

“This had better work,” Jess said, tying her wavy dirty blonde hair up in a ponytail while sitting crosslegged on her bed staring at the same piece of paper she had reread a million times already. It read:

Hello valued Aromapothecary customer, and thank you for joining the trial run of one of our exciting upcoming products. This product has just recently been reviewed by the proper regulatory agencies and will enter the market within Q3 of this year. This product is our patented Summon-a-Spirit. Here at Aromapothecary, we are always trying to improve as many aspects of our customer's lives as we can. Whether in the bedroom, around the home, or in the mirror we only wish for you to be the best you that you can be. This product is capable of summoning a benign nonsentient spirit made from pure spiritual essence. This spirit exists for only 2 hours and is capable of completing simple tasks. Due to its benign nature, it is incapable of committing any act that can be viewed as morally 'good' or 'bad'. This limits its use to assistance in cleaning, limited cooking, or organizing. More detailed instructions are found within the product box. Remember to fill in your online feedback cards so that you may receive your \$35 in-store credit. Thank you for allowing us to improve our products so that they may become the best that they can be.

Jess just stared at the card and back at the unopened box containing whatever was inside that could actually summon an otherworldly entity to her one-bedroom apartment. She had signed up for this sort of beta test one day while scrolling through Aromapothecary's online store, which she had found herself doing quite frequently ever since the incident with the Lavender Soap more than three months back. After signing up she received a package in the mail nearly three weeks later containing the strange new product and she had left it untouched, waiting specifically for Valentine's Day.

Since then she had only ever used some of their more tame products like lotion that bumps you up a cup size for a few hours, a shampoo that makes your hair multicolored and smell like mixed fruit for a day, or mints that when eaten make your whole body both smell and taste like mint and strawberries. Even though she had only ever used these products privately, some of their effects had been noticed by her girlfriend Chelsea. Even if they were noticed, Jess would brush it off as something not nearly as strange as magical wellness products she bought online.

She was terrified that she was going to screw everything up with Chelsea again like she had when they had broken up nearly two years ago. They had only been back together for two months, but the past two months had been incredible. She genuinely enjoyed just spending time with Chelsea and didn't know how to tell her that she loved her. Her fear of commitment ended their relationship in the past, and she desperately wanted to show that she was serious this time

around. Jess was never one for big romantic gestures and Chelsea knew that, that is why her plan for tonight would be such a surprise.

Everything was set in motion that morning when they met for breakfast. Jess gave her a card and flowers and Chelsea, knowing Jess, thought it was more than enough. So she would have no reason to believe that when she arrived at Jess's apartment to watch a movie and relax she would have decorated and prepared an elaborate home-cooked meal for her. That was not all, of course, she had also bought a bottle of the lavender soap for specifically this night.

She had not told Chelsea about Aromapothecary, or the day a few months back when her tits nearly crushed her best friend, or about her revenge on Veronica. She was worried something like magical toiletries that make your tits and ass giant would be too weird for somebody as innocent and sweet as Chelsea. Tonight however she was finally going to introduce her to the strange magical company that she had become obsessed with through the same soap that introduced it to her. She was just going to demonstrate how it works on herself, and she hoped that in time maybe Chelsea might want to try it too.

She took a deep breath and looked at the clock, it read 4:43 pm. Chelsea wouldn't be off work for another hour or so, and Jess told her she wouldn't be back at her place until 6:30 to give her enough time to prepare, time she had been unable to utilize. She had planned on only working a half day, which had gone smoothly enough until she received a call from Tori.

She and Brian were currently in the process of moving, and their landlord had blindsided them by moving up the date they needed to be out of their old place. Tori and Brian had already managed to move everything out with a day to spare, and they were planning on celebrating both their move and Valentine's Day in their new home. In their rush to pack up all of their belongings, Brian had told Tori that they didn't need to bother with the couch because the apartment came pre-furnished. She realized the problem that arose from this only a mere twenty minutes before she was calling Jess for help. Their bed had come with the apartment, the bed that Tori had accidently destroyed the day she found the Lavender Soap.

For the past two months, she and Brian had just been sleeping on a mattress, and when they had bought a bed for their new place, they never replaced the old bed from their old place. This would mean they wouldn't get their deposit back. Tori didn't want to stress Brian out so she pleaded for Jess to help her. She had already found a store nearby with an identical bed to her old one, and she had made a point to mention to Jess that it was "really cheap" and "it's no wonder it broke". The way Tori had put it made it seem like it would be at most an hour's delay to Jess's plans, so she gladly agreed to help.

What had begun as running a quick errand for a friend, turned into a three-hour-long delay of carrying a heavy box up two flights of stairs, and helping assemble it as well. When the dust had cleared and the deed was finally done, Tori agreed that she owed Jess big time. Yet she wouldn't be able to help her prepare the special night Tori intended to spend the day preparing. Which brought Jess back to the box. She had saved it in case she needed backup, and it was looking like there wouldn't be any other way for her plan to succeed without spiritual aid.

She grabbed the box and headed into her kitchen. The countertop surrounding her oven was blanketed with various ingredients for her elaborate homemade meal, leaving no space for

her to set down the small box. She went over to her small round dining table and opened it. She had already opened it once before to look at all of its components and to read the instructions. She pulled the card from the box and gave it a quick look over, it had a bulleted list showing the step-by-step process of completing this simple spell.

- Step 1: Remove all components of the package and have them all separated so they will be easy to access throughout this process
- Step 2: Take a small saucepan or whatever pot you may have available and fill it with the Spiritual Saline Solution (Patent Pending) that comes in this package
- Step 3: Take the official Aromapothecary Summoner Charm (Patent Pending) and place it in the pan, place the pan on a burner and set it to high heat
- Step 4: Wait two minutes as the solution warms before adding a liter of spring water to the mixture
- Step 5: Wait until you begin to see a faint greenish blue glow fill the Summoner Charm to take the pan off of the heat
- Step 6: After removing it from the heat the spell should evaporate the remaining water allowing you to remove the charm
- Step 7: Within the next 8 hours be sure to break the charm to release the spirit, if the time expires then the spirit fades and the charm becomes useless
- Step 8: Give your spirit a basic task, one that is not morally viewed as good or bad such as an act that directly benefits others or an act that directly harms others. Things to note: It is unable to perform any sort of sexual or intimate act. It will not be visible on any sort of film or digital camera.

She looked at the clock and quickly grabbed a saucepan from a cabinet and set it on a burner. She reached into the small box and pulled out what looked like a single glass marble in a small plastic bag that was labeled “Summoner Charm”. She pulled out a tiny plastic bottle that contained the saline solution. The bottle had an explanation of how this saline solution was made from blessed salt used in seances and exorcisms, but she was in too much of a hurry to read it. She poured the solution into the pan and dropped the marble in. She set a timer on the oven for two minutes before turning to the fridge to retrieve the bottle of spring water she had been saving for this very occasion.

She pulled it out and hurried back over to the oven. She set the bottle down right next to a bottle of heavy cream she had gotten for the homemade Alfredo sauce she was going to make. She looked at the heavy cream and then checked the time again, realizing that she still really needed to get going on the sauce if she was going to finish it in time. She turned on another burner and set it to low before retrieving a large saucepan and pouring the heavy cream into it. Just as she began doing that the oven’s timer went off, startling her.

She jumped causing the heavy cream to splash over most of the oven. It sizzled and burned immediately after touching the hot surface of the burner. She set the bottle of cream

down and grabbed the bottle of spring water. She opened it, but hesitated before pouring it into the saline solution as she noticed a fairly large amount of the cream had landed in the solution and was gathering around the small charm in the center of the pan. She didn't know what to do, but didn't have any time to think so she chose to hope for the best and poured the whole liter of spring water into the pan.

Right as she finished pouring the water a huge cloud of steam exploded out of the pan, forcing her to jump back. She quickly turned the burner off and pushed the pan off of the heat. She peaked in and saw that all the liquid in the pan was gone. The only thing left in the pan was the small charm which was now milky white with a faint bluish green glow emanating from the center of it.

"Damn it!" she said aloud, thinking that she had just ruined it. Before continuing to inspect it she grabbed the bottle of heavy cream and finished pouring the amount she needed for the sauce into the pan. She double-checked to make sure the burner was on low so it could simmer, giving her time to thoroughly inspect the charm to see if it might still work.

She grabbed the instructions from the box and checked the back of them to find a warning.

