behind the shorter woman, some wanting to see around the back of Agatha whose freckled face was the epitome of cross.

Indeed, losing a 50-50 chance was possible for anyone, but what befuddled Agatha is that it was the only one she could recall that went against her.

Nim's flappy sleeve rolled down her arm as the kitsune showed the losing side of the coin to her companion. "Sooo? Wanna see if we can break even?"

Hesitantly, her long brown locks shook. "I'm fine," Agatha said.

"Really...?" Nim was momentarily dumbfounded. "...Woooooah! I just won a bet against the land's biggest loserrrrr!"

Which *wasn't* true. Agatha snorted above the awkward laughter around her and stepped up. "Flip it. ...Go on! You'll see."

Nim grinned, placing the coin on her rotated fist. "Will I now?"

Ping. This time, it was allowed to fall to the floor and took a sideways bounce off the old, weathered boards towards the bar. Both well-endowed women bent at the hips to check the outcome.

Nim straightened up smiling even wider. "Loserrrrr!" Her tails swished in merriment again as she pointed both index fingers.

Agatha whined as she felt the pressure increase like a turnbuckle tensioning. Her ears could hear hissing, muffled by the groaning chestplate and its squeeze of the shoulders and underarms' straps. It was sharp enough, that biting pinch, to bring her onto tiptoe.

"Hggaaahh...~" she gasped and clenched her jaw, pressing each hand down on the supple flesh as the swells rose over the top. They even squished around her bare back, beneath her armpits. She flexed her arms and rolled them, an unsure attempt to get the crackling shoulder straps to release their harnessing buckles.

Gggwwrrrr... SSSNAP!

Naturally, what surrendered was instead the upper back straps over her trapezius that had encircled her broad, and now deep chest. Agatha's blush darkened as she witnessed her spheres bloom into their full shape unrestrained. Her lungs filled as her chestplate dangled like from the two chains of the tavern's swinging sign, quivering on a buoyant pair slightly bigger than Nim's.

And that meant gratuitous underboob was showing; even more skin than Agatha was used to displaying, so her hands tenderly felt at her tenseness, soothing it for having been trapped for so long. The way even the lightest pressure from her fingertips repelled from sinking in, this had to be a stark difference from feeling up a woman more gifted.

And Agatha was staring right across at a candidate, even as the gawking from everyone was more omnipresent now. She and Nim were hearing the same things; the fox's ears were twitching to the odd "oh ho ho", "dear me", and "hot damn" uttered by the onlookers.



Those same triangles tilted in curiosity. “Your name’s Agatha, right?” Nim asked. “Are you gonna be able to face your party again taking losses like these?”

Sneering, the swordswoman spun about with a scarce wobble in her chest and looked for her men. Some stepped out of the way. The thrall must have been facing the wall this whole time, but the bard immediately shielded his eyes as if he’d turn to stone, and the wizard lowered his head with a knit brow. Theirs were among the expressions of mirth, mortification and detachment seeing her in her plight.

“These aren’t... losses,” Agatha glanced down and grinded through her teeth.

“Oh no? So you won’t mind another toss-up?” Nim was already swaying forward to bend for the coin, smoothly and slowly. Even Agatha had to briefly look away to avoid getting lost in the kitsune’s cleavage. “You just said... What have you got to lose?”

Agatha’s hands tousled through her hair and tweaked her eyepatch again out of habit, in the midst of cheek-scorching shame. Why was she pushing her luck, or lack thereof, this far...? “I...” she swallowed hard. “One more time.” One heads to bury this hatchet. To still come out of here with pride.

Immediately her fate was airborne again.

And again. The resting doe revealing itself, miniscule amongst the knots of the wooden floor, seemed to have no care in the world how badly Agatha was *losing*.

“Hhoooh—gahhh...!” Agatha cried as the sensations starting back up again were as awful as they were titillating. She flew to the empty barstool, stretching both arms to steady herself against the two seats she touched, as she threw her head back and endured *more* air materializing, cramming, exaggerating her curves.

Her knees felt weak; she had to start using the furnishing before her as a shelf as her inner biceps wedged them together. It sparked a tingle she needed to force herself to relax from, in spite of the flurry of emotions. ...Against the dreaded reaction of her nipples hardening against the chestplate’s lining, and despite how ever closer her size was getting to having the loosened armor merely a polished tray bridging across them.