Warning! Do not mix outside substances into the mixture. This will cause the charm to cease functioning. Your charm will cease glowing if the spell is interrupted or not conducted correctly. If the charm does not emit any light even after following the provided instructions please contact us as your charm may be defective and you can be provided with a replacement at no additional cost. This will be on a case-by-case basis, not all are entitled to a replacement.

She looked back at the cloudy-looking marble in her hand and could tell that it was definitely glowing. The light was now shifting color to a solid gold light. *Weird*, She thought, *I guess it must be fine considering it's glowing.*

She looked back at the clock and was reminded that she could not waste any more time. "Fuck it." Without any further hesitation, she slammed the marble onto the ground causing it to shatter. Suddenly a bright light flooded the room, causing her to have to shield her eyes. It lasted for a few moments, and she could have sworn she heard a faint distant choir harmonizing as the light began to fade.

She moved her hands and looked down only to be taken aback by what was sitting on her kitchen floor. She knelt to get a closer look at what appeared to be a little stuffed cow doll. It sat at only half a foot tall, dressed in a tiny white robe with a little bell hung around its neck, and a small pair of angel wings sticking out of its back. Directly above its head was a glowing ring that didn't appear to be held by anything, that's when it dawned on Jess that this small little creature was dressed like an angel.

Jess couldn't help but smile while staring at it, she had to cover her mouth and even fight back tears as she was now seeing it in its entirety and realizing that this was the cutest thing she had ever seen in person.

“I had no idea you’d be so cute!” She said giddily before poking its chubby little belly. “Well thank ya ma’am!” It replied in a voice that was equally goofy sounding as it was childish.

She jumped back, pulling her hand away from it before shouting, “Shit!”

The little creature also jumped back, its big green eyes welling up with tears as it was now more scared than Jess was.

She knelt back down and said in a comforting voice, “Woah, hey hey everything’s alright. I just wasn’t expecting you to say anything is all. The box said you weren’t supposed to be sentient. Wait, are you sentient?”

The little creature tilted its head thinking hard, “Well golly. I think I am.” It looked down at its stubby little arms, which didn’t appear to have any hands.

“Woah okay, sorry! No need to have an existential crisis or anything I still need your help. I’m Jess, do you have a name?”

The little creature smiled before its little wings began to flutter rapidly, lifting it off the ground. Jess stood as it rose up and stopped at her eye level. “Well of course I got a name, muh name’s Hubert, Hubert the Apollonian Cherub.”

Jess grabbed the box and scanned it for anything about apple-something cherubs. “Well, it’s nice to meet you, Hubert.” She said as she put the box down. “I think I may have summoned you by mistake. You see I’m in a rush and was trying to summon a spirit to help me prepare a surprise dinner for my girlfriend.”

Hubert fluttered a little higher in excitement, he put his tiny little hooved to his cheeks and said, “A surprise Valentine’s Day dinner! Golly you must really love this lady!”

Jess had no idea how old Hubert really was, but she loved his childlike view outlook. “Yeah, I do really love her. That’s why I really want this night to go well, do you think you can help me?”

Hubert tapped his chin in contemplation, “Well romancin stuff is usually done by Cupid’s cherubs, but I spose I can give it a try!”

Jess clapped her hands together before grabbing Hubert and pulling him in for a hug. She squeezed him and said, “Thank you! You’re a life saver!”

She let go of him and spun around to begin preparing the food, causing him to spin around in the air, the little bell around his neck rattling wildly. He corrected himself and said, “No problem.” Disorientation evident in his voice as he wobbled in the air, his eyes spinning.

Jess was already chopping up an onion as she began giving orders to her new little assistant, “Okay I’m making Chelsea, that’s my girlfriend, chicken alfredo, it’s her favorite food and I know an old family recipe for it that is better than any restaurant can make. The problem is you have to make everything from scratch so it takes forever. She’s going to be here in a couple of hours so I need you to help clean up and decorate around here. I was thinking maybe some roses-”

Before she could finish Hubert gave a quick little salute and said, “Roses, got it.” before shooting across Jess’s apartment at lighting speed, opening a window, flying out it.

His speed caught her off guard, but she quickly got back to preparing the food trying not to wonder when he would be back. *Hopefully, he comes back.* She thought as she pulled two chicken breasts from the refrigerator. As she closed the refrigerator door she nearly dropped the chicken as Hubert was now floating directly in front of her face.

“Fuck! Hubert!?” She exclaimed.

His face was obscured by the bundle of roses he held in his tiny arms. He peered his head around them and said, “Hiya Jess, I gotsa a whole bunch of roses. What’s next?” The rose's stems were all different sizes and many were covered in thorns.

Jess put the chicken down and carried Hubert over to the table so he could put the thorny flowers down. She had to help carefully pull many of them out of his robes which were now a little torn and dirty.

“Hubert, where did you get these?” Jess said looking at the flowers.

“Well there was this big ol buildin made of windows that you couldn’t see through, an I aint never seen a buildin like that so I gotsa real close to look at it. I foun a window that was open an went in an it was just fulla flowers! I foun a whole buncha roses and grabbed as many as I could carry.”

Jess immediately knew which building he was referring to, “You got these from the indoor botanical garden? That’s like eight blocks away!”

Hubert nodded proudly, not really understanding what Jess was saying.

“Okay, it’s good that you got the roses, but if you’d let me finish you would have heard me say that we don’t need real roses, you could just cut up some paper to look like rose petals.”

“Oh, well that don’t seem like it’d be as nice.”

“No you’re right, real roses are better. For the sake of any other public gardens, why don’t you just focus on cleaning for now? The decorations can wait a little bit.”

He gave another solute before zipping away in an instant, leaving Jess unsure how big of a help her new little cherub friend was actually going to be. She again looked at the clock and locked back into her cooking, she turned on some music to help her ignore the shuffling and banging sounds echoing down the hall.

After about an hour or so Jess was making good progress. The noodles had turned out perfect and were ready to be boiled. The chicken was tenderized, seasoned, and in the oven. The sauce now had all of its components and only needed to simmer for another hour. Jess could now finally see what her little bovine friend had been up to for the past hour and if it was actually any help at all. She turned off her music and realized that she could hear a vacuum running in the other room.

Before she could even make it out of the kitchen though her phone began ringing. She saw that it was Chelsea and immediately picked up. “Hello?” She said as if she didn’t know who it was.

“Hey Jess it’s me! I just got off work, you want me to pick up anything on my way over?” Chelsea said.

“Oh hey, no don’t worry about it. I’m actually on my way to pick up some food right now.” Jess then realized that she now had the opportunity to buy herself some more time. “On second thought, while you’re out you could pick up something sweet for dessert? I’ve been really craving chocolate today.”

“Ooo I know a perfect place, you’re gonna love it. Where are you getting the food from? If you haven’t decided may I remind you that you can never go wrong with Bianchi’s.”

Jess smiled, “Actually I was thinking of trying this new place that just opened up. It’s supposed to be really good, plus I heard their chicken alfredo is to die for.”

“Sure I’m down to try something new, but let me warn you Bianchi’s leaves some pretty big shoes to fill in terms of chicken alfredo.”

“Trust me, this place is top-notch.”

“Don’t worry I’m excited to try it, I should be there in like half an hour or so, sound good?”

Jess heard the vacuum turn off in the other room and turned the corner at the end of the kitchen to the living room. “Woah.” She said aloud, in shock at just how clean her living room was. It looked cleaner than it was when she moved in. Everything was spotless, not an inch of the room had any dust, and her couch cushions looked as if they had been restuffed. She looked up at the ceiling and could see that spots from old water damage that had been there at least as long as she had were painted over, in fact, it looked as if somehow all of the walls had also been given a new coat of paint.

She brought a hand to feel one of the walls, none of them were wet. *How did he even do this?* She thought to herself, before heading to her bedroom where she could hear him fluttering around. She opened the door and he froze hovering in the middle of the room with an armful of rose petals.

He looked at her before dropping them on the bed and said, “I know you said ta jus clean, but I think I cleaned everything I could clean. So I got started decoratin.”

Jess stepped into the room and looked around. Not only was everything organized and cleaner than it ever had been, it was also covered in red paper chains and hearts that were hanging from the ceiling. It sort of reminded Jess of an elementary classroom on valentines, rather than an adult woman’s bedroom. She couldn’t help but laugh looking at everything, and then back at Hubert.

He frowned and said, “Do ya not like it?”

Jess tried her best to stifle her laughter and said, “No no, I love it. Knowing Chelsea she’s going to love it too.” She looked at the bed and saw apart from the rose pedals he had dropped on it, Hubert had also made a variety of quite well crafted Valentines. Jess picked one up and admired how well crafted it was, but as she turned it over she realized that Hubert had written “Happy Valentine’s Day” on it, except it was spelled “Valntins”, the D in the day was facing the wrong direction and it was written in what looked like a five-year-old’s handwriting.

“Now I know I’m not much one fer writin, but how’d ya think I did?” Hubert said, his eagerness evident as he inched closer.

“Wow, these are all really... pretty. You did a great job with these.” Jess said, finding herself speaking like a kindergarten teacher.

“Ya mean it!”

She just nodded and said, “Yep. Maybe we could move these off of the bed though.” She gestured towards the twenty others scattered across the bed.

Hubert smacked his forehead and said, “Of course, how’re ya sposed ta sleep with all these here.” He began gathering them all up and scattering them throughout the room.

Jess felt like she knew the answer to the question she was about to ask, “Hey Hubert, do you know what grown-ups do when they love each other and are, you know, alone?”

Hubert furrowed his brow as he thought really hard, “Well I don’t know a whole lot bout mortals, but I think you might hug each other real tight, and then maybe...” He looked over his shoulder and leaned in close before whispering, “Kiss each other a little.”

Jess nodded and said, “Wow yep, you got it. You really do know a lot. Completely unrelated question, but, how old are you?”

Hubert fluttered up a little higher and proudly said, “I’m 3507 and a half.”

Jess’s eyes went wide, “Wow, that’s a lot older than I was guessing.” Jess was just now realizing she had a million questions she wanted to ask him. This may be her only chance to talk to an actual angel. “So, are all angels cute little barnyard animals?” She asked while helping pick up the valentines.

“No not really, we’re all a whole buncha things. It’s mostly just us Apollonian cherubs that look like lil animals an such. Our boss is a big fan of cows so there’s a whole bunch jus like me.”

“Wait, so who exactly is your boss?” She asked, but before she could get an answer she heard a timer go off from the kitchen. “Shit!” She rushed back to the kitchen, now with Hubert in tow. She began scrambling around taking the chicken out of the oven while also trying to stir the sauce. She looked to Hubert and said, “Can you start cleaning in here and get the table ready?”

Hubert nodded enthusiastically, “Yes ma’am.”

They both spent the next fifteen minutes rushing around the kitchen Hubert cleaning and setting the table, and Jess finishing the final touches on the food. She turned to look at the table and was once again shocked by the sheer professional look of it all. The whole scene Hubert had created looked like it was straight out of at least a 4-star restaurant. The tablecloth was smooth and velvety, with no wrinkles despite it being shoved in a closet for two years. There were two lit candles, in the middle of the table in brass candle holders Jess had received from a relative years ago and never imagined actually using.

Everything was perfect, and to make the whole scene even more romantic, Hubert turned off the overhead lights in the room, revealing LED lights hung throughout all corners of the ceiling. The lights were dimmed so the candlelight dominated the room making the table seem to be a part of its world, disconnected from reality. Suddenly the overhead lights turned back on and Hubert flew into the center of the room, in front of Jess.

“What do ya think?” He leaned in close, eager for Jess’s response.

“Wow,” She said before jumping up and trapping the little creature in a tight bear hug. “Thank you thank you thank you thank you!” She exclaimed spinning around, nuzzling her cheek against his before letting him go.

He spun around in the air before falling onto the counter, reeling from the whiplash he had just received from Jess. “Yer welcome.” He managed to say, his head still spinning.

Jess took a look back at the food and then one back at the table. Even if she had the time she had missed that afternoon, there was no way she would’ve been able to do all Hubert had done. She probably would have just lit a candle and dimmed the lights, and there was no way she could have cleaned her entire apartment.

“I don’t even know how I could possibly thank you for everything that you’ve done Hubert, it’s honestly unbelievable.”

“Daw shoot, you don’t have ta worry bout that. I like ta help out ma friends.” He said, with a big goofy smile.

“Aw, we’re friends?” Jess said, her heart melting.

“Of course we’re friends!”

Jess took a quick glance at the clock and realized Chelsea would be there within the next fifteen minutes. “Oh shit! I’m still not dressed!”

Hubert sprung back up into the air, “Well what’re ya waiting for!? Go get yerself ready!”

Jess sprinted to the other end of the kitchen, but before she could turn the corner she looked back and said, “Could you do one last thing for me and set the table? The silverware is in that drawer right beneath you.”

Hubert flew down and opened the drawer before gasping in surprise, “Golly you must be rich with all this silver ya got!”

Jess just chuckled as she headed down the hall to the bathroom. “Oh yeah,” She called back to him, “I’m basically a queen with all the wealth I’ve accumulated.” She said in a horrible attempt at a British accent.

Hubert could not detect the sarcasm in her tone and just marveled to himself, “Golly, a real-life queen.”

Jess hurried out of the bathroom, dressed as if she were visiting a high-class establishment, the kind with a snobbish sort of dress code. Her hair was tied into a bun and she wore a dark green eyeshadow as well as a dark red lipstick that matched her sleek form-fitting dress. She stopped to look at herself in a mirror hanging halfway down the hall to her bedroom.

“Hey Hubert, you know how I summoned you on accident?” She called down the hall before continuing to head to the kitchen. “What do you think about maybe showing me a way to summon you on purpose so if I ever need you aga-” She froze as she turned the corner to see Hubert face down motionless on the table. “Hubert!”

She flipped him over and gently shook him. “Mrghm, Jess?” He said, his voice weak.

Jess picked him up and held him in her arms, “What happened!? Are you okay!?”

He groaned again, “I think ther might be somethin wrong with yer silver yer majesty.”

“Hubert I was just joking! I’m not a queen, and silverware isn’t actually silver. Its like stainless steel or something!”

“Steel!” Hubert said, his eyes going wide. “That sure does explain it then. Us magical critters don’t really like iron all too much. It sucks our magical essence right outta us.”

“Oh my god I had no idea, Hubert I am so sorry. I never would have asked you to touch the silverware. Are you going to be alright?”

“Oh yeah no, I’ll be right as rain.” He yawned and continued with his eyes now closed, “I just think I need a quick. Lil... nap.” Just as he finished his sentence he began snoring in the most generically cartoonish way possible.

Jess turned to take him back to her bedroom. Not noticing the light blue sparks quickly fly off the fork Hubert had been lying on top of.

She put him in her bed and tucked him in. She looked at him, he seemed to be sleeping peacefully, but she couldn’t help but worry. She had no idea what to do, and before she could think of anything she heard a door open followed by her girlfriend’s familiar voice call out.

“Hello, Jess? You here?” She took a quick look around and realized how clean everything was, “Wow, you do some deep cleaning or something? Everything looks, huh?” She looked up and noticed the Christmas lights with paper wrapped around them, she then noticed that the table in the entrance to the kitchen looked as if it belonged in a fancy restaurant.

Before she could examine it any further Jess emerged from the hallway with a look of shock on her face, “Happy Valentine’s Day!” She smiled at Chelsea, nervously, her concern for the magical creature unconscious on her bed still very much present in her mind.

Chelsea put her hands over her mouth, her eyes welling up with tears. She was definitely surprised. She quickly ran up to Jess and embraced her. She stood a couple of inches taller than Jess at 5’10, with a naturally thicker body shape. Her extra weight was worn nicely on her as it settled mostly in her thighs and her much more noticeable bust. Her natural G cup breasts compressed against Jess and pushed into her chin beneath a baggy white t-shirt.

After a long passionate kiss, Chelsea finally said, “I can’t believe you’d go through all of this effort for me! I’m sorry ma’am but who are you, and what did you do to my girlfriend?”

Jess felt like that was fair, especially considering Chelsea hadn’t even seen the food yet so everything she was happy about was just what Hubert did. “Well you know, she’s gone now.” Jess was looking down now, “I’m trying to make up for how she treated you a few years ago.” She looked back up, directly into Chelsea’s still watery eyes. “I just want to make a greater effort this time around.”

Chelsea kissed her again before squeezing her even harder, her head now resting on Jess’s shoulder, her shoulder-length platinum blonde hair filling her face. “You’ve got nothing to prove to me. I’ve already seen how much you’ve grown since we were first together.” Chelsea stepped away, holding Jess’s hands she looked her up and down. “Daaamn you look good.”