When they were each the size of a heaping handbasket of ripe fruit, Agatha could stop clinging to the stool legs so hard and peeled herself away, begrudgingly trudging back up to the towering emissary.

“I’m flipping that damn coin myself,” she assured, her eye fixed on where it lay.

“Oh, do go ahead,” Nim beamed.

Agatha genuflected and lightly smacked herself in the face as knee lifted breast and breast lifted the plate. She groped about, seized it, raised it, and bounced her scalp off the kitsune’s pillows.

“Watch your head, now.~” the other teased, fixing her kimono primly and smoothing her chest fluff.

“Shut *up*.” Agatha flicked her wrist upwards and let it go, a nonchalant gesture to try to put as little rotation in the piece as possible.

Still its bounce went out of control, deciding to roll on its side, meandering in a straight line beneath a table. The lovely elf and monstrous orc craned themselves in their seats to try to spot it.



The green-skinned one gave the most apologetic look his mug could muster. “Not good!” he announced gruffly, before he leaned and plucked it delicately with his massive hand and showed the tails to the women.

Agatha reached out to retrieve it, but Nim again, despite having only the second-largest bust in the building, asserted her presence in reaching across, giving a playful, warm bump on the cheek with her asset, and accepting it first.

“I’ll take care of that thing,” the kitsune chirped, hooking a finger around the limp shoulder strap and lightly tugging the human away. “You should worry about your girls getting too large to hide, loser.~”

And Agatha nearly lost that cover and hurriedly fixed the plate, but she felt a tender breeze on her nipples for the first time as she staggered away. They were getting massive and getting stiff.

She hunched over beside the bar, nudging away her empty glass with her goods, finding her folded arms were necessary to rein in such heaping mounds. “Oooouughh...” she groaned, the trickle of air turning into a whistling torrent again. “Why do you keep wishing for the same d-damn thing...!?”

“Because you haven’t learned.” Nim’s hand on her hip and expression exuded one fiercely delighted, and her tails alight danced to an incantation’s rhythm.

Her boobs groaned with every centimeter now. Their pace was as unpredictable as the winds, intensifying and flagging, lurching across the smooth bar’s surface like giant frozen balls of dough. They could bake into bread to feed a whole village.

Adding to her discomfort, where the amulet had been slipped below her waist, it had fallen into her underwear as well as she moved about. The press of her skin made its energies pulse dully, edging closer to her sex, where it had to stash to avoid sight of its outline against her thigh. She could curse these pocketless pants, and the perfectly good hip pouch was jingling quietly as her leg bobbed anxiously for the magic to cease.

She distracted herself by unlooping her cutlass belt. There had to be a heads for her somewhere. Probability said so! She wouldn’t surrender, but no prize in the world was now worth coming this close to having her chest a hairsbreadth from... popping? Could they do that?

They were rumbling orbs of pressure that were inching out of reach of her arms as she carefully set down the blade across two stools. Her breasts were so big, her entire areolas and their dark, erect nips together jutted out further than the near-perpendicular skew of her chestplate. Her skin was too taut to be squished down by the armor’s bulk, but it still added pressure while she glistened with perspiration; a touch to arouse her.

So, when she had her breath back, she pushed her thumbs up beneath the shoulder straps and finally shed the protection over her head. *CLANG-clang...*

Steeling her confidence and rotating around, Agatha remembered the man who Fielun said had his life gambled away from Nim’s last visit here. For the first time since her growth began, she looked in his direction behind the bar.

The barkeep’s arms were crossed and his eyes then closed. Beside him, the cat-folk was peeping over his fingertips to be another staring soul embarrassed for her.



“Eeek! The indignity!” Nim cackled as she briefly threw her long sleeves over her face when Agatha pivoted to her. She gestured to the patrons then, and pointed to the coin in her grasp. “We’re on FIVE tails in a row! Can you all believe the chances of that?!”

The sixth time *had* to be the charm. Agatha stood fists clenched, air filling her nostrils and leaving between her bared teeth. “Can I change my wish?” she huffed out between breaths.

“Nope,” Nim replied. “But you *can* forfeit.~”

There was silence as Agatha remained slouched and the bottoms of her massive bosom rested just against her abdominals. Her eye swept the crowd and no one gave any indication of what side to take.

And then she turned to Fielun, who rigorously shook his head, leaning his palms on the counter to urge her.

Agatha swallowed some saliva. “One more...” she said to Nim.

“If you’re suuure...!” The kitsune sent it cavorting high into the rafters; in fact, it knocked off a beam with a thunk and everyone could see its spinning was instantly killed. Nim smiled sympathetically at Agatha in agony as the coin landed flat in her palm positioned off to her side.

The emissary simply brought it into Agatha’s view, and they both could verify for themselves.

“A sixth tails,” Nim covered her grinning mouth.

Agatha’s face fell as she watched the white tails whip up more energy. It was taking ever more time to start up, to stuff even *more* air into each hulking breast that felt more object than body part with how rigid, bolted-on and drumlike they felt.

“Now, folks...!” Nim giggled. “I may have nine tails, but like, if this lucky lady here is trying to equal or better that... I’m not sure if she’s gonna last!”

She couldn’t bear to touch them as they tingled and pulsed and her corks trembled like tuning forks. “Ohhh-ho... OhhhhHHH...!” So she absently clawed at her loins, thighs and knees locked together as she just wanted to get the lusciously glassy texture of the amulet away from her folds.

She managed that but was brought into a pitiful kneel by its resonating nuzzle near her core. Her fingers were reaching for her burning face, drool-stringed mouth baying as her boobs eclipsed the length of her entire upper body. Larger than milk pails, verging on wagon wheels...

Bigger and bigger, pulsing and aching with her breath, growing in breadth, stretching for space... The deepening noise they made as the magic dragged out the same volume of air it pumped in each time — it teased her every fraying fiber.

Agatha managed to creep with her hands on her arms bowed wide, and leaned up to clutch at Nim’s pristine skirt. She tugged the sides of it at shin level as she withstood the brush of her own elbows and the immovable surface of the floorboards. Her breasts groaned ominously, still broadening.

“Staaaahhwwp!” She looked heavenward and saw only the shadow cast by those gorgeous tits, slivers of creamy flesh sticking out over the kimono’s overlapping edges, and the fluffy ear tips beyond.

Nim stooped down and petted Agatha’s scalp with a warm smile. “There, there. You’re doing great! It’s stopped, for now.”



“Please, I beg you...! Don’t grow my tits agaaaain...!~”

“Oh, I couldn’t possibly.” *Ping.*

Agatha barely had time to register the familiar noise of metal on nail.

“Gaaa-hah...!” She felt its retort off an inner breast and saw its slim ridge immediately slip between her cavernous, endless cleavage.

Nobody moved.

“Oh,” Nim mocked her surprise. “It hasn’t dropped out yet?”

Agatha was too hesitant to breathe. Every expansion of her chest, every subtle flare her breasts made with her breath caused the little currency’s weight to sink further into her depths. And digging for it, even from underneath, could risk a manicured edge setting her off like a firework.

Her single eye just watched Nim’s insistent smile. “Show me.” The kitsune’s legs spread further in her long skirt, and she bent lower toward those rounded ridges with that commanding smile. “The coin.”

Agatha shakily raised her arms, and Nim graciously helped the swordswoman stand.

There was nothing to do but shake them as gingerly as she could.

Grrn-grrn-grrn-grrn... Ding.

Nim lifted her wooden sandal as the gold coin rolled right underneath. There was a long, whisper-quiet rattle as it came to a standstill.

“Hee hee,” Nim whipped around. “Heads.”

On lucky number seven, Agatha got what she was yearning for.

A boisterous cheer went up. The tall ears wilted slightly as their owner pulled a disappointed half-smile through her squinting eyes.

The dangerously busty woman exhaled slowly and lifted her nervous gaze to see Nim’s auriferous eyes reopen.

“You remember what you wished for at the start, right?” Those eyes then narrowed again. “Now don’t lie.~ *I’ll smite you.*”

Very briefly, Agatha smirked. A sigh warmed the tops of her hills. “B-Bigger boobs,” she admitted.

A gasp went around the tavern as Agatha wrenched her good eye shut. Jealousy was what drew her to that want in the beginning. The desire to gain something she thought would be so simple. *Looked so good* to ogle on a lush, lively immortal like Nim. It was the perfect, non-materialistic thing, and yet...!