“Look, I know it’s a bit much.” Jess said, “I just wanted to go all out for this, even if we’re staying in.”

“I don’t mind at all, I just feel a little underdressed in comparison,” Chelsea said, looking down at her t-shirt and sweatpants.

Jess's eyes lit up with excitement, "Oh! That's why I got you-" She quickly went over to the coffee table and picked up what was originally a plain white box, which now had hearts scribbled across it and was adorned with a big red bow. Jess held it out to Chelsea, "This."

Chelsea quickly opened it and pulled out a sleek emerald green dress, she gasped before holding it out in front of herself and said, "I love it!"

"I knew you would, now go get dressed so we can dig in."

"Ooo yeah, I'm excited to try this new place you seem so fond of." Chelsea said, heading down the hall.

"Well, that 'new place' would be here. I made dinner tonight."

"Really!?! Since when do you cook?"

"I've always cooked, I just never-" Jess stopped mid-sentence as she noticed Chelsea about to enter her bedroom. She ran down the hall, and basically pushed her towards the bathroom nearly screaming, "Waitdontgointhere!"

"Woah! Why are you-, wait." She smiled furrowing her brow, "I'm guessing you have another 'surprise' in the bedroom for after you wine and dine me?"

Jess looked back at her cracked open door and then back to Chelsea, "It's definitely surprising."

"Just another thing to look forward to. I'll try to change as fast as I can alright, don't start eating without me."

Jess began walking back to the kitchen, closing her bedroom door along the way, "Trust me, I won't."

Chelsea walked down the now dim hallway, the light from the living room and kitchen were both now off. All that illuminated the joining rooms as she walked in was the candlelight from the table, and the many glittering paper candles hanging above her head. She looked up at them awestruck, before turning to the corner to see Jess there standing by the table, which now had two elegantly prepared plates of chicken alfredo with a side salad sitting across from one another with a basket of breadsticks between them.

"Wow, this already looks a lot nicer than Bianchi's." Chelsea said.

"Well, that was the intention. You look amazing by the way." Jess said, pulling out a chair for Chelsea to sit in.

"I know right?" She struck a quick pose, making sure to stick her chest out, the green strapless dress hugging her curves beautifully "This thing makes my tits look insane right?" Jess couldn't help but greedily devour the view of Chelsea's cleavage with her eyes as she walked over and sat down. Her breasts jiggled as she scooted her seat forward, she chuckled as Jess's attention was drawn back up to her girlfriend's eyes. "I'll take that as a yes."

Jess just smiled and blushed slightly before pouring them both a glass of wine and sitting down across from them. She looked at Chelsea eagerly and said, "Well go ahead, dig in. I worked for hours on this, I want to know what you think."

“Well, I’d be honored to my dear,” Chelsea said giving a little bow, before reaching for her fork. Just as she touched it a quick zap of blue light shocked her hand. She yelped drawing her hand away.

“Everything okay?” Jess asked looking down at the seemingly normal fork.

Chelsea rubbed her hand before carefully touching the fork, testing it before picking it up. “I think it was just like a static shock or something.” Chelsea took a bite and her eyes went wide before she quickly took another. “Oh, my goooooood. How have you never made this for me before!? This is so much better than Bianchi’s.”

Jess only distantly heard the compliment, as her attention had been fixated on the fork, an uneasy feeling settling in the pit of her stomach that she just couldn’t place. Then it hit her, that was the fork that Hubert was laying on. She could now no longer even hear Chelsea, as she looked intently at her terrified about what may happen. *Maybe it was just a static shock or something, Hubert didn’t mention anything about iron holding on to a magical being’s power.*

“Hello? Anybody home?” Chelsea said, snapping her fingers.

Jess snapped back to reality and looked at Chelsea, “Oh, sorry.” Her eyes once again went wide, yet she tried her best to hide her shock at the faint glow beginning to emit from her girlfriend’s hand. A warm golden light appeared at her finger and slowly began to spread up her arm, then quickly to her chest before even covering her face. All the while Chelsea seemed to be completely oblivious to whatever was happening to her.

“Are you alright? You seem distracted.” Chelsea said, now beginning to grow worried.

“No I’m fine, sorry it’s just.” She paused, “You’re glowing.”

Chelsea blushed, “Thank you, you look incredible too.” The glowing quickly faded as Chelsea moved her hand towards Jess’s. Jess tried her best to hide her hesitation, unsure if touching Chelsea would even be safe. Their fingers interlocked and their eyes met.

“Why are you so nervous? You know you don’t have to be with me.” Chelsea said, unaware that there was a slight golden shimmer in her eyes.

Jess stood up and very awkwardly attempted to excuse herself, “I’m so sorry, keep eating I’ll be right back. I just have to check on something in the bedroom.”

“Ooo, bedroom surprise. Hurry back so we can finish our meal, I can’t wait to get to dessert.” She said with a wink, before immediately ruining her innuendo by saying, “I don’t mean the cake that I brought, by the way. I meant the- nevermind you know what I meant just hurry back.”

Jess nervously smiled before nearly sprinting to the bedroom. She ran up to the bed and stood above Hubert, who was sleeping soundly, his snores actually sounding like “Hoonk mimimimi, hoonk mimimimi.” as if he was some kind of cartoon character.

She looked down at him, her heart melting a bit at how cute the sight of him all snuggled up in her covers was. She allowed her heart to freeze over for a moment as her panic returned and she picked him up shaking him awake.

“Hubert! Hubert wake up I need your help!” She whispered as loud as she could.

Hubert was jarred awake by the whole thing but was still out of it. “Huh, who is that. Jess? You look awfully perty.” He rubbed his eyes.

“Hubert, Chelsea is here and she touched the fork that sucked your magic up and she started glowing! What do I do?! What’s going to happen to her?!”

Hubert shook himself awake before fluttering his wings and slipping out of Jess’s grasp. “What do ya mean she started glowin?”

“I mean, she touched the fork and started glowing this weird golden light. She didn’t seem to notice at all either.”

Hubert tapped his chin deep in contemplation, “Well that sounds kinda like she got one of my blessings.” He looked back up at Jess, “I think she’s been filled with my boss’s power right now.”

“A blessing doesn’t sound too bad right?” Jess asked, Hubert’s expression did nothing to ease her worry. “Hubert, who’s your boss?”

“Well I told ya I’m an Apollonian cherub, an angel of Apollo.”

“Apollo?! Like the Greek Apollo?! He was the god of the sun right? What is his power going to do to her!?”

“Well he’s the god of a whole buncha things. That’s why he’s got a whole buncha angels. He’s got ones for music, dancin, healin. He’s also the god of livestock, specifically cows. That’s why he’s got ones like me.”

“Okay,” Jess said, in a very stern tone, “Now what does that mean for Chelsea?”

Hubert gulped, “Well it’s Master Apollo’s power, but it’s goin through me. So it’ll give the blessing that I usually give to cows to her.”

“Is she going to-” Jess caught herself yelling before going back to a whisper yell, “Is she going to turn into a cow!”

Hubert shook his head terrified of the finely dressed woman before him, “No, no, no. My magic don’t make cows, I just use it on cows and it makes em all healthy and such. She is a human though...” He tapped his chin, “Humans are a bit different than cows, they can use magic like ya did to bring me here. I think she’s gonna become a proxy to me, which means she’s gonna be imbued with some of my power. I can probably take it back after it’s done workin its way through her.”

“Okay, but what is that going to look like?” Jess turned her head realizing it was becoming harder to see Hubert in the dark bedroom. She squinted and realized it was just becoming harder to see Hubert period. “Oh shit, the spell’s wearing off!”

“Uh oh.” Hubert said as he looked at his stubby arms become increasingly transparent.

“Hubert you can’t go yet! You still need to help fix Chelsea!”

“Don’t worry Jess!” Hubert’s voice was echoing, sounding further and further away with each passing second. “I’ll find you!” He then became so distant she could no longer hear or see him. She stood there in a panic, unsure of what to do. She paced back and forth, biting one of her nails before she heard Chelsea moan from the other room.

She rushed out of her room and to the kitchen, “Chelsea! What’s wrong?” She froze standing in front of Chelsea, who looked up at her with a confused look, a mouthful of chicken alfredo.

“Why would anything be wrong?” Chelsea asked before finishing chewing and swallowing the large bite she had taken.