She tried briefly to protest. “But I don’t need that wish f-fulfill—”

“*Bigger boobs?!* ” Nim boomed, throwing her arms up and wheeling away excitedly. “What a coincidence! I can’t believe it!” The kitsune’s smile was radiant. “I’ll stick to my word. No tricks. *No take-backs.* Let’s grant your wish...~”

She lifted her arms and each tailtip began waving from behind Nim in a fan’s arc.



The *mightiest* rush of air yet coursed beneath Agatha's straining skin, flooding her veins, practically fluffing her very tissues. "Oooooohh...!" Everything tensed as she braced herself whilst pulling at her hair, feeling leaks from her sex as the only relief that was going to come...!

Sqrrr-krk-krk-krk-krkRRREEEEA...!

"AaaaAAAAIIEEEEEE—!"

"Wait a moment." Nim straightened a finger, and everything ceased, right before she was sure she'd explode. "I guess you never specified *how* big, huh?" She gave a self-assured nod, her white ears bobbing. "I think that does it. Don't you...?"

Agatha was holding her breath for so long even after, the lightheadedness sent her over and she crashed to her knees, her fall cushioned by the undersides of her chest — resilient, after all. She draped gratefully over them, hips twitching atop them as she just barely managed to dam the climax from flooding a haze over her mental state. So warm, so sensitive, she mewled and squeezed out a tear instead.

People approached; steadying hands patted her back, and one brave knight prodded her bloated boob with his toe.

Each of Agatha's party was idle amidst it all, unable to render any help by virtue of being too slight of stature to push through, or standing there vacantly hearing no commands from his master.

Nim, with an apologetic frown, ran a hand back through her tails. "Huh. Normally I've got enough in me to undo whatever I did. Ohhhh well." She clasped her hands together. "That's all the magic my tails can muster today, I'm afraid."

No one was more at ease than Fielun as he came around and motioned to the cat-eared man. "Here, lad. Grab her other arm and let's take her to her room upstairs."

Only just coming to, Agatha picked her heavy head up and muttered something only she could hear in the chatter. "I'm okay. Really, I'm okay..." But even her knees literally couldn't get underneath her.

As she searched her bleary vision and saw Nim's tails disappearing into a weave of people, she felt hands grasp her by her biceps and stagger her languid form off.

-~-

Agatha felt hot. Marginally, in a confident sense. But temperature-wise too. In an attempt to keep her massive mammaries decent, the thick covers of her rich bed had been thrown over her, up to her neck, by those stubborn well-meaning men.

"Gaaaahh..." Agatha sat up and smacked the heels of her hands off her temples over and over. Her breasts filled her lap and most of her vision, and the layers falling off of them made her nipples stand instantly to attention... But they had shrunk. She could easily get an arm underneath one and thumb its thimble-sized peak. They no longer felt volatile.

Her eye surveyed. It was a warmly lit room with dark wooden flooring and moulding, rose-pink cushioned seating, and soft lavender bedding. In a chandelier, there were multiple glass orbs secured in the fixture with light motes floating like a constellation in a liquid lamp.



Her removed cutlass, boots and chestplate with the destroyed strap were thrown down by a wardrobe chest, with the thrall earring on top of the lid.

Sighing, Agatha shifted her legs and felt the wind amulet still firm and smooth against her inner thigh. ...Hopefully, her smallclothes were absorbent enough.

Just then, by the large casement window with dandelion yellow drapes, a figure lightly collided and clung there against the smudgy glass — something white against the black of night.

The swordswoman strode up, feeling her chest chafe the whole way, up to the grinning face of Nim hanging by a fingertip on the top of the frame. When Agatha unlocked and pushed out the window, the kitsune swung with it as weightless as fog.

“Hi!” the enigmatic emissary said, wriggling to get a leg inside and still needing to hunch to fit through. She straightened up, smoothed her chest fluff and bent over the shorter, more-voluptuous other charmingly. “You like your boobs?”

“No!” Agatha spat.

Nim’s golden eyes immediately misted in shock.

The brunette continued. “...I’m sorry. They’re just so much, so quick, and you brought me shame *and* HORRIBLE luck...! And for... what...?”