“Oh, sorry I heard you from the other room and thought...”

“Thought what? You poison me or something? Thought you’d finally gotten rid of me for good?” She said chuckling a bit, gesturing at the food with her fork. “You know I also heard from here.”

“You did?” Jess said worried.

“Well no not really, I couldn’t tell what you were saying. I could hear you talking in there. Who were you talking to?”

Jess sat down and quickly said, “Tori. I was talking to Tori. This morning I had to help her replace the bed that came with her and Brian’s old place.” She then took a bite of her food, it was actually the first bite she had taken. It was incredible, but she was having a hard time focusing on anything other than her impending sense that something bad was about to happen.

“What happened to their bed?”

“The whole frame snapped in half a couple months back. So today me and T-Tori, we uh...” Jess stuttered as she looked back to Chelsea, unable to hide her shock. Chelsea’s hair had always been light, but what Jess was looking at was just really light blonde hair, it was pure white. Except it was only for a few moments before black splotches began to form throughout it resembling, to Jess’s horror, a cow. “W-we had to replace it, so they wouldn’t lose their deposit.”

Chelsea could tell that something was wrong, not with herself though. She was still completely oblivious to her ongoing transformation, even as her ears began to stretch outward and droop into cow ears. “Jess, please tell me what’s wrong. I can tell something’s bothering you.”

Jess took a deep breath before saying, “You know I love you right?”

Chelsea nodded. “Of course, I love you too.”

“That’s why I can’t lie to you anymore.” Jess could tell that Chelsea was very worried about what she was about to say, only adding to the pressure that Jess was feeling. “Do you believe in magic?”

Chelsea was confused, still worried about where Jess was going with this, “I like to think so.” The hair on the top of her head began to shift, as two horns began to slowly poke out through her hair.

Jess glanced at them her brow furrowing with worry, “Well I can tell you with one hundred percent certainty that magic does exist.”

Chelsea chuckled before taking a sip of her wine, “What are you talking about?”

“Magic exists, and there’s an online store that sells above-the-board magical products. I’m a rewards member and got into a trial of a new product that lets you summon a spirit to help you do housework.”

Chelsea just stared at Jess, dumbfounded. Not even sure how to react she just said, “This is a weirdly specific joke. Are you trying to brag about how clean it is here? If it is I have to say I’m impressed, I don’t think it’s ever looked this nice before.”

“That’s not what I’m saying though,” Jess said, noticing Chelsea’s breasts bulge over her neckline as she leaned into the table. “What I’m saying is that I summoned a spirit today and that’s how my apartment is so clean. I messed up the spell though and accidentally summoned this little cow angel thing instead. He tried setting the table but apparently, he can’t touch iron because it drains his power.” She pointed to Chelsea’s fork, “He touched that fork, and his power got transferred over to you, and it’s turning you into a proxy of the Greek god Apollo.”

Chelsea laughed nervously, not sure how she was supposed to react. Jess’s expression didn’t change, her gaze unable to stay with Chelsea’s eyes as her breasts continued to slowly puff up. Chelsea leaned back in her chair, her nipples now poking through her dress on clear display. “Are you feeling okay? I genuinely have no idea how you expect me to react to something like that.”

“I just wanted to warn you before you see yourself.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” She said, crossing her arms over her bulging chest. The pink of her areola was now visible. Her creamy white flesh continued to ooze further out of her dress.

“How have you not noticed anything yet? Chelsea your tits are huge!”

Chelsea furrowed her brow, “Hey, I’m aware.” She looked down and adjusted her dress covering up the exposed edges of her nipples. As she jostled her breasts there was an audible sloshing sound coming from within them. “It’s not my fault you got me a dress that’s too small.”

“Chelsea, your tits are blowing up. I don’t want you to freak out, but you also have horns and cow ears.”

Chelsea just scoffed and said, “What are you on? You’re starting to freak me out, Jess. I really don’t know what to make of all of this.”

Her breasts continued to swell, causing her areolas to once again peak into visibility. Jess stood up and walked over to her and placed her hands gently on Chelsea’s face. “Chels, listen to me. There is something really strange happening to you, and I just want to know that I’m doing this out of love.”

She then grabbed the two curved horns protruding from her girlfriend’s head and pulled on them, slightly lifting her out of her seat before she landed back down into it, her swollen bosom wobbling like jello.

“Ow! What the hell?!” She put her hands to her head and immediately felt the hard protruding horns sticking out the top of her skull. She felt around them before tugging on them herself and saying, “Did you just glue these things to my head!?”

Jess rolled her eyes, “No! Like I said, they’re real.” Just stood above her, worry still visible on her face as she watched her helpless girlfriend begin to panic.

“No, no they can’t be, Jess this isn’t funny. I’m pretty sure I would be able to tell if my body was *hrrgh*.” Chelsea immediately covered her mouth to hide her obvious moan of pleasure, her face was now beet red. She brushed the hair around her horns trying to find where they were starting from and felt her hair fall over one of her ears. She went to brush it but froze after feeling her ear.

“Chels, just take deep breaths okay?” Jess said in a soft voice.

Chelsea brought her hands back up to her elongated ears and pulled on them. “Ow!” She began whimpering, muttering. “Thiscantberealthiscantberealthiscantbereal.”

She pushed herself away from the table but remained seated as she looked down at the beautiful green dress that was beginning to constrict her like a vice. She brought her hands to her breasts which she could now admit were looking a little swollen. Just as her fingers made contact, a loud gurgling sound came from within them. Her hands shot away and she looked up at Jess.

“Chels, it’s very important that you don’t freak out okay?”

Chelsea took in a deep breath, exhaling it slowly while telling herself it was just a dream and would be over soon. Her brief moment of meditation was broken by a sharp pain in her butt. She shifted before jumping up out of her seat, her tits jiggly wildly. Ripples also shot through her creamy thighs which had plumped slightly along with her hips and butt. Jess noticed something while she stared at her butt, however, something that Chelsea was unable to see over her now shelflike ass as she looked over her shoulder.

“What was that? I’ve never felt anything like that before.” She pressed into her pillowy ass, searching for the mystery pain. “Holy shit I’m huge.” She whispered.

Jess just continued staring at Chelsea in disbelief, both at her growing body and her newest feature, a tail. It was white with black splotches much like her hair, it was very clearly a cow tail. “Chels, I know I said it’s important you don’t freak out but I can’t imagine any situation that you don’t at this point.” Chelsea looked at her horrified. “You have a tail.”

She squeezed her cheeks together with her hands and could tell that something was wedged between them. There was something fuzzy brushing between her enlarged thighs, which Jess could see was the switch of the tail. Chelsea pulled up the tight skirt of the dress, her meaty cheeks fwoomping out revealing just how enlarged she was. She grabbed her tail and pulled it up looking at it. She could feel her hands pulling on it and dropped it before whimpering.

“Oh my god, I’M TURNING INTO A COW!” She screamed.

“No, you’re not!” Jess yelled back desperately trying to reassure her. “He told me that you’re not going to turn into a cow! You should stay human, for the most part.”

“Who’s ‘he’, *Hrrgh* and why does it have to feel like this?” She said squeezing her tits as they surged out in growth, now resembling medicine balls, somehow her dress was still keeping her enlarged nipples contained. After this last wave of growth, however, a tear began to form in the center of the neckline, just as a loud gurgling sound emanated within them.

“Does it hurt?” Jess wondered, feeling guilty that she was putting the woman she loved through something like this.

“No! It feels *ugh goood!*”

Chelsea leaned against the wall panting hard, her legs spread. With the skirt of her dress pulled up Jess could see her over taxed panties, which now resembled a thong wedged between her pussy, visibly wet. Her hips were now so wide they had continued to push the dress’s skirt up until it was bunched up at her waist.

Gurgle

Jess looked back up at Chelsea's tits and saw two growing wet spots forming around where her nipples remained barely contained. The milk continued to flow causing the milk to soak through and drip onto the floor. Chelsea seemed to be completely unaware, her eyes closed as she continued to pant. Her hands were resting atop her leaking breasts, their rounded forms now clearly engorged.

Soon most of her front was now soaked in her rich-smelling dairy. She glanced down and could see it now dripping down to the floor. "Of course, I'm lactating." She whimpered.

"Chels, something new's happening," Jess said as she saw a golden light begin filling in the wet parts of Chelsea's dress, following where the milk had soaked in.

Chelsea stood straight and watched as the light began to now cover from her thighs to her shoulders. Shifting in a fluid-like motion as its light grew brighter, and brighter, until a bright flash filled the room causing both her and Jess to look away until it faded. Leaving Chelsea standing there awkwardly, the tree trunks she now had for thighs pressing into each other.

Jess's jaw dropped at the sight before her. The green, and also quite expensive, dress she had gotten for her girlfriend was now nowhere to be seen. In its place was a black cupless string bikini top that did absolutely nothing to support Chelsea's basketball-sized tits. Instead, they hung down as much as their engorged forms would allow them, her swollen nipples poking prominently through the cupless holes trickling white streams of her milk down her front.

"Holy shit," Chelsea muttered, lifting her breasts, surprised at how light they felt to her. She was also realizing how little strain they were bringing her shoulders and back. "What happened to my dress?"

Jess had a much better view of Chelsea's new attire. She now wore long fingerless black lace gloves which had elegant floral patterns embroidered along their seams. There was now nothing covering her midriff except for a very dainty French maid skirt that did nothing to hide her monstrous two-foot wide hips. It was just loosely wrapped around her waist, accentuating how ridiculous her hourglass figure was. Her overtaxed panties were too replaced by a g-string that had a black and white cow pattern which covered her delicates much better than her previous underwear did.

"Woah," Jess said getting a closer look at Chelsea's midsection. "Chels, you have abs."

"Really?" She asked, surprisingly calm. She tried to lift and move her breasts to get a better look at herself but failed to do so.

Jess stepped closer, continuing to examine Chelsea's body. It seemed as if her transformation was complete as her swelling hips and ass were now slowing down. Her breasts were now coming to rest at the size of watermelons, milk still trickling out of her nipples. She got closer and could tell the parts of her body that had not swelled up now appeared just slightly more muscular. Nothing too drastic, but her body appeared much more fit as if to hold the weight of her new figure.

"I think you stopped growing," Jess said leaning in close to Chelsea's right hip, mesmerized by the sheer enormity of her ass. Each cheek was larger than a basketball, and just as round. As if drawn by a supernatural force, Jess grabbed one of Chelsea's cheeks and gave it a

firm squeeze, which she immediately regretted remembering that Chelsea was still in the middle of panicking.

“Ah! Jess!” Chelsea screamed, causing her to jump in surprise. The weight of her curves was evident as her cheeks audibly clapped together, and her breasts also joined in the erotic symphony slapping against her torso as they sloshed with milk. This only made Jess crave her lover’s body even more, but not as much as it made Chelsea crave release as she felt as if she were an atomic bomb of lust just waiting to explode.

She continued to pant and tried her best to think rationally. “What am I going to do!? I look ridiculous!” She walked over, with surprising ease across the room to the mirror hung in the hallway. Her bulbous ass cheeks nearly grazed both sides of the hall as she tried her best to walk without her thickened thighs pressing into each other, which was an impossible feat.

She covered her eyes before slowly moving them down to cover her mouth as she saw her reflection. She only now realized her hair had been changed, but she was almost brought to tears at the sight of her horns and ears. She looked back to Jess, who was also covering her mouth to try and hide the fact that she was crying.

“I’m sorry.” She said as she sniffled, “I just wanted tonight to be perfect, if I wasn’t so clumsy I wouldn’t have messed up the spell and this never would have happened. Even after this all gets reversed, I get it if you can’t forgive me. This has to be so scary for you. I’m so sorry.” Jess covered her face now sobbing.

Jess felt her entire front become enveloped by something soft and warm as two arms wrapped around her and squeezed her so tight she was lifting off of the floor by an inch. Her arms were pinned to her front, but she was able to still move her hands from her face and was immediately brought into a deep passionate kiss by Chelsea. She was hugging Jess between her massive milk-filled jugs, which caused her engorged nipples to spray milk out onto Jess’s coffee table. Both of her arms were wrapped around Jess’s waist as she continued to hold her off the ground.

Chelsea broke the kiss, her and Jess’s noses still touching as she said, “You never mentioned anything about this being reversible.”

“Well yeah, he said he was going to find me. He also said he should be able to fix this.” Jess said. “You’re not mad at me?”

“I’d be a little steamed if it weren’t reversible, but even then it’ll take a lot more than turning me into some kind of cow-human hybrid to get rid of me. I’m in this for the long haul.”

Jess’s eyes teared up once again, as she pushed her arms free, grabbed the back of Chelsea’s head, and pulled her in for another kiss. She broke it and said, “Do you think you can put me down now?”

“Huh? Oh shit! I didn’t even realize I picked you up, I guess it made me a lot stronger than I thought.” Chelsea dropped Jess to the ground and stepped away, feeling her arms which only seemed slightly more toned than they were earlier.

Jess looked down at her milk-soaked dress and back up to Chelsea, “So what’s it feel like?” She asked.

“You know, surprisingly good. I never thought having your body blown up like this could

make it feel this good. I think this weird sort of super strength is actually keeping me from feeling how heavy these things are.” She lifted her leaking breasts, letting them drop back against her newly toned abs.

“Well, actually I was referring to the being filled with godly power thing. I already know what it feels like to have your tits and ass expanded.”

“You do!?”

“Yeah, I learned about that store because of this soap that Tori and Brian had, I accidentally got it on myself after Tori had also used it and to make a long story short that's how their bed snapped in half.”

“So was there some way to get rid of the milk after or...”

“We didn't fill up with milk, we just grew. Tori actually broke the bed all by herself, I was stuck on the floor.”

“How'd you both shrink back down?” Chelsea had almost forgotten she was nearly naked and leaking milk onto the floor as she had a million questions she wished to ask, surprised at how horny the thought of her girlfriend's breasts being so big she was incapacitated was to her.

“For the soap, we had to orgasm.”

Chelsea raised an eyebrow before beginning to slowly explore her body with her hands. After a moment of rubbing both one of her inflated breasts as well as her monstrous ass, she looked back to Jess devilishly before saying. “Maybe that could be the trick for this too.”

Jess smiled back and took one of Chelsea's hands, “I mean, I couldn't hurt to try.”

Chelsea gripped Jess's hand and practically pulled her off her feet as she hurriedly dragged her to the bedroom. Both her tits and ass grazed the door frame as she entered the room. She gasped as she saw the paper chains and hearts hanging around the room. “Oh my god this looks so cute!”

Jess regained her footing and looked around the room as well, “Yeah this really wasn't my doing, Hubert did all of the decorating.”

Chelsea looked Jess square in the eye and said, “Hubert?”

“Yeah, the little angel who's power you're borrowing.”

“Doesn't really have the most angelic name, does he?”

“Well, he was an angel, had the wings, halo, and everything.”

“Whatever, he sounds nice. Can't wait to meet him.” Chelsea said quickly brushing the topic aside as she wrapped her arms around Jess and began making out with her.

They both stood there exploring each other's bodies before Jess turned around and Chelsea unzipped her dress for her. She slipped out of it and quickly unclasped her bra, allowing both in and her dress to fall to the floor. She was left in just her black lace panties as she turned back to face Chelsea, her body dwarfed by her girlfriend's goddess-like physique.

Chelsea's whole body felt incredibly sensitive. She felt as if she could be brought to orgasm from just the touch of Jess's delicate hands as she slowly began to run them from the wide crest of her hips to her waist, to finally stop cupping resting beneath her swollen udders. As Jess's hands touched them the stream of milk picked up slightly, both now spraying with more

force. Chelsea stood there, tilting her head back at the powerful sensation, reveling in the pleasure wracking her body.

Jess meanwhile was fighting the intense desire she had to latch onto one of Chelsea's nipples and begin sucking down as much of her sweet-smelling milk as she could. She lifted both of her weighty breasts, marveling at their sloshing heft. She then grinned before moving her hands back to her lover's hips, giving their softened curves a slight squeeze as she directed Chelsea back to the bed.

Chelsea allowed herself to fall backward onto the pile of rose petals, her enormous ass splaying out beneath her. Her breasts snapped the skimpy cupless bikini she had causing it to fly off across the room. Her tits fell to her face as they embraced their freedom, as they continued to leak milk, now onto Jess's bed. Jess didn't seem to mind as she removed her panties, got to her knees, and pressed her hands into Chelsea's doughy thighs. They were so warm and soft, Jess leaned further pushing her legs apart as much as she could removing the tiny cow pattern G string in order to get her mouth to Chelsea's pleading, lust-ridden pussy.