Nim recovered and loomed closer. And closer, backing Agatha into the bed by touching chests. Her arms were akimbo on her narrow hips swaying in her long, slimming skirt. All the while, a gentle tailwind of cool air continued to ease her forth like a sail. When the bladeswoman’s butt was perched on the mattress, the fox squatted slightly and let the weight of her breasts pin the other’s larger curves in place.

Agatha could feel the *strain* of all that pressure pushing back up, resisting the possibility of deforming. Like a pair of bellows opened all the way — all the air they could possibly pack, pent-up, threatening to blow it out somewhere as they were leaned on too hard from above, but just daring to be squeezed.

“Very well. Maybe I’ll just help you appreciate how fortunate you are.” Nim said flatly. Her lilt came back as her fingers eased some bangs from in front of Agatha’s eyepatch. “You are so peculiar. It’s obvious you’re resourceful, proud, and in good favor with *some* power — one that’s even higher than *me*.” Her head shook, fluttering her upright ears. “I can’t just destroy you. I want to play with you.”

“Nim... Mmmmhh...” Agatha sank all the way onto her back, her hands idle to either side of her head, hair in a pool to tease through.

The window blew shut and sealed out the rest of the world. Still, the hanging lights rocked gently from a lingering breeze, playing the glow off the surrounding surfaces and stirring the gold shine in Nim’s eyes.

“C’moon, can’t you tell my magic is fueled by libido? Rub my tails, spank me with your powerful arms... *Grind*...” The kitsune’s irises briefly rolled back as she at last pulled the top of the kimono apart, slipping the collar down to her shoulderblades with a rustle and jangle, which oozed those orbs swiftly forth.

Her skin was delightfully blemishless and cool, and the bright pink nipples Agatha glimpsed before they cozied up were already so hard, the brush they made was like fencing or French-kissing — before the kitsune mashed their globes together even tighter.



Her voice was soft, reedy, needy. “Griind,” she pleaded again. “...Those monsters I bestowed upon you against miiiine...~”

Agatha groaned in pleasure. Half or something of Nim’s weight had to be in those things. She stopped gripping the bed beneath her and brought her arms around like hoarding poker chips.

Her one eye witnessed Nim’s tongue lolling as her fingers roughly combed through those lovely ticklish curling and flicking tails, caressing up to both her forearms. As her fingers began teasingly gripping and wrestling a furry snake, all of Nim began to shudder and Agatha heard a hum of electric heat.

And to her amazement, both their breasts got even *bigger*. Agatha’s mounds squeaked and creaked; Nim’s slithered and rumbled. It was the slightest cup size, but it was enormous in scale of bliss.

But the magic coursing through Nim’s tails numbed Agatha’s digits quickly to the point she went clawing at the seat of the kimono to get feeling back. They broke away briefly, fondling their changes, feeling them rise and fall with their deep, fluttering breaths.

In seconds, Agatha floundered to get under the covers at the head of the bed while Nim stood and disassembled her outfit. Hairless and shaped from porcelain, the kitsune giggled lowly as she tossed more blankets aside to slip in her long legs.

The slender, beautiful lady arched over and pushed her boobs in tonguing range for Agatha’s inexperienced mouth, but it was so easy to suckle and kiss, to heat her flesh’s coolness, to taste the clean, gorgeous immortal. Chest fluff brushed around her forehead like a twitching furry hat and kisses peppered her scalp where fingers weren’t combing through.

And Nim wriggled into the slight, precious rift she made between Agatha’s equators, rocking herself on her straddling knees and making the swordswoman’s mounds shudder and squeal.

“Oooh,” Nim finally vocalized something for as calmly as she had been attacking Agatha’s features. “Your scaly bottoms are rough. You should remove them.~”

“I... I’m nervous to,” Agatha stammered, yet she wanted to and could pull off the greatest hiding act ever — given the amulet was slipping around in her drawers. She flexed her legs and hiked at her waist, toes curling, hips bucking with Nim as they playfully wrestled and filled the room with passionate creaks.

Panting, the swordswoman sat up straighter with a grunt, still shouldering her taller partner’s weight and pressure. Her lumbar rocked against the pillow and her pants were just below her thick glutes. Nim was about to pull away, but Agatha laughed and lunged, roughly wrapping her forearms around the silver head of hair, and beginning a long, messy makeout session that the emissary moaned her appreciation into for minutes.