The contact of Jess's mouth to her body's most sensitive area caused Chelsea to instinctively press her thighs together, enveloping Jess's head in their pillowy softness. Jess's ears were now covered and all she could hear was Chelsea's pulse and muffled moans.

As Jess continued to work her with her tongue, oblivious to the fact that the rounded milk-filled bosom just out of view for her was once again expanding. Chelsea felt the pressure inside her breasts increase drastically along with their sensitivity as they now pushed passed watermelons and entered beach ball territory.

They continued to pump up as if Jess's stimulation was causing her to grow. Pale veins could be seen crossing their vast rounded forms. Chelsea could feel herself inching closer and closer to the edge, knowing she was moments away from an explosive orgasm. She felt something warm spatter on her face, drawing her back to reality as she could see her breasts were spraying milk a good foot. Her eyes went wide, her pleasure still mounting even as she realized how large she had become.

"Hrgh, Jess I'm filling up again!" She yelled, pressing into the sides of her milk-spraying tits. Now resembling fountains, they coated much of the bed in her rich dairy. *"Jess they're not stopping!"* Both swollen orbs were now taut as they rapidly continued to fill with milk, each now covering her torso from her chin to her hips. Each was approaching two and a half feet high.

Jess was completely oblivious, she too was lost in a lust-driven frenzy. Her only thought was to make Chelsea feel good. She then felt something fuzzy brush against her abdomen. It was Chelsea's tail, it was smacking against her as if Chelsea's whole body was convulsing. Jess tried to push her head free from its soft prison but bumped her head on an even larger soft mass. She reached back and grabbed Chelsea's knees, pulling herself free and taking a deep breath. Her face was wet with both sweat and Chelsea's lust. Before Jess could even get a good look at her girlfriend, she could feel a warm liquid begin to pelt her.

As Jess's eyes adjusted Chelsea was now once again visible, very visible, as she now took up most of the bed. Each breast was now sticking upwards more than three feet. Like twin

geysers they continued to gently spray a heavy cream all around them, now covering the floor with it.

“Jeeeeesss!” Chelsea cried, *“I’m, I’M! CUMMING!!!”* Her breasts surged out even larger, her soda can nipple’s spray now reaching the ceiling.

She was trapped within a seemingly endless orgasm and after several moments of ogling the sight before her Jess realized that she did not appear to be shrinking back down to normal, in fact, she appeared to be growing. Jess stood, now standing before the mountain of tit now obscuring the rest of her girlfriend.

She leapt onto the massive rounded spheres and began scaling them, causing Chelsea’s whole body to quake as she slipped deeper into her lust-wracked stupor. She reached their peak and held her hands up to block the spray of milk from getting into her eyes.

“Chels you’re still growing! Your milk’s hitting the ceiling!” She cried.

Chelsea just stammered and continued moaning. Jess attempted to place her hand over one of her erupting nipples causing her to get a face full of it, with a fair amount going into her mouth. She leaned back and wiped it from her eyes as she instinctively swallowed it. Her eyes shot open and her pupils dilated as she finally registered the delightfully sweet taste that now pushed all other thoughts from her mind.

Chelsea let out another moan before nearly screaming, *“MILK ME!”* before delving back into her already minute-long orgasm. Jess smiled as Chelsea’s command was all she wished to do now as she lay horizontally over the massive udders beneath her. Her exposed crotch rubbed against Chelsea’s right nipple, as she placed her mouth around the left, barely able to get her mouth over the top of the soda can-sized teat.

She began grinding and sucking as fast as she could causing the flow of milk to increase exponentially. Jess tried to suck down as much the milk as she could, her own pleasure increasing with every drop she consumed. Chelsea cried out again as she finally began to let down, her breasts now slowly shrinking as her nipples sprayed like two fire hoses.

“Mmmmmmmooooo!” Chelsea moaned instinctively as her brain was still currently mush.

Jess’s mouth overflowed causing her to cough momentarily before quickly returning to guzzling the rich dairy. The force of the milk from the nipple she was grinding on was now beginning to push her to orgasm. She placed a hand on her stomach as it now felt full, she could no longer swallow anymore yet she kept her mouth over Chelsea’s nipple. She just let the milk flow through her mouth before trickling down the bed-sized breast she was laying atop unable to separate herself from the heavenly taste.

She bucked her hips against the now shrinking nipple as her mouth now fully fit over the left, the distance between the two shrinking as well. Her eyes rolled back as she too reached climax, writhing atop Chelsea’s breasts until she could now actually touch her bed. She rolled over, still lost in her orgasm, onto the cushiony bed of Chelsea’s lower half. She turned her body to rest her head on the luxurious pillows that were her thighs as her orgasm subsided.

Chelsea’s orgasm too finally ended after the flow of milk finally ceased, leaving her breasts the size of two over-filled basketballs. The two lovers lay there on the milk-soaked bed

for several minutes just catching their breath and restoring their grip on reality. Neither had felt anything like that, not even Jess who was still a little loopy from the magical milk her girlfriend had just drenched the room with.

“I feel funny,” Jess said before giggling uncontrollably, sounding almost drunk. She rubbed her slightly distended belly as she sat up.

“Wha-, what even happened?” Chelsea said as she too sat up, her eyes heavy. “What were you doing on my tits? I’ve never felt anything like it.”

Jess turned to look at her, “You said to milk you, *hic-*” She covered her mouth before continuing, “and so I did. I also may have had just a little taste.” She said, squinting and pinching her fingers together to try and show how small an amount she had drank.

Chelsea could see however how bloated she now looked, as well as the milk that still covered her chin and chest. “Are you sure it was just a little bit?” She laughed, “What’s wrong with you? You seem like you’re a little tipsy.”

“Wlel,” Jess said as a matter of factly, “maybe it’s cuz you’re were drinking wine before you turned into a cow lady.”

Chelsea thought for a moment but realized it was pointless as she knew nothing about magical body alteration. She leaned forward and grabbed Jess, causing her to cry out before giggling. She was able to lift her with ease and held her close planting a kiss on her forehead before letting her go and scooting to the edge of the bed.

She stood, feeling invigorated. She felt around her body, her ass the same size it was before, her breasts however now matched her spherical cheeks in size and shape giving her a balanced hourglass figure. Being balanced, however, did not take away from how cartoonishly ridiculous her curves were. She didn’t seem to mind, she was just grateful she was once again mobile as she gave her breasts a testing squeeze. They no longer felt taut or full, her nipples were also no longer engorged.

“These are so much more manageable.” She said as she walked to the door, fondling her breasts. She looked back at Jess who continued to lay there on the bed, rubbing her belly. Chelsea placed a hand on her own stomach as she felt it growl, “I don’t know about you but I’m starving, producing and letting down hundreds of gallons of milk really builds up an appetite.” She suddenly remembered the chocolate cake she had brought for dessert and had forgotten about the moment she stepped into Jess’s apartment. “The cake! I completely forgot about it, you want me to bring you a slice?”

Jess groaned, feeling her stomach grumble. “I think I’m gonna pass. I’m feelin’ a lil full.” Her final words slurred together.

Chelsea chuckled, “Well I would love some cake.” She said as she turned around to leave.

Jess looked up at her and said, “I’m lookin at the only cake I need.” Shooting off a quick finger gun.

Chelsea looked back grinning, she bent forward slightly and shook her ass for Jess. The massive cheeks wobbled and clapped together with ease, her tail bouncing between the massive fleshy orbs. She ended her brief show with a hard slap on her left cheek.

Jess bit her bottom lip and squinted before dropping her head back to the soggy pillow, now dizzy.

Chelsea laughed, “You know what? I’m going to grab the wine too, I feel like I’ve got some serious catching up to do.”

With that, she exited leaving Jess, whose stomach was now beginning to churn. She closed her eyes and spread her arms out over the bed, the warm milk actually making it quite comfortable despite being wet.

She groaned once again, not feeling sick, but rather just strange. She was expecting to feel nauseous, considering she had to of drank nearly a gallon of Chelsea’s milk, yet what she was currently feeling was not nausea. She pressed her hands against her stomach and felt surprised to feel them going down. She opened her eyes and saw her belly retracting as a soft warm glow began to emanate from it. It felt as if the milk had just suddenly disappeared and was now replaced with the same golden light.

She closed her eyes as the light began to spread over her body, washing her over with a wave of calmness. She now felt perfectly relaxed, in her inebriated state she had completely forgotten that Chelsea’s transformation had begun with the same golden light. She simply brushed it off as another gift from the magic milk her partner could now produce and was nearly about to asleep before a gurgling sound began to fill the room.

Jess just continued to lay there, unable to discern if it had come from her stomach or not, due to her whole body feeling going slightly numb as if it had fallen asleep. She stretched and got to a sitting position, attempting to bring back feeling. She leaned forward to try and touch her toes and felt something strange press against her thighs. Even intoxicated she immediately knew what was happening.

She straightened her back and looked down, gasping before smiling wide. “Yesssssss,” she said giddy, as she put her hands on the cantaloupes now hanging from her chest. They felt much different than they had any other time she had expanded herself. She could feel her skin stretch as they continued to grow larger. She put her arms up and shook them, she could hear milk audibly sloshing inside them.

The sensation enveloping her body began to shift from numbness to pleasure and she was happy to be aboard for the ride. She pinched and squeezed at her nipples, finding them to not be swollen at all like they were for Chelsea. She massaged her breasts, and continued to pull at her nipples, hoping to coax some of the milk out, but found that nothing was coming out. The sensation of her skin stretching began to ease as she could now feel her breasts growing rapidly to adjust to their increasing payload. Jess continued to giggle and play with her growing bosom, pushing past beach balls, they continued to gurgle and churn as they refused to cease production of her milk.

“Mmmm, yes. Keep going.” She said, her arousal rising with her chest as they quickly approached yoga ball territory. She pushed into them causing them to roll forward to her lap. They both completely covered her legs now as they pushed outwards in all directions. She pressed into them, embracing them as they continued to engorge larger and larger, now covering most of the bed. They were much more plush than Chelsea’s, feeling soft and cushiony, almost

making Jess want to just fall asleep leaning against them. Another wave of pleasure washed over her shooting her back awake. She giggled again and just sat there, caressing her breasts while humming gleefully.

“Sorry I took so long,” Chelsea said coming down the hall, carrying a plate with a slice of cake on it a bottle of wine in her second hand with a couple of glasses in hanging from her fingers. “I had to dig around for a plastic fork, I tried touching one of the normal ones and it like burned my hand or someth-” She froze as she entered the room. Taking a few moments to process that the enormous masses now covering the bed was Jess.

“Oh Cheeeelsea,” She sang, *“It’s my tuuurn.”*

“Holy shit, Jess!” She put the cake and wine on the dresser and approached the growing breasts. “Did I do this?” She placed a hand on one of the now four-foot-wide tits.

“I’m fillin up with milk jus like you did.” She said giddily from behind her still churning boobs.

“Jess, you’re not stopping!” She took a step back and looked at Jess’s nipples. Her areola were slightly wider, but they didn’t appear any larger and nothing was coming out of them.

“Why isn’t the milk coming out?” Jess surged in growth again.

“I dunno, maybe you have to milk me like I did ta you.”

“A-alright,” She stammered before reaching for one of Jess’s nipples and giving it a squeeze. Jess moaned, but nothing came out of it as she began gently pulling on it.

“Wait, not here!” Jess pulled her legs out from beneath her breasts and struggled to stand on the bed. “I don wanna spray all over like you did, get me to the bathtub.”

Chelsea took a step back, placing her hands on her ultra-wide plush hips. “What’s the point everything’s already soaked in the stuff, plus how the hell am I going to get you to the bath? Ignoring the fact that you can’t possibly walk like that, there is no way you’ll fit through the door.”

“I’ll fit if you push. Yer strong now, you can carry me.” Jess mumbled as she closed her eyes and leaned against her breasts.

Chelsea grabbed the bottle of wine and took a long swig of it. She wiped her mouth and said, “Fuck it, let’s give this a shot.” She approached Jess and grabbed as much of her as she could. Due to the plushness of her tits, her hands sank in making it difficult to get a grip. She leaned back and was shocked to find that she had actually lifted Jess from the bed. She was struggling to hold the weight, but nonetheless, she was capable of carrying it. “Holy shit,” She grumbled.

Jess screamed while giggling as she was lifted off of the bed, the feeling of Chelsea’s hands pressing into her was orgasmic. “Chels, I think I’m gonna,” Without further warning she came, hard, crying out in pleasure. Her breast growth rate increasing drastically.

“Ah! Jess! I-I can’t hold you, you’re getting too heavy!” Chelsea screamed, feeling the milk inside her girlfriend churn loudly. She staggered back a few steps from the bed before collapsing to her back, Jess’s monstrous rack covering her entire body up to her chin.

Jess was coming down from her orgasm, now laying atop her massive breasts, she could feel her milk beginning to leak from her nipples, albeit not nearly fast enough to counteract how

fast she was filling with it. Chelsea could feel the slow dribble of warmth spread across her arms as they were stuck spread out on the ground. She began to worry as her own breasts were being pushed into her face, making it hard to breathe as she was her face was becoming buried.

“Jess you need to stop growing! I’m stuck!”

“Mmmm, I can’t!”

Chelsea pinched her eyes shut and screamed, “PLEASE STOP GROWING!” Just then she felt a strange new feeling begin to develop at the top of her head. She felt it spread to what she realized was the tip of her horns. She glanced up and could see a golden light building in her horns. It shot from her horns and into Jess’s tits. The glow dissipated and Jess’s breast finally ceased their churning and growing.

“I think I’m done. *Hic*” Jess said before hiccuping.

Chelsea sighed with relief. She pushed up with all of her strength and was able to lift enough of Jess’s over-inflated milk bags off of her to slip out from beneath them. She stood looking up to see Jess staring down at her smiling.

“I think you just did magic to make my boobs stop from getting bigger.”

Chelsea just started laughing, almost collapsing she was laughing so hard. She reached for the bottle of wine and downed the rest of it, holding it above her head, immediately feeling its effects. Jess cheered as Chelsea dropped the bottle and sauntered over to Jess. They locked hands and Jess helped pull Chelsea up as she leapt onto her tits.

“Err, yer heavy.” Jess strained as Chelsea scrambled up to come face-to-face with her.

“Hi,” Chelsea said giggling.

“Hello,” Jess replied before Chelsea grabbed the back of her head and pulled her in for a kiss.

After several moments Chelsea broke the kiss and pressed her forehead against Jess’s.

“Happy Valentine’s Day.” Jess, embracing her lover.

Hubert appeared in the kitchen with a bright flash of light, in the same place he had been a few hours before. He fluttered up and looked around, seeing the food still sitting on the table. One of the plates was only half-eaten. He saw the candles on the table were melted down, the wax was melted onto the table both extinguished but still had thin streaks of smoke snaking off of the wicks. He heard a sound coming from down the hall and slowly began floating down to the open bedroom door.

“Jess?” Hubert said as he turned the corner stopping in place at the sight before him.

Jess was lying atop two enormous breasts, each six feet tall and equally as wide. She was panting, her eyes fluttering. She yelped as she yelped as she saw Hubert floating there, looking at her curiously.

“Hubert!?” She shrieked.

Chelsea popped out from behind her, wiping her mouth. “What’d you say?” She crawled up to lay next to Jess before noticing Hubert. She too shrieked and quickly covered her nipples.

“Uh, Chels, this is Hubert. The angel whose power you’ve got in you.”

Chelsea brushed her messy hair from her face before saying, “Oh hi, it’s nice to meet you I’m Chelsea. Oh my god Jess wasn’t lying, you’re the cutest thing I’ve ever seen! I love your little wings.”

“Well thank ya, ma’am.” Hubert said, giving a little curtsy with his gown. “I like yer horns.”

Chelsea brought a hand to them and said, “Oh, thanks. They’re new.”

Hubert tilted his head and looked at Jess, “I know what happened to her,” He pointed a stubby arm to Chelsea before pointing it to Jess, “But what in tarnation happened to you, Jess?”

“Well Chelsea doesn’t know how to use the power you accidentally gave her, and she started spraying milk everywhere, I drank some and then I started growing.”

“I figured out to make the growing stop though.” Chelsea interjected holding her hand up.

“You can fix this right?” Jess asked nervously.

Hubert sighed and scratched his head, “Well I can take my power back from yer valentine here. She’s the one that gave you your blessin.”

“But you CAN fix this right?” Jess said, a little more assertively.

Hubert sighed again and said, “Probably,” He floated up a little higher to get a better look at her before mumbling, “This is gonna take all night.”

The End