So actively their sweating bodies tangled, groping and massaging their vastly different bosoms — in circumference, consistency, color — Agatha managed to eventually shake her garment from her ankles, long having lost track in her efforts to perhaps sweep the amulet under the sheets or down a pants leg.

Nim’s limbs were also so long, a wall of fabrics soon formed at the corner of the bed from her kicking ankles and squirming tails.

Even Agatha’s stamina had limits. As she felt another approaching bout of passing out, Nim rolled off to the right side and leaned up on an arm, beginning to encircle a spread hand around those tan mountains’ distant sides and valleys, and up to their most sensitive pressure points.



“Ready to howl like the wind?” came the fox’s sultriest voice.

Agatha nodded eagerly, her lip in her teeth. In moments, her left knee was raised and draped over Nim’s shoulder as the svelte frame appeared to twist into some crude kowtow before her womanhood. Nim’s right arm materialized around, groping greedily at the side of Agatha’s breast.

“Oh, Nim...!” Agatha moaned, as behind her quivering, mesmerizing, heated domes of flesh, her right thigh was pinned down by the other’s opposite arm folding firmly atop it. Nim nestled in closer, blowing tantalizingly on her entrance, with no way to ward the kitsune out.

Agatha’s dangling shin was felt up by several of the dexterous tails reaching up Nim’s back, coiling and brushing around it, and lovingly tingling with energy. The human’s spine arched, holding the back of her lover’s accessible hand and tweaking her own jutting nip with the other.

“Niiii-hi-hi-hiiimmhh...!~” The atmosphere practically crackled as they fed each other. Agatha’s breasts lurched higher, rumbling with fullness, her throat crooning above Nim’s moans as the kitsune kissed and tongued and no doubt ballooned her own colossal breasts.

Ever huger she grew, and grew, as her lower body convulsed with a wail, and still the spheres stretched and swelled unstoppably before her face, ‘til their taps were out of reach, and the pressure and sensitivity continued to climb to the summit where it all collapsed... and melted into an enveloping dream.

~

Agatha next remembered the breeze against her cheek. There was warm, early summer sunlight against her eyelid. Her hazel iris opened and swept over her body exposed outside of the blankets.

She turned her head and the window was cracked open, drapes shifting, but only just. She looked the other way, and on the wardrobe, her chestplate was fully mended; the network of straps was swaddled neatly in the armor’s cups. Her trousers were lying flat underneath.

Agatha bolted upright and saw the used sheet her shapely legs were sprawled upon.

She had bigger boobs... Natural ones.

Agatha’s search for the amulet at the foot of the bed was already over. That was secondary to the appreciative sweep of her gaze upon her mounds. Bigger than her fists. Just enough to fill her hands.

Oh, they were perfect... Agatha’s head hit the pillows again as she toyed with them, compressed them and let them reform. Gorgeous padding for her pecs. They’d fit the curve of her chestplate like a glove. Goddess above, Nim did have an artisan’s eye for her figure.

Her legs rubbing together shifted the rumply bundle of sheets and a small, warm speck touched her ankle. A shine caught her eye.

A gold coin. *The* coin, perhaps — the one that was never spent and could have disappeared when Nim was done with her game.

Seeing it before her again, showing tails, made her hesitant to crawl forth and hold it — since, it would never compare to the treasure. But a part of her yearned for the suppleness of its edges and impressions against the rings in her fingers as she turned it over, reverently, in her hand.



Tails. Both sides had the doe...

What it possibly meant made her heart beat through the fleshy globes covering it. Agatha smiled, and swung out of bed anxious to try on her equipment in a hurry to find her next lucky break.

Lately, I've been a really indecisive person. Over the past half-year or so, I've been relying on coin flips or digital spinning wheels to settle far too many internal debates; what to do for dinner, how to spend my free time, whether to go into work or work from home that day. I feel like I want spontaneity, but feel kind of powerless at what little choice I seem to have. Am I depressed? What do I really want?

Seeing this contest theme, a lot of things clicked into place right away. I wanted another breast expansion fic, to take this kitsune character I conjured up for a spin, and to publish something before a year passes without a new work. I'm glad I personally made it this far. If the person from nearly seven years ago who helped me develop Nim ever reads this, I hope you're pleased with what I did with her, and you're doing good wherever you are now.

Thanks so much for reading.

[Project: keen wheel of the Blueridge / O fact, cannot be whatsoevermore]